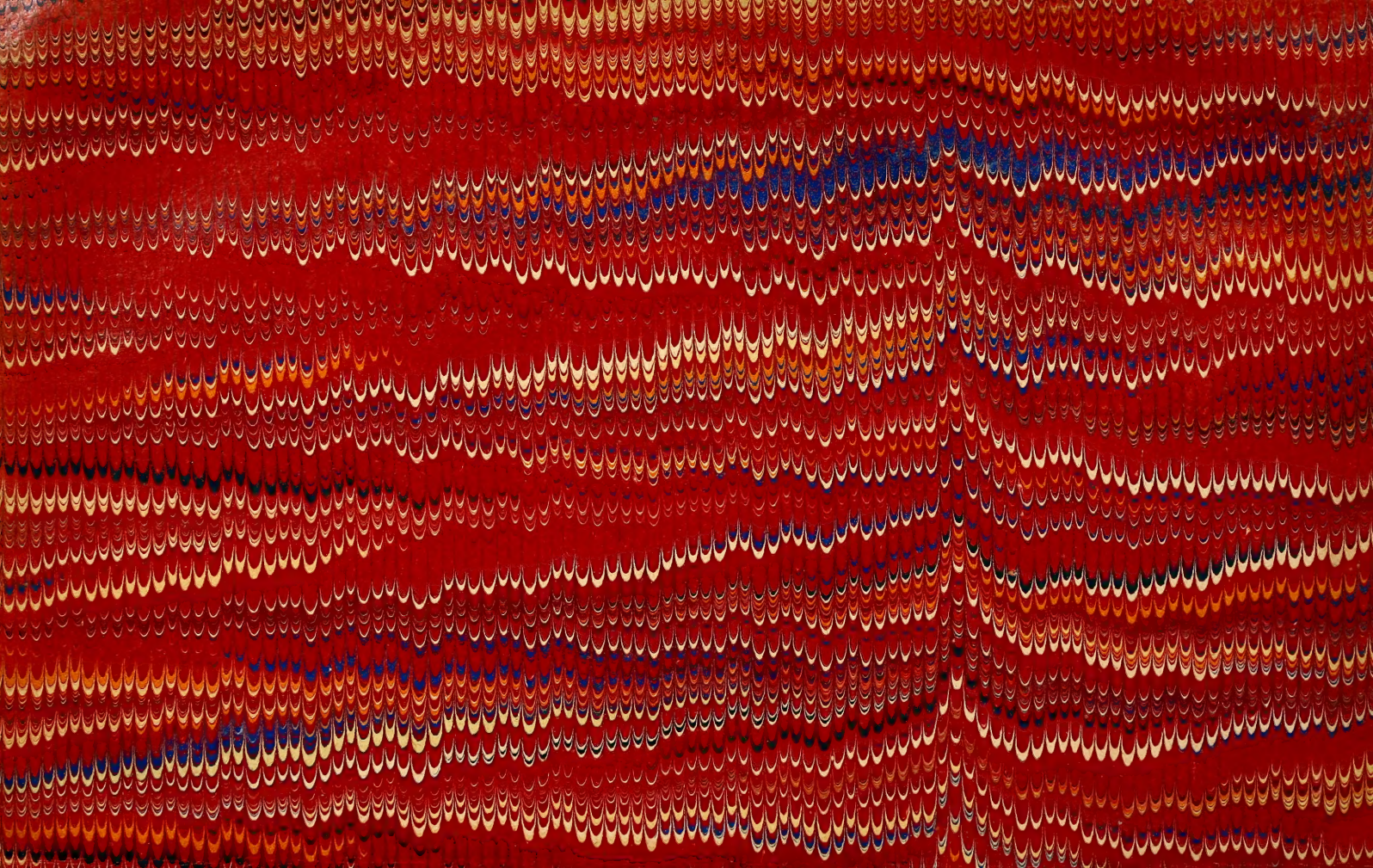

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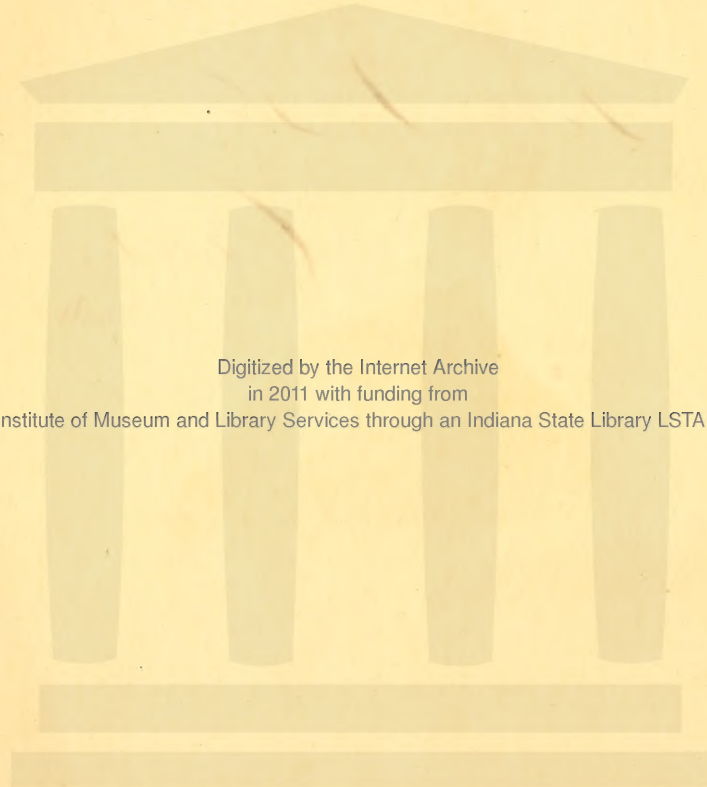

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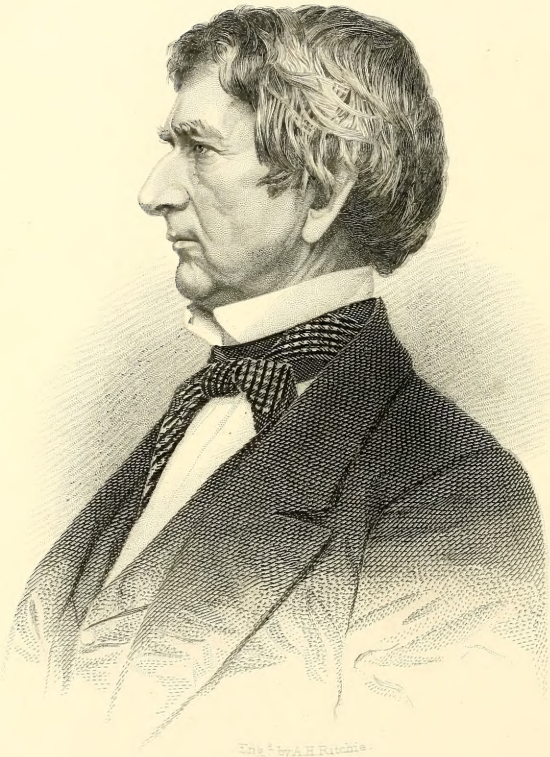

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William H. Seward

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD'S

TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD.

EDITED BY

OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD.

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POPE.

WITH TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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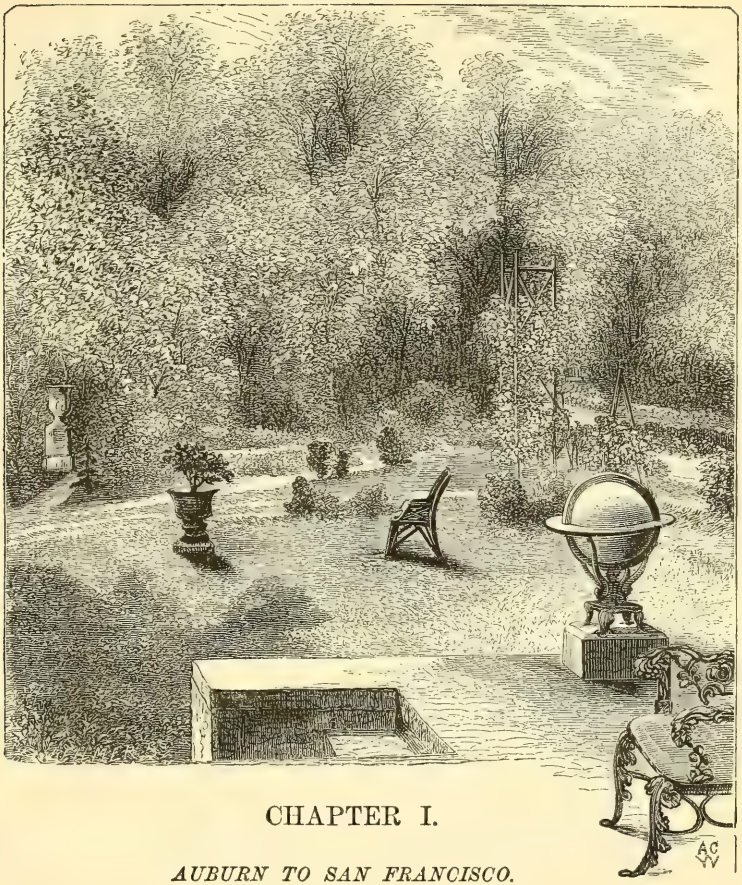
PART I.

UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND PACIFIC OCEAN.



CHAPTER I.

AUBURN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Seward's Companions.—His Farewell to his Neighbors.—Western New York.—Niagara.—Canada and its Destiny.—Influence of Immigration.—Africo-Americans.—Detroit.—Chicago.—President Grant.—Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.—Cedar Rapids.—Omaha.—New Classification of States.—Council Bluffs.—Bridges over Navigable Rivers.—Settlement of Western States.—Cheyenne.—The Rocky Mountains.—Influence of Mountain States.—Sherman.—Separation.—Mountain Nomenclature.—Weber Cañon.—Salt Lake City.—The Mormons, their Doctrines, Secular Priesthood.—Brigham Young's Sermon.—His Family.—Polygamy.—The Irrepressible Conflict in Utah.—The Shoshones.—Destiny of the Indians.—Sierra Nevada.—Reno.—Railroads Result of Abolition of Slavery.—Sacramento.—Arrival at San Francisco.—Civilization of California.—Chinese Immigration.

Auburn, August 9, 1870.—Every study must have a beginning and an end. These notes begin at Mr. Seward's embowered home,

whence our journey will begin, and they will end here, where, with God's blessing, the journey will end.

Mr. Seward is accompanied by Olive Risley Seward, his adopted daughter, and by her sister, Miss Risley. The former, in writing these notes, records his political, social, moral, and philosophical observations and reflections, in his own words. Hanson A. Risley accompanies him only to the Pacific. Mr. Alexander W. Randall and Mrs. Randall, and Mr. George F. Seward and Mrs. Seward, will join him at San Francisco.

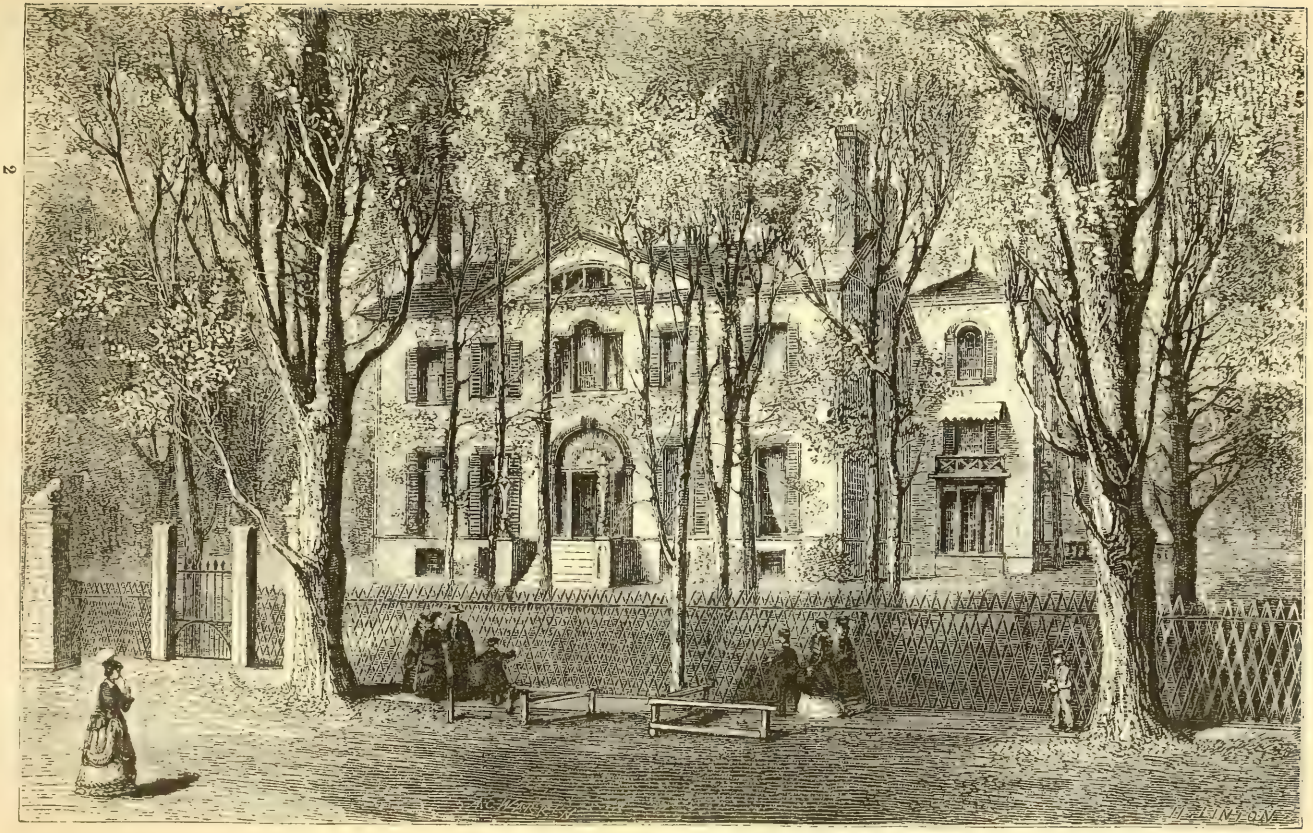
A thousand neighbors and friends are gathered around, whose parting words are made more touching by the fears and anxieties which they express concerning Mr. Seward's impaired strength. His resolute nature suggests the encouragement they need: "Travel improves health instead of exhausting it." "The journey, though long, is now made easy by steam on land and sea." "When I come back, remember to meet me at the eastern door of the railway-station, though we part at the western one."

Niagara Falls, August 10th.—Leaving the pleasant shore of the Owasco Lake, we crossed the Cayuga, passed around the foot of the Seneca, with its beautiful village of Geneva, looked upon the Canandaigua from its encircling hills, and came to a rest at Rochester, where the branches of the Central Railroad unite. Thence, this morning, along the shore of Lake Ontario to Niagara.

The plain of Western New York, gently descending from the lakes to the Hudson, and, under a traditional policy, well improved with canals and railroads, has, from the earliest period of colonial settlement, been a national thoroughfare.

The enlightened political economy, as well as the liberal principles and elevated social sentiments for which the State of New York is distinguished, is strongly reflected in the constitutions, laws, and manners, of the new Western States.

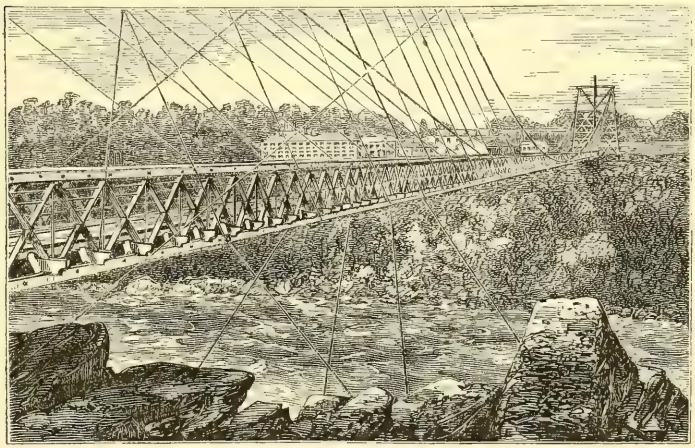
We see, at Niagara, for the first time, the new bridge which has been built just below the great cataract. Like the old one, it is graceful enough; but, "insatiate" bridge-makers, "could not one suffice?" George P. Marsh is right. Civilization is a constant



MR. SEWARD'S HOME.

warfare of man against Nature. Nature, however, was made for man, not man for Nature.

Chatham, Canada, August 10th.—It was rather a surprise to meet a United States consul at Clifton when we were less than



NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

twenty-four hours from home. But why do we go through Canada instead of keeping our own lake-shore? Because the Canadian route is the more direct one to Detroit. Moreover, have we not come abroad to see foreign countries, rather than our own?

Canada, though no less fertile, is more thinly inhabited than the American shore. Immigration obeys political instincts. It prefers the established equality and social security of the United States. It will be long before either Canada or Mexico can realize its invigorating power. This may seem hard, but it is clear that only one great nation can be built on one continent at one time. The remedy for both of those countries is the same—accession to the United States. Canada has hesitated long, but it will see and feel this truth at last—that it is better to be an equal constituent member of a great, powerful, and free nation, than a small, feeble, and isolated state, even though equally free.

At Chatham, mainly a colored settlement, Mr. Seward has been

received with much respect and kindness by the people, who seem comfortable and respectable. They are fugitives who made their escape from slavery in the United States, years ago, on the "underground railway." Now that slavery has been abolished there, doubtless the burden of their song is, "Carry me back to ole Virginny, to ole Virginny shore." The Africo-American population is the last one that will desire to leave our country. A hundred freedmen, about Fortress Monroe, were induced by high offers and great persuasion, during our civil war, to colonize the Isle-à-Vache, in Hayti. They complained, moaned, sickened, and languished, and the government was obliged to bring them back.

Detroit, August 11th.—The interesting incident of our stop here, has been a visit to Mr. Seward of a daughter of Dr. Abel F. Fitch, a client of his who died of a broken heart, while Mr. Seward was struggling to save him from an unjust conviction for conspiracy.

In the War of 1812, Detroit was the theatre of a humiliating surrender and capitulation, which were hardly retrieved—just as Bull Run was the scene of a humiliating rout, the evils effects of which only the mighty issues involved enabled the nation to surmount during a four-years' conflict.

The city grows steadily in opulence and refinement.

Chicago, August 14th.—Without a prototype, a marvel not merely of American progress, but of all civilization. We asked an English lady in New York, who had passed two weeks here, which of our sea-coast towns she admired most. She answered, "Chicago." Though an inland, border town, it seems nevertheless a city by the sea. Built in a lagoon like Venice, it has raised itself high and dry above the flood. As mercantile as Amsterdam or Liverpool, it has neither the hoarding avarice of the one nor the unscrupulous cupidity of the other. Just now grasping, with an iron arm, the broad and fertile shores of the North Pacific, how splendid seems the destiny of Chicago!

We meet here the President of the United States. His characteristic modesty has until now been a theme of universal praise.

But mankind have always expected demonstration of power, pomp, or speech from their rulers. Will they excuse the want of it even in the great General of the Civil War?

Omaha, August 16th.

"It's over the river, and over the sea,
And it's over the water to Charlie."

It is over the Mississippi River, and it is over the Missouri River, and over a sea of prairie five hundred miles, from Chicago to Omaha. Seventy years ago, the Mississippi River divided the United States from the dominion of France. Sixty years ago Lewis and Clark found only wild Nature and savage men beyond the Missouri. Fifteen years ago, the States of the Union were politically as well as geographically classified as the Northern States and the Southern States. To-day, it is not a parallel of latitude, but an uncertain and shifting meridional line, that determines their classification.

Of the towns which have sprung up on the plains, we notice Cedar Rapids—not for its superiority to others, but as a specimen of an inchoate Western city. During ten minutes' stay there, we saw the suburban cottages, with pointed roofs, of the Norwegian settlers, surrounded by dark-green meadows, covered with flocks of geese and eider-ducks. We heard airs from "Trovatore" on a Chickering piano, in a dwelling-house not yet painted or plastered. We saw a Mansard mansion of the speculator in city lots, its lawn graced with a bevy of croquet-players. There seem to be all sorts of churches for all sects of Christians—one surmounted with a Catholic cross, and one with dome and minaret borrowed from the Mohammedan mosque. There are restless express-agents, nimble telegraph-messengers, noisy baggage-men and porters. Even the Washington City colored boy is seen there, sauntering lazily through the crowd, and repeating, "Black your boots and shine 'em up?" with the poetical variation, "A shine for a dime." Two young lady-cousins come into the cars, and soon let us into more secrets of matrimonial engagements and other interesting events

which are occurring in the "society" of Cedar Rapids than we have room to relate.

Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River, the connecting station of the Eastern railroads with the Union Pacific, is fifteen miles below the historical Council Bluffs, where the first treaty between the United States and the Indians of the plains was celebrated. Will not Congress its "canon fix 'gainst" this practice of confounding history by transposing geographical names?

There is a fierce competition here between Council Bluffs and Omaha for the transshipment of passengers and freight. The new bridge, which is being built over the Missouri, is likely to decide it by bringing the two flourishing towns into one.

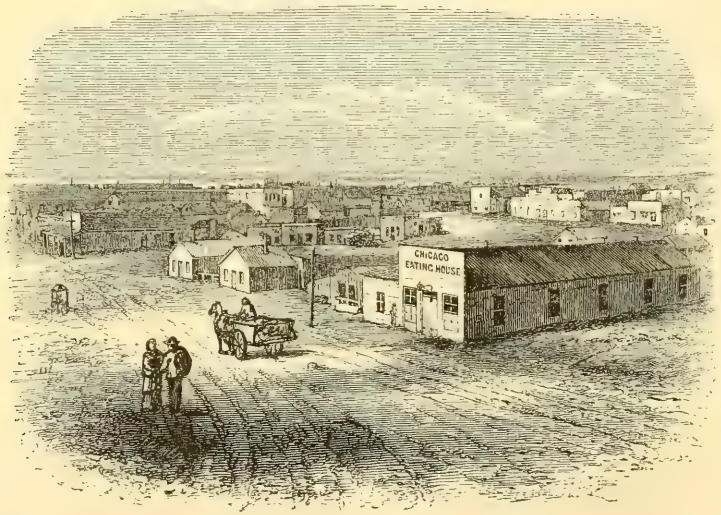
By-the-way, how rapidly the construction of this "mighty maze" of railroads is breaking up the ancient idea of the sacredness of river navigation against interruption by bridges! It cost a long and exhausting litigation to ascertain whether the Legislature of a State, or even the Congress of the United States, could authorize the throwing of a bridge across the Hudson or the Ohio, or even across a boatable inlet of Delaware Bay.

While, however, they are building a bridge here, we must be content to cross the Missouri by a ferry. A huge and heavy steamboat, a double-ender, starts from a point high above Council Bluffs, and is skilfully steered first downward, then upward, through the dashing, muddy waters, to a landing-place far below Omaha. The passengers of several converging Eastern trains rush promiscuously toward the broad deck with their baggage, movables, and "things." Do you see that little wooden shanty, on the receding bank, with two bottles of whiskey in the window, and the monitory words over the door, "Last Chance?" Everybody tells his business to everybody, and everybody asks everybody his opinions and prospects. Boston, New York, and Chicago merchants, bankers, and printers, are going to establish branches, agencies, and printing-presses, along the railroads in Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, and California; lithe, active, and bright, all-loquacious, and at the same time dogmatic politicians, who fasten themselves tenaciously upon "the stranger," whether lawyer, priest, trader, or farmer, to gain

an opinion on the probable result of the presidential election, yet three years distant, of the prospect of an early resumption of specie payments, or of the duration, the immediate result, and the ulterior consequences of the war which broke out only a week ago in Europe. Did not our servant, William Freeman, who has just come to his political rights under the fifteenth amendment, feel his importance when called on to expound these high mysteries? See that group of juvenile Italians, with violins and harps realizing a profuse contribution in reward for a rather doubtful performance of "Il Bacio." Hear this strong-minded woman narrate to a skeptical audience her successful achievement in establishing woman's suffrage in Wyoming and Utah. An express-agent tells Mr. Seward that he has just sent to Auburn the largest pair of elk-horns in the velvet that could be found in Nevada. That cluster standing near the wheel-house, have sold out their farms in Missouri, and are going to look for new ones in Willamette Valley or Southern California. This group of Indians, gay with feathers and paint, are Dakota chiefs returning to their tribe, to relate the wonders they saw when sitting around the "big kettle" which the "great father" hung over the fire for them at Washington. This sturdy fellow in blue is an Irish recruit of the United States Army, going to join his regiment at Laramie, accompanied by a wife, six rosy-cheeked children, a spaniel, terrier, two brindle cats, and a speckled hen. It is altogether too much to expect that the entire family will escape the perils of Indian warfare. It is a notable feature of the motley crowd that it contains not one mere laboring man or woman. Whence, then, and how is the labor to come which is to irrigate the deserts, build the roads, and open the mines? We may safely leave the question to its practical solution. American progress and civilization "know no such word as fail."

We record our thanks to General Auger for the kind attentions shown us at the garrison, and for his orders providing for our safety and comfort through his wide department; and to the judges, members of the bar, and other citizens for their public and private hospitalities.

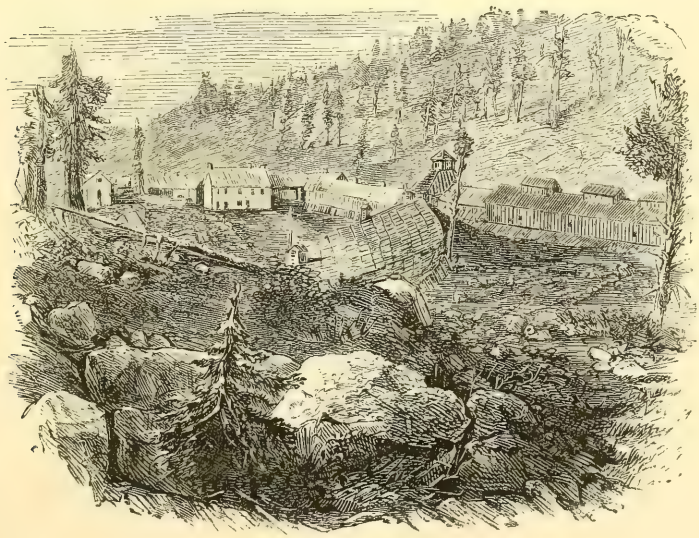
Cheyenne, August 17th.—Onward and upward, a night and a day in a distance of five hundred miles; we have gained a height of five thousand feet on the slope of the Rocky Mountains. The country seems, nevertheless, a level plain. There is neither crag, nor rock, nor dell; and even the flow of the beautiful Platte River, though quick and free, is without cascade or rapids. We have passed almost imperceptibly from a landscape of Indian corn and wheat fields, orchards, and vineyards, to an endless slope covered with short and grayish, but nutritious blue-grass, late the pasturage of countless buffalo-herds, now replaced by scattered droves of lank



CHEYENNE.

cattle, driven here from Texas and Mexico. The gopher freely disports himself in our way; the antelope, as if under a fascination, shyly gazes upon us with his soft blue eyes; and the prairie-dogs, sitting erect at the doors of their tenements, solemnly review us from their thousand cities. We expected, on arriving here, to see the towering Black Hills, and perhaps the more distant Snowy Range; but the thermometer has fallen to 36°, and the barometer we know not how low. Heavy clouds rest on the earth all around us, and nothing can be seen beyond or over them.

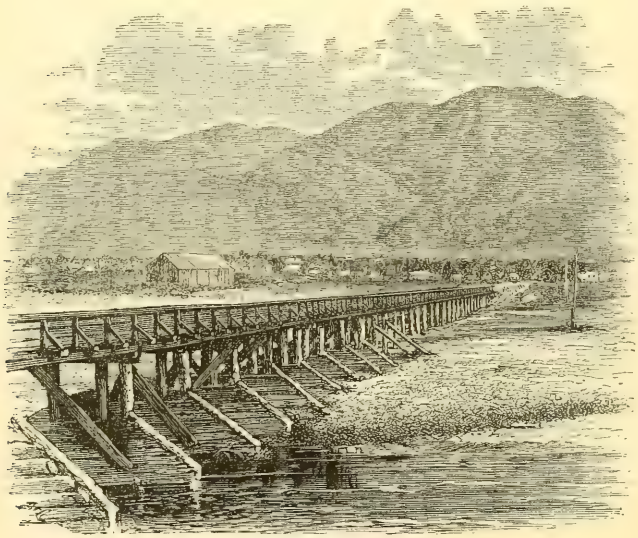
The Territory of Wyoming, of which Cheyenne is the capital, has a population outside of the town not exceeding two thousand Cheyenne grew rapidly during the construction of the Pacific Railroad, but now, suffering a decline, it may number twenty-five hundred. It has, however, just been connected by railroad with Denver, and so with St. Louis. The territorial government, therefore, seems a machine prepared for future rather than immediate use. The army secures the people against intrusion by Indians, and keeps the peace. Governor Campbell, with the Secretary of State and the Surveyor-General, received us at the station, and, apologizing for the straitness of their dwellings, delivered us over to General King and General Bradley, who have cordially conferred upon us the freedom of the mess.



SUMMIT.

What is to be the political influence of these new mining and mountain States? Their founders are energetic, enterprising and persevering men. Mountaineers are always frugal and brave, as well as intense lovers of freedom. Their loyalty will never fail, if the Union shall continue to deserve it.

Sherman, August 19th.—Sherman, eight thousand feet above the sea! We have made a winding way between the crests of the Black Hills, and these are only a lower tier of the snow-clad mountains. The pass is treeless, shrubless, flowerless; the rocks on the mountain-sides massive, brown, monotonous. What were the Rocky Mountains made for? Some of their uses are obvious. A watershed, they irrigate the continent, while they stimulate human activity by obstructing movement and hiding mineral treasure. Now gently descending the western slope five hundred feet, we come upon the great grassy plain of Laramie, on which civilization is making rapid advancement. Five hundred feet lower, through beds of crumbling red sandstone, we land on a broad floor of cannel-

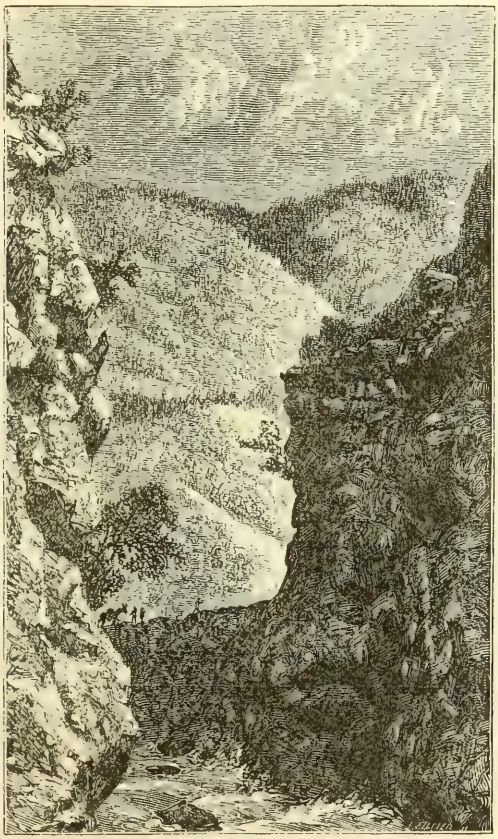


WAHSATCH RANGE.

coal. Prudent Nature foresaw the Pacific Railroad and the mining-shaft. Onward forty miles, downward how many feet we do not know, in the Wahsatch Valley, we come to a settlement which bears the ominous name of Separation. It is the parting between the tributaries of the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean.

LEUTZE'S "COURSE OF EMPIRE."

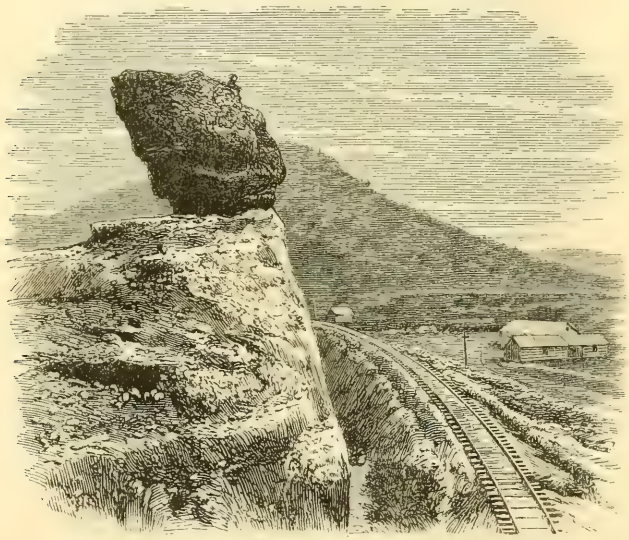
How odd and yet how significant is the nomenclature of the mountain scenery: "Red Desert," "Table Rock," "Black Butte," "Bitter Creek!" Now, slowly by winding grades, we climb the Wahsatch Range, only five hundred feet lower than Sherman; we stand on the eastern rim of the central basin of the continent. We



DEVIL'S GATE, WEBER CAÑON.

recognize and hail the rugged yellow cliff and far-reaching plain, which, under the light of a gorgeous sunset, Leutze has copied in his great fresco in the Capitol, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way." Hence we hurry rapidly downward toward the reservoir

of the basin, the broad, blue Salt Lake. The face of the Wahsatch Mountains wears no resemblance to Atlantic scenery. These disjointed masses of rocks, fractured and shivered, look as if they had resisted lightning, tempest, ice, and flood, for ages. Sublime devastation! The Weber River, here only a foaming torrent, has worked out for itself an arched passage darker and more majestic than Gothic art ever designed. The mountain-dwellers call it the Devil's Gate. There are miles where a declivity, otherwise unbroken, presents at irregular intervals a high, conical basalt rock, standing like the tower of a castle whose domes and walls have been swept away, and buried in the earth. One of these bears the name of Pulpit



PULPIT ROCK.

Rock, and, though inaccessible, it is believed by the credulous that Brigham Young from its level summit rallied his hosts to repel the army of General Johnson.

In the Weber Cañon, at the foot of the Wahsatch Range, the torrent subsides into a quiet stream. On its bank is an old and solitary pine-tree, which bears a board on which is inscribed,

"One thousand miles from Omaha." Here all travellers rest and meditate; and many, proud of the great achievement, record their names. Let no one suppose that, because Salt Lake Plain is called a valley, it is therefore level, smooth, or grassy. The plain is but a table-land, broken by mountain-spurs, and hilly ranges rise from the bosom of the lake itself, affording pasturage for herds of wild-horses.

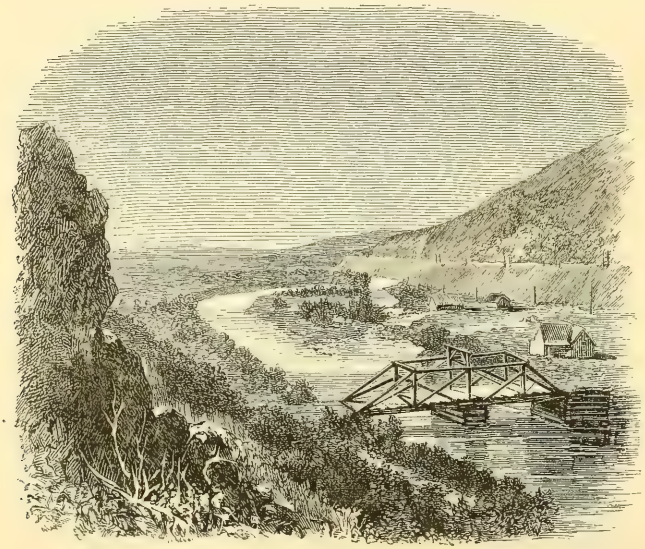
THOUSAND-MILE TREE

Salt Lake City, August 20th.—At Ogden, where the Salt Lake Valley Railroad intersects the continuous Pacific Railroad, and where many other railroads are soon to meet it, we were taken by a special train, which Brigham Young had sent for us. On arrival at the station here, we were received by General De Trobriand.

Wearied and worn with mountain-travel, a hostelry even less neat and cheerful than the Townsend House, managed by an Englishwoman, the second of four wives, would have been acceptable to us.

The town, though so unique and isolated, is full of visitors from

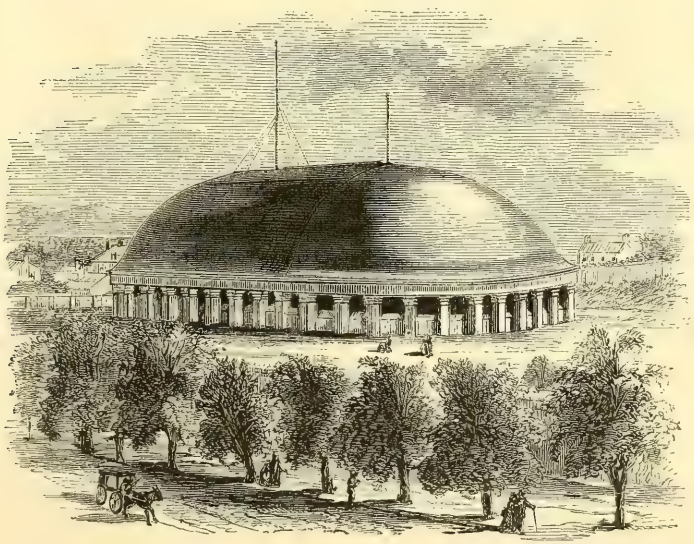
all parts of the United States and Europe, animated by a common sentiment, curiosity concerning the Mormons—how they came to be here; how they live and act; with what woes they threaten the nation and mankind, and by what means, moral, judicial, political, or military, the anomalous sect shall be brought to an end.



SALT LAKE VALLEY.

We attended divine service this morning in a small and plain Episcopalian chapel. In the afternoon, we were accompanied to the Tabernacle by Mr. Hooper, Territorial Delegate in Congress. The congregation, composed chiefly of women and children, "with here and there a traveller," must have numbered seven or eight thousand. On the platform were seated the entire hierarchy, consisting of the president, the apostles, and the high council, the seventies, the high-priests, the elders, the priests, teachers, and deacons. Among these dignitaries we recognized merchants, railroad men, mechanics, and farmers, and it is quite manifest that the priesthood is a shrewd, sagacious body of secular persons. The communion is celebrated every Sunday, every worshipper participating. The

ceremony, though attended with less solemnity, is conducted in the same manner as in the more popular Protestant denominations, with the difference that water is used in place of wine, a special prayer being offered that the substitution may be approved. The first preacher argued that, according to divine promise, the kingdom of God came upon the earth immediately after the departure of the Saviour; that this kingdom has a key; that the Church early lost it, and that the Latter-Day Saints have found it; that it is nothing less than the true principle of marriage, namely, that marriage is not merely a union for earthly life, but a spiritual bond extending through time and eternity: the Mormons having unlocked the gates with the newly-discovered key, are inviting and expecting all nations to enter and build up the kingdom of God.



MORMON TABERNACLE.

During the service thus far, Brigham Young sat a silent and meditative observer. He now rose, and a profound stillness came over the congregation. He dwelt briefly on the devotion, zeal, faith, constancy, conflicts, and sufferings, of the founders of the

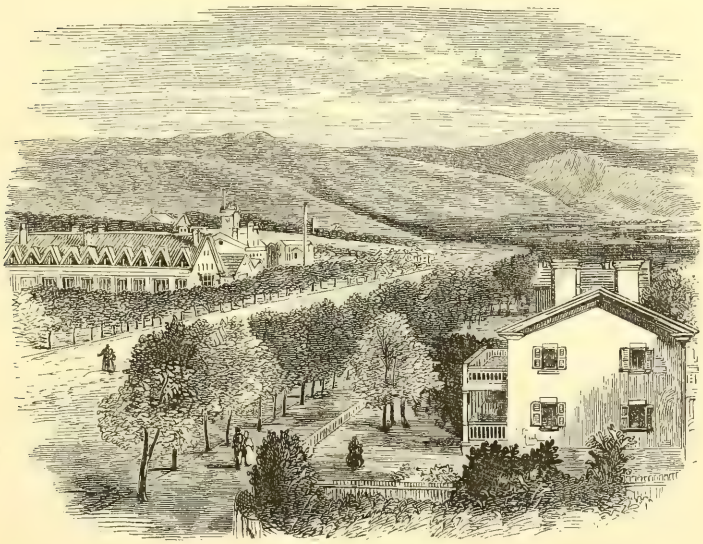
Mormon Church. From its past triumphs, and its present security, he inferred the favor of the Divine Author of the Christian religion. Like the previous speaker, he seemed to avoid the subject of polygamy, while he claimed for the new church a close conformity to the practices of the early Christians, and the enjoyment of new, special, and continuous revelations. No Christian teacher claims for the writings of Isaiah or Jeremiah, or of Matthew, Luke, or John, more divine illumination or infallibility than the speaker demanded for the attested manuscripts of Joseph Smith. After descanting, in a few glowing words, upon the certain acceptance of the new faith immediately, and throughout the whole world, he warned the saints of the danger of falling from the faith, saying, with all the vehemence of prophetic denunciation, "Hell awaits the backslider!" After a kind allusion to Mr. Seward's presence, the sermon ran to incoherent and pointless exhortation. The service ended, Brigham Young greeted Mr. Seward, and asked leave to visit him in the evening.

The veneration which a Roman Catholic, Episcopalian or Methodist congregation manifest toward a prelate of their order, at whose hand they have received a sacrament, is indifference itself compared with the awe and reverence paid to the President of the Latter-Day Saints as he retired from the Tabernacle.

Brigham Young, accompanied by four sons and three elders, passed the long evening in conversation, religious, political and secular, with Mr. Seward. At the close, with an air as free from embarrassment as the patriarch Jacob might have shown in a like case, he invited Mr. Seward to visit some of his houses the next day, and see his family.

August 22*d.*—The President came with carriages, and drove us first to visit his wife Emeline, a matron of fifty, with her ten children, from the ages of twenty-five downward. Thence to the house of Amelia, who seems thirty-five years. She has been married two or three years, and has no children. She invited the ladies to try her new piano. We then drove to the dwelling of the first wife. This house, the first which Brigham Young built in the city, shows him to be a skilful mechanic, with a considerable knowledge

of architecture. She was surrounded by her sons, Hiram Young, Brigham Young, Jr., and their several wives, who all seemed to regard their aged mother with proper filial affection. Thence we repaired to the "Bee-hive," a complex building, or group of buildings, in which the remaining families of Brigham Young reside. They have different suites of apartments, connected by corridors or piazzas with the garden, a common dining-room, and a saloon used as a music-hall and chapel. The furniture and appointments



BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

of the "Bee-hive," like those of the other houses, are frugal but comfortable, and order and cleanliness prevail in them all. We were received here by eight wives and their children. The children, a large proportion of whom are girls, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, strongly resemble their father and each other. All are educated upon the academic standard of the Western country. All we saw were healthful, intelligent, sprightly, happy and mutually affectionate, without regard to the difference of mothers; equally free from boldness and awkwardness. The mothers, women of

sad deportment, are entirely devoted to their children. All the wives are uneducated, except Amelia, who was before marriage an accomplished school-teacher. If there is any jealousy among them, it escaped our penetration. The mind of the first wife is impaired either by age or by trouble. She spoke severely of Gentile censoriousness. We were served at every house with the choicest of native fruits and native wine. Except the coachman, we saw no servants. At the "Bee-hive," each mother sits with her children at table, and the several families are served in the order in which they are arranged. Family worship is conducted night and morning by the patriarch, and attended by the entire household. Brigham Young's manner toward his wives is respectful, and toward his children dignified and affectionate. In presenting them severally as they came in groups, with a kind smile for the particular mother, he spoke in this way: "This is our delicate little Lucy," "This is our musical daughter," "This is our son George, who has a mathematical genius," and so on. At the end of the visit here, Brigham Young said to Mr. Seward: "You have seen eleven of the sixteen wives with whom I live, and nearly all of my forty-nine surviving children."

"But," said Mr. Seward, "you are represented as saying that you do not know how many wives you have." The President explained that, besides the wives who are married for time, the Mormons believe in sealing other wives only for eternity, and, in regard to such women, he may have made the remark attributed to him.

Polygamy, not at first adopted by the Mormons, is an adventitious feature of their system. It was authorized by a revelation to Joseph Smith, which was posthumously published. The Church at first desired to suppress it, but it bore the requisite official attestation of the prophet, and therefore could not be rejected without shaking the foundation of the whole system. The apologies which they make for it are not altogether destitute of plausibility. It promised to stimulate population when the sect in a Territory, new and isolated, expected no accession by immigration, either foreign or domestic, except of European converts. More women than men

came as such converts. Polygamy provided shelter and material comforts for supernumerary women who might otherwise fall into neglect, want, and possible infamy. So far it has not proved incompatible with the education and training of children in public schools, nor with the maintenance of order and tranquillity among the people. Time enough, however, has not elapsed, perhaps, nor are the conditions of the community sufficiently matured, fully to develop the evils of the institution. Marriage is not exclusively a matter of religious belief. It is a social institution. To ascertain the just and needful relation between the sexes in social life has been one of the experimental studies of mankind, from the earliest ages, in all countries. The marriage of one man with one woman, constituting what we call the family relation, is the result of that great study of civilization. It is universally accepted by Christian nations, the only nations which enjoy a matured civilization. Polygamy is antagonistic to, and incompatible with, the existence of the family. When the two institutions are brought into contact in any country, an irrepressible conflict ensues. In all the nations of the East the harem has hitherto prevailed in that conflict, with the results of not merely the degradation but the enslaving of woman, and the demoralization and corruption of the entire social body. This is the conflict which is just now beginning in Utah. The end is not doubtful, and, with the rapid increase of what is called the Gentile population, coming to develop the mineral and agricultural resources of the central regions of the continent, that end cannot be distant.

The Mormons, as a religious sect, soon to cast off the heterogeneous and obnoxious institution of polygamy, may survive, and, like other religious and ecclesiastical associations, enjoy a long existence. How long, may depend upon the persecution it may provoke. The field of purely religious inquiry is infinite, and the spirit of search is eternal. It demands, and will in all civilized states henceforth command, toleration.

In the aspect of political economy, Utah is a wonderful success. A population of nearly one hundred thousand, doubling every ten years, occupying a soil naturally destitute of vegetation, has, by irri-

gation and other processes, produced an abundant granary for supplying the wants of immigrants on their way to the new mountain States and Territories on every side. Whatever may be the future of Utah and the Mormon sect, Brigham Young will have an historical character. He was originally an uneducated carpenter, in youth a townsman of Mr. Seward's at Auburn. The latter, while seeing no reason to question Young's sincerity in his eccentric religious faith and practices, deems it unjust to deny him extraordinary ability, energy, and perseverance, as a founder of an American State. His failure, however, in one of his designs, perhaps at the time the most cherished of all, will serve as a warning to future American colonizers. Leading his exiled and persecuted band from the banks of the Mississippi across the wilderness, he refused to stop until he had found an asylum outside of the territory and jurisdiction of the United States. Scarcely, however, had he discovered this land of refuge in Mexico, before the Government acquired title, and extended its authority over not only that region, but the whole country to the Pacific Ocean.

Elcho, August 23d.—Brigham Young, attended by a group of wives and children, took leave of Mr. Seward at the station in Salt Lake City; and a committée, composed of Mormon elders, came with us by special train to Ogden. There two palatial cars awaited us, which had been sent across the Sierra Nevada by Mr. Seward's friends at Sacramento. These are furnished with a dining-room, well-supplied pantry, kitchen, and sleeping-apartments.

Salt Lake, though fed by saline springs, is the reservoir of many mountain-streams, the Weber River, Bear River, Blue Creek, and others. Its waters are shallow and unwholesome; but we saw cattle feeding near it, and land-birds flying over it. Its beach is always thickly incrusted with salt, produced by solar evaporation. Large timber grows in the mountain-cañons, and the soil, wherever irrigated, is prolific of cereals, grasses, and fruits. The peach, plum, and grape, are unsurpassed, even in California. Our last sunset view of the lake, taken a hundred miles west of Ogden, was one which we are not likely to forget. The great orb, suspended

over the waters, kindled them to a dazzling blaze, while the sky was clothed in a drapery of purple and gold, which extended in broad and graceful festoons across the entire horizon.

Here, at Elcho, we find a wretched and squalid remnant of the Shoshones, once the proprietors of the region we are surveying. Must these Indian races indeed perish before the march of the white man? It would seem so; they could only be saved by conversion to the usages and habits of civilization, but all past efforts to that end, from the Atlantic to the centre of the continent, have

THE REMNANT OF A TRIBE.

failed. The experiments of the same sort on the Pacific coast are no more promising. The Aztec race, though it has not increased in numbers, has not diminished under Spanish conquest and colonization. Exalted to citizenship, suffrage, and education, the Indians of Mexico may be saved; but it is noticeable that intermarriages between the pure Indians and the Creoles and European immigrants have practically ceased, and that Mexico exhibits therefore a nation divided by castes, of which the native one is the most numerous,

while the foreign one is the most wealthy and intelligent. One cannot but hope that the Aztecs of Mexico may prove an exception to the elsewhere universal process of extermination.

Reno.—On leaving Elcho, we followed a mountain-pass which is barricaded with basalt columns, more picturesque than the admired Palisades of the Hudson, and this pass brought us out on the bank of the Humboldt River. We have followed its wild and

MOUTH OF BIG COTTONWOOD CAÑON.

winding way as it flows over an alkaline bed, destitute of vegetation, two hundred and fifty miles, until it spreads its waters over a broad and sterile plain and sinks into the earth. From this plain we began the eastern ascent of the Sierra Nevada. The poisonous mineral dust, raised by the whirlwind, was excoriating as we passed over this desert of the desert, seeing neither tree nor stream after leaving the lost river.

We declined here a pressing invitation to diverge and visit Virginia City, as we had declined at Salt Lake, Ogden, Cheyenne, and Omaha, to diverge to other points of mining and political interest. The frequency of these invitations is strongly suggestive of the rapidity with which branch railroads and common roads are entwining the giant limbs of the new members of the republic.

What is the secret of this sudden and prodigious increase of national energy in the prosecution of internal improvements? It is one of the first fruits of the abolition of slavery. Conservatism of the constitutional compromises in the interest of slavery, of course in practice, became conservatism of slavery itself, and this principle, developed in 1800, and gaining strength during fifty years, has been effectually obstructive of material improvement and national progress.

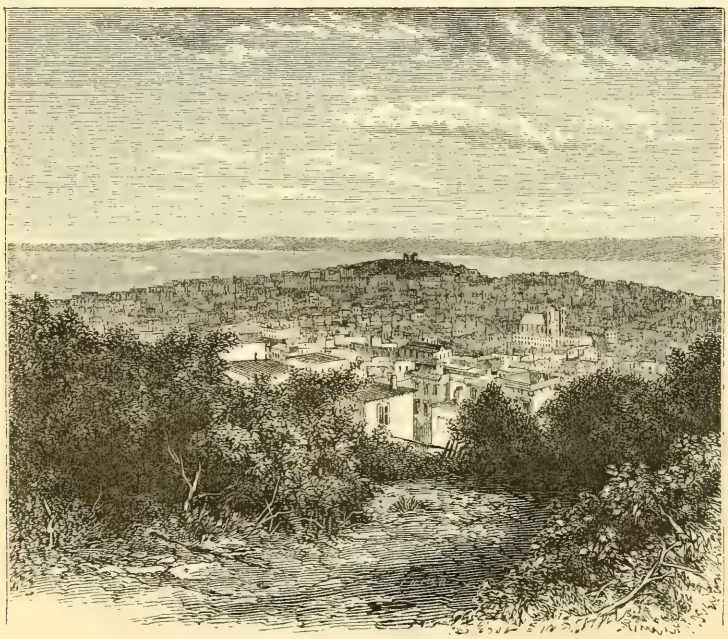
Sacramento, August 25th.—The desert is passed at Reno. The mountain scenery becomes fresh and cheerful with plentiful evergreen forests, and, where they have been removed, rich meadows.

Mr. Stanford, Mr. Crocker, and Mr. Mills, met us on the way, and accompanied us down the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, a long journey, though the distance is short. The highest engineering skill must have been employed in effecting this passage through mountains so rugged, steep and wild. This morning the engineer whistled "Down brakes!" to avoid collision with a train which seemed to be coming from the opposite direction, but which proved to be the end of our own train. We left massive brown mountains, deep-blue lakes, and cañons clothed in evergreen, and entered a broad plain, lightly shaded with groups of laurel and live-oak. Newly-harvested wheat-fields, and fields yet covered with native oats, are boundless. Although the engineer had brought us here in advance of the appointed hour, Mr. Seward was nevertheless greeted with a salvo, and it was not without difficulty that we made our way through the friendly mass who were gathered to welcome him.

A drive through city and suburbs, and over the race-course, a dinner at Mr. Stanford's, and an evening reception at Mr. Crocker's,

closed the day, giving us a pleasing acquaintance with the refined and spirited society of the capital of California.

San Francisco, September 1st.—Mr. Seward, desirous to avoid an appearance of seeking a renewal of the hospitalities extended to him here last year, on his tour to Alaska and Mexico, effected a quiet entrance into the town, and we have been the guests, since

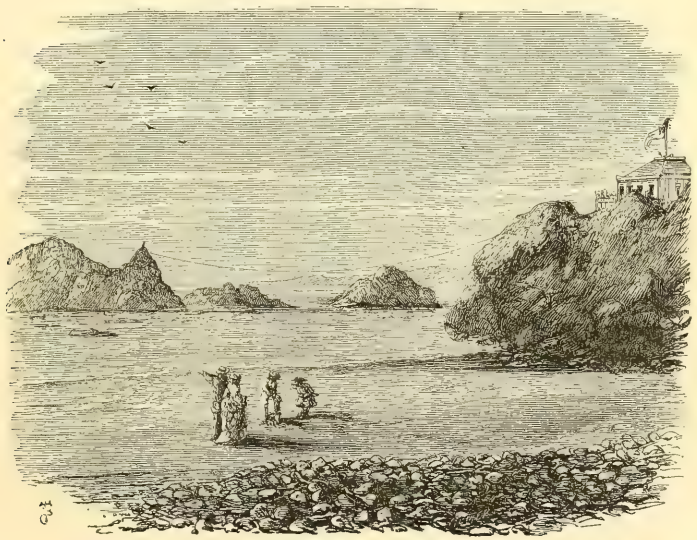


SAN FRANCISCO.

our arrival, of his old friend and travelling-companion, Mr. Hastings. We have visited the Cliff House; and made for all, but Mr. Seward, a first acquaintance with the Seal-Rocks, their amphibious inhabitants, and the Pacific Ocean. We could not describe, if we should attempt, the bewildering land excursion of two days, and the magnificent entertainment at Belmont, which Mr. Ralston gave us, or our beautiful steam-yacht excursion around the harbor and bay.

General Scofield, late Secretary of War, now at the head of this department, and Admiral Winslow, the hero of the Kearsarge, commanding the Pacific squadron here, have entertained us generously. These and other hospitalities, all crowded into one short week, closed last night with a ball at the house of Mr. Avery.

What caprices have marked the civilization of California! Wrested from the native Indians, one hundred and fifty years ago, to enlarge the dominion of Spain; parcelled fifty years afterward, in large tracts, among bookish priests devoted to the conversion of the dispossessed proprietors—hardly had the cathedrals and



CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

schools been established, when revolution tore the territory from the hold of Spain, and the Republic of Mexico confiscated and seized the entire domain. Then came purchase, conquest, and rapid colonization, by the United States. These have left, with few exceptions, neither Mexican proprietors to occupy, nor Spanish priests to teach, nor Indians to be taught. The Catholic churches were founded chiefly in 1776–'78. How little did their builders

understand the mighty revolution that had just then broken out on the other side of the continent—a revolution that was destined to modify not only the civil but also the ecclesiastical systems of the earth!

San Francisco, though only twenty years old, already assumes the aspect, tone, and manners of an inter-continental emporium, a counterpart to the Atlantic metropolis.

The absorbing topic here is, Chinese immigration. Mr. Seward has declined an invitation given him by the anti-Chinese party to explore the Chinese quarter, and see how unfit its inhabitants are to become citizens of the United States; and also a like invitation from the Chinese settlers to make the same exploration, to see how harmless and profitable that colonization is. The Republican party have lately acquiesced in the policy of exclusion, which has been insisted upon so long and so strenuously by the Democratic party. Mr. Seward protests firmly against this, and teaches that immigration and expansion are the main and inseparable elements of civilization on the American Continent, and nowhere more needful or beneficent than on the Pacific coast. He says confidently, to both parties, that all attempts will fail to suppress or stifle either of those invigorating forces.

GOLDEN GATE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO JAPAN.

The Vessels of the Pacific Mail Line.—Our Fellow-Passengers.—"The Great Company of the Preachers."—The Chinese Passengers.—The Great Event of the Voyage.—The Moods of the Sea.—A Still Greater Event.—The Loss of a Day.—The Gyascutus.—The Beginning of the End.—The Coast of Japan.—The Ocean-Fisheries.

Steamer China, Pacific Ocean, September 1, 1870.—Our party having received its promised accessions, we embarked at noon. More kind friends could not have come on board to take leave if we had been long residents of San Francisco. If Mr. Seward had been thirty years younger, such a parting would even then have taxed his strength.

We passed the sometimes turbulent, but always majestic Golden Gate, with scarcely a disturbance of the ship's balance, and began our voyage on a calm sea and under a bright sky.

September 4th.—The vessels of the Pacific Mail Line are side-wheel steamers, and in accommodations and appointments are surpassed only by the palatial boats on the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. The China, four thousand three hundred tons burden, is the smallest of them all. We enjoy an uninterrupted promenade seven hundred feet in circuit on the upper deck. We have sixty cabin-passengers, and might carry comfortably twice that number. Among them are General Vlangally, the Russian Minister returning from St. Petersburg to Peking, and half a dozen English civil officers coming from "home" to their posts in Japan and China. "Great," it must be confessed, "is the company of the preachers:" Fifteen American missionaries with their

wives and children!—the elder families returning, and the younger going for the first time to fields of labor in Japan, China, Siam, and India; United States naval officers, on their way to join the Asiatic squadron, four English and as many American youths just emerged from college on an Eastern tour; a United States Treasury agent, going to inspect the Oriental consulates; and one American office-seeker, at least, proceeding to lay his claims before the Emperor of China at Peking. The gentlemen amuse themselves with gymnastic games, the ladies with music and books. An expert Japanese juggler entertains us in the cabin. In the steerage, are five hundred Chinese returning home. They pay less than half price, and are fed with the simple fare of their country. Knowing no use of beds, they sleep on the floor. In the middle of their cabin they have made, with canvas, a dark room for opium-smoking. When on deck, they appear neatly clad, and amuse themselves with unintelligible and apparently interminable games of chance. The annual immigration of Chinese to the United States is twelve thousand. They are invariably successful. Half the number go back to China, either on visits or to remain. Our freights consist of Mexican silver dollars, manufactured goods, agricultural machines, carriages, furniture, flour, butter, fruits, drugs, and patent medicines. These go in exchange for teas, silks, rice, and Chinese emigrants.

September 6th.—The great event of the voyage occurred this morning. All were on deck, in a state of pleasant excitement. At seven o'clock, precisely the hour which the captain had foretold, the ship America, eighteen days from Yokohama, appeared in a direct line before us, under full pressure, and with square sails set. Signals were promptly exchanged, and, to avoid collision, each ship turned slightly from its course and stopped. The America has eighty cabin-passengers and four hundred Chinese. The cabin-passengers on either vessel cheered loudly, the Chinese looking on silent and thoughtful. A well-manned gig, with an officer in the stern, came bounding over the waves, and delivered to us Chinese and Japanese (European) newspapers, with a bag of letters from her passengers. We, in return sent on board

the latest American newspapers, and a mail well charged with letters to our friends at home. The America's boat was then hoisted to its davits, the walking-beams of the two giant ships

MEETING OF THE STEAMERS IN MID-OCEAN.

gracefully bowed to each other, the wheels gently revolved, the passengers repeated their cheers, and a gun from either deck announced that the meeting was over. Each vessel resumed its course, and in a few moments not even a spy-glass could discover the waving of handkerchiefs or other signal on the deck of the America.*

If we gave to the eastern-bound travellers the first news of the European war, and of the death of Admiral Farragut, they in exchange gave us intelligence of an expected war between the European powers and the Chinese Government, in consequence of the recent dreadful massacre at Tien-Tsin. Every one is astonished that Mr. Seward persists in his purpose of visiting Peking. He says that France, in her present disabled condition, cannot make war against China, and, without the lead of France, no Western nation will.

* The telegraph from Shanghai reports that the America was burned in the harbor of Yokohama, August 25, 1872.

September 14th.—Those who would know the sea, have need to study its varying moods and aspects. They must see it in the later hours of cloudless night, when it reflects the bright stars and constellations; they must see it in the morning twilight, when its broad surface seems contracted to a small, dark lake, and then under the illumination of the dawn it resumes its illimitable expanse. Doubtless it is terrible in its more serious moods by reason of its vastness, darkness, and powerful agitation, all elements of the sublime. Happily for us, we have not yet witnessed those moods.

September 16th.—It was a mistake to pronounce our meeting with the America, on the 6th, the event of the voyage. A greater one has just occurred. Our last date is the 14th. This note is written on the 16th. The former entry certainly was made yesterday. The chronometer marked eight o'clock at night at Greenwich, at the very hour when our clock, which keeps the running time, marked eight o'clock in the morning. We are half-way around the world from Greenwich, and have lost just half a day. It is quite clear that, if we should continue onward making the same discrepancy of time, we should have lost a whole day on arriving at Greenwich. We might postpone the readjustment of our ship's time until we reached Greenwich, but the scientific world has wisely decided that this readjustment shall be made in every case by compromise on the 180th meridian, and therefore, instead of striking out a half-day here, we strike out a whole one.

If the absolute loss of one whole day out of our lives is a distressing thing to think of, we may console ourselves with Red Jacket's profound reflection. When a missionary had delivered before the Seneca nation, in council, a homily in the usual style on the shortness of life, and the necessity of improving its fleeting hours, he called on them for an expression of their sentiments on that important subject; Red Jacket, having duly consulted with the chiefs, head men, women, and warriors, responded in their behalf: "Red men have all the time there is going; they do not see that white men have any more."

September 20th.—Four thousand miles from San Francisco. The sea has come down from the long, surging swell of a few days past, and is now smooth and glassy. We have entered the outer belt of the hot circular current which warms the coasts of Japan, Siberia, and Alaska.

A brig under full sail is seen, though at a great distance, moving eastward. Everybody tries the spy-glass to make her out. When all have failed, a passenger, noted for controversialism, pronounces that the brig is the Gyascutus, from Macao, bound for Valparaiso, freighted with coolies. We all start at once, and ask, "How do you know?" "I assert it to be the fact," he replies; "let him prove the contrary who can. If this is not sufficient proof, it is at least the same form of argument that our preacher used in his sermon last night."

September 23d.—The beginning of the end! Every inch of the deck, bulwarks, stanchions, rigging, and boats, has been scoured, tarred, or painted, and the whole ship is clean as a Shaker meeting-house. Our five hundred steerage-passengers are confined within a rope-enclosure on the forward-deck—they appearing in new and shining cotton clothes, with pates freshly shaven. A dozen women are seen for the first time. All are engaged, especially the women, in dropping handfuls of rice and small pieces of colored paper into the sea, to propitiate the gods for a safe arrival. Flying-fish surround us; one white-breasted gull has come to attend us into port; and a whale, the only one we have seen on the voyage, is spouting in the distance.

September 24th.—The coast of Japan rises in a long, gray outline over the dark sea, but Fusi Yama veils his head, and refuses to take notice of our coming.

We have crossed the Pacific Ocean. How much it is to be regretted that we must make such long stretches, and yet see so little! How profitable it would be to study the North-Pacific American coast, the shores of Puget Sound, the Territories on the Columbia River, and Alaska, in a near future the great fishery, forest, and

mineral storehouses of the world!—the Aleutian chain of islands hereafter to be the stepping-stones between the two continents. We have lost a sight, also, not only of the Sandwich Islands, but of Australia, a fifth continent on which a kindred people are devel-

FUSI YAMA, COAST OF JAPAN.

oping a state that may at some future day challenge comparison with our own republic.

The Northern fisheries known in commerce are chiefly above the 34th parallel. The United States and Russia own more than half of the coast on both sides of the Pacific, north of that parallel. Mr. Seward left, as a legacy in the State Department, an inchoate negotiation of a treaty for reciprocity in those fisheries. Its importance may be estimated by recalling the controversies and conflicts between the United States and Great Britain, during the last hundred years, which have arisen out of the fisheries on the Atlantic coast.

PART II.

JAPAN, CHINA, AND COCHIN CHINA.

CHAPTER I.

YOKOHAMA AND ITS VICINITY.

The Bay of Yokohama.—Natives and Foreigners.—Native Costumes.—Japanese Barbers.—The Tokaido.—Japanese Cemeteries, Gardens, and Temples.—Monks and Monasteries.—Kamakura.—The Great Statue of Buddha.—The Daibutz.

Yokohama, September 25th.—Night closed with more than moonless darkness. With a true seaman's solicitude for the good name of his ship, Captain Freeman still promised that we should anchor before midnight. Who could think of sleeping when the lights of our first Asiatic port were so near? We walked the deck around and around, from stem to stern; we tried whist, we drew uncounted symphonies from the piano—but no consolation. The ship scarcely moved, and the equinoctial 24th day of September became the longest of all the days in the year. Time lagged more and more tediously between the hours of eleven and twelve. At last we gave it up, and went to rest. We were wakened by the ship's gun, and the slow dropping of the anchor. The morning brought an explanation. The ship's clock had been retarded, and did not announce the hour of twelve until the chronometer marked half-past two.

The bay of Yokohama is as spacious, and its surroundings are as beautiful, as those of Hampton Roads. The landscape recedes gracefully from the shore, and high above the beautiful scene Fusi Yama's sacred brow reflects the glowing smile of the morning sun. The hills and valleys wear all the freshness of spring. It is Sunday; the harbor is gay with the flags of many nations on men-of-

war and merchant-ships, and is made more animated by the quaint Japanese craft and their shouting, grotesque, native managers.

Yokohama, September 26th.—The United States minister, Mr. De Long, Captain McCrea, of the Asiatic squadron, Mr. Shepard the consul at Yeddo, Mr. Walsh, and other American citizens, came on board, and after kind expressions of welcome and congratulation conducted us to Mr. Walsh's residence.

Captain McCrea received Mr. Seward and his friends with national honors on board the United States steamship-of-war Monocacy.

Accustomed at home to the intermingling of all classes, conditions, and races, in subjection to one system of laws and tribunals, with common standards of morals and manners, we are as yet unprepared for the different constitution of society we find here: instead of one community, two, standing side by side, each independent of the other—the one native, the other foreign.

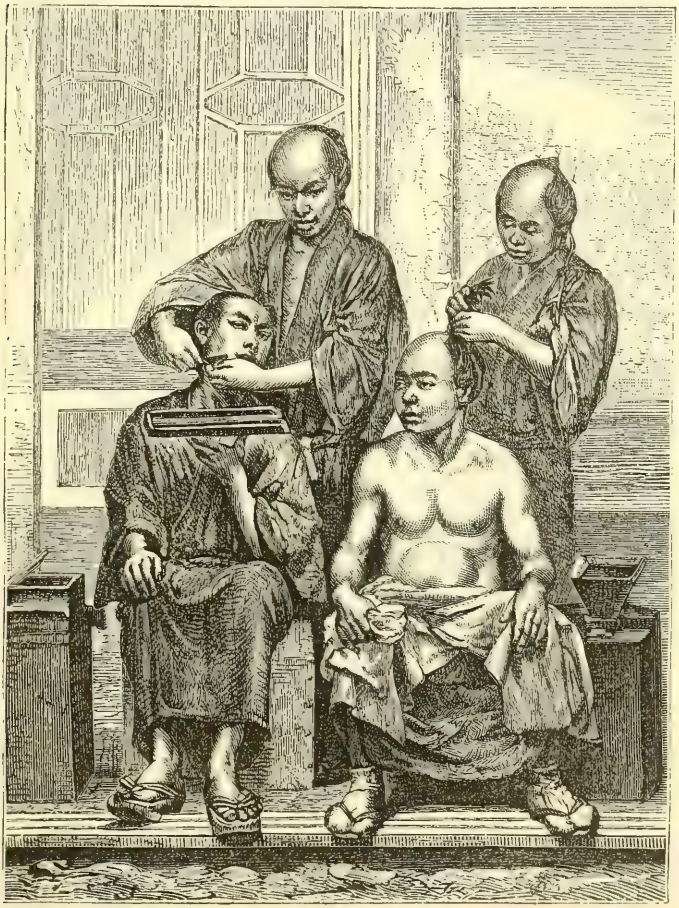
The native population of Japan is forty millions, all of the Mongolian type;* the so-called European population, five thousand, temporarily residing here from various nations, including the United States. These foreigners are gathered upon tracts of land, one, three or six miles square, called concessions, adjacent to native cities in the chief ports of this maritime empire. These foreign settlements are corporations, regulated and protected by the several foreign nations, and are copied in all respects from Western models, while the unpaved native cities, built of firs and cedars, thatched with bamboo and cane, are as perfectly Japanese as if a European had never touched the coast.

It may be conceived that it is difficult for the transient traveller, who always sojourns among his countrymen, and speaks with the natives only through an interpreter, to study Japan or its people. The Japanese, however they may have been heretofore, are not now jealous or suspicious. They labor cheerfully on the wharves, serve faithfully in foreign families within the concessions, and manufacture, in their own districts, articles of furniture and fancy goods for foreign markets. They are polite, sagacious, and skilful traders.

* The Prime-Minister informs Mr. Seward that the census recently taken gave thirty-five (35) millions, but that it was erroneous. He estimates the population at fifty millions.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

September 27th.—The representations of native costumes on the Japanese porcelain and lacquer-work, which are found on our tables and in our parlors at home, are not less accurate than spirited. The coarse, black hair is a chief object of pride and care. The



JAPANESE BARBERS.

barber with his scissors, combs, razors, and pomatum, is seen at all hours of the day in the most public places. The women brush the

hair away from the temples *à la Pompadour*, and gather it up under a small smooth puff at the back of the head with gilt and vermilion pins. The hair of the men is shorn entirely off the crown, leaving enough at the sides and back to be drawn upward and fastened in a graceless and meaningless knot. The effect is simply shocking. The barber-work being performed only three times a week, care is taken to prevent disarrangement in the intervals. They use, instead of a pillow, a wooden block adjusted to the shape of the neck. The pomatum so lavishly applied is extracted from an herb, which, growing in the eaves of the houses, makes a pretty green fringe for the brown thatched roofs. They say that one of the emperors, for sumptuary reasons, forbade the cultivation of this plant in the fields. Thus the people, while evading the law, beautify their dwellings.

Here, as in Alaska and in ancient Mexico, civil economy re-

JAPANESE GIRLS.

quires that the married and unmarried women shall wear distinguishing badges. The girl, with full hair tastefully arranged, with white teeth, and with the free use of cosmetics, and a scrupulously modest costume, is attractive; when married, her eyebrows are immediately shaven off, her teeth are stained jet-black, the ornaments are removed from her hair, and she becomes repulsive.

Wherever a city of the living is, there is also a greater city of the dead. The Japanese bury on the hill-sides. Though cremation

JAPANESE CEMETERY.

is sometimes practised, the body is more generally interred in a sitting posture, cramped within a plain, white, square box, borne to the grave on men's shoulders. All who attend, wear white mourning-badges. Women do not appear in the processions. Burial is without pomp and pageantry. A black or gray stone obelisk is raised over the grave.

All the cemeteries are crowded, but doubtless this is due to the economy of land required by so dense a population. They are, however, always shaded and green.

September 28th.—We made an excursion, by boat, to-day, on the bay of Yeddo, to Kanagawa, and its precincts. The Tokaido, the high-road which traverses the island of Niphon, passes through the town. A crowd of both sexes and all ages gathered and stared at our landing. The architecture of Japanese towns and villages is monotonous. The buildings, public and private, are small and huddled together. It was a pleasing surprise to find the railroad to Yeddo in process of construction. It is undertaken by a native company, using only Japanese capital, credit, and labor. By-the-way, the projectors are becoming timid in prosecuting the work, under an apprehension that, when it shall be completed, foreigners will base extortionate claims on any accidental injuries they may suffer.

Ascending a high hill, just beyond the town of Kanagawa, we enjoyed our first interior view of Japanese rural scenery. Thence-forward we had a path only five or six feet wide, which winds across the plains and around the hill-sides, not on any principle of road-making, but simply for the convenient use of the soil. The hill-tops are covered with majestic cypresses and yew-trees, intermingled with the chestnut, holly, pine, persimmon, and camphor. At their bases are thick groves of the slender bamboo, which, besides being highly ornamental, is the most variously useful of all the woods in the East.

The althea, the lily, the japonica, the arbor-vitæ, the wisteria, the passion-flower, and many other shrubs and creepers, which require so much care and labor in our gardens and greenhouses, are luxuriant here. There is no waste, either by rock, marsh, or jungle; every hill is terraced, every acre irrigated, every square foot of land covered by some tree, cereal, or esculent. Instead of farms, there are small plots, and each is tilled with cotton, flax, wheat, barley, sugar, beets, peppers, sweet-potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables, by a single family, with care equal to that which is bestowed on our flower-beds. No allowance is made for even accidental waste of the crop. The individual wheat-stalk which is bent down by the storm is restored and supported. Each head of rice, each particular boll of cotton, is kept in its place until care-

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

fully removed by the husbandman's hand. There is no loss of time in gathering the crops into garners; as fast as the product ripens, it is harvested and immediately prepared for the market. Despotism, though often cruel, is not always blind. A law of the empire obliges every one who fells a tree to plant another. In the midst of this rich and beautiful landscape, within an enclosure of two hundred acres, stands a Buddhist temple, with an adjoining monastery, surrounded by groves such as Downing might have designed. We came upon the base of the temple by successive flights of steps, each reaching from a platform below to a more contracted one above. The edifices are constructed of wood, which is generally used in Japan, for greater security against earthquakes.

The temple has an overhanging roof and portico, which are unique and graceful. The columns, architraves and cornices are elaborately, though grotesquely carved. The bonzes received and conducted us through the sacred edifices with ceremonious politeness, requiring us to leave our boots at the door, not as a religious observance, but as a regulation of domestic economy. These priests are vowed to celibacy and temperance, and in their tonsure and habit they resemble Carmelite friars, except that their spotless white raiment is not of wool, but of soft silk. The monastery is divided into numerous apartments by sliding paper doors, but all these were thrown open to us. A fine, clean bamboo mat, two inches thick, is spread on every floor, and serves for "bed and board." There is no other furniture. While we were enjoying our collation in one apartment, the bonzes were taking tea and smoking in the next one. Each bonze, before lifting his teacup or bringing his pipe to his lips, brought his head half a dozen times to the floor by way of compliment to his several companions. We inferred that some of the party were pilgrims, enjoying the hospitalities of the house. The temple is a square enclosure, with an open corridor on every side. Nearly the whole floor is covered with a dais, in the centre of which is a large altar, with a smaller one on either side. Over each a carved image—the middle one, Buddha; on his right, the mythological mikado, on the left an apostle or lawgiver. No space is allowed for worshippers. They prostrate

themselves at the porch, and are content with throwing small coins into the treasury just within the door. A cemetery near the temple is crowded with monuments of pilgrim princes and saints. Take away from this temple its pagan devices and emblems, and the whole place would seem to be pervaded with the very spirit of religious devotion. It combines seclusion, repose, and silence with solemnity. The good monks dismissed us with many blessings, after having obtained Mr. Seward's leave to visit him at Yokohama. On our return, we found the bay highly agitated. Discarding the life-boats of the Monocacy, we crossed in a native craft, rowed by a vigilant and active though excited and vehement crew.

September 30th.—A second excursion, this time overland to Kanagawa, southward on the Tokaido. A hundred years ago, no part of the United States, perhaps few countries in Europe, afforded a road equal to this in firmness and smoothness. At intervals, hot

TEA-HOUSE ON THE TOKAIDO.

tea in tiny cups, with cakes and sugar-plums, was brought out to us by pretty girls, *artistes* in dance and song. The beverage might not be declined, though we were not allowed to pay for it. In many places we found circular benches arranged under trees five hundred

years old. This frequent provision for rest and refreshment is due to the circumstance that travel in Japan is principally performed by pedestrians, with the occasional use of chairs. Daimios have always used horses, and recently foreigners have introduced vehicles.

GROUP ON THE TOKAIDO.

The Japanese are a busy as well as a frugal people. Thickly-clustering houses, booths, and work-shops nearly close the road on either side, making it difficult to distinguish where a rural district begins or ends. Occasionally a vacant space opens a beau-

tiful vista. At the end of twenty miles we sent our carriages back to Yokohama, and proceeded in chairs by a narrow path over a lofty hill, and then came down on the ocean-beach. The feet of our coolie bearers sank deep in the sand, but we enjoyed the refreshing spray which dashed in our faces. Then leaving the shore, and following a rugged mountain-path, we came upon a high plain, where once stood the renowned ecclesiastical capital, Kamakura. Practically speaking, Japan has no ruins. An extensive and hand-

TEMPLE AT KAMAKURA.

some temple, which still maintains its prestige, is the only monument of the ancient city. A few miles beyond this temple, we left our chairs, and, diverging from the road, we confronted a high wooden arch, fantastically painted with bright green, blue and yellow colors. On either side of the arch is a carved bronze demon, fifteen feet high, protected by an iron railing. These figures, designed to be terrific, are simply hideous. They are plastered over with moistened paper pellets, which have been cast on them by passing pilgrims. The adhesion of the pellet is taken as an assurance

that the monster is appeased, and consents to the visit of a votary. Trusting that the missiles which our bearers had thrown upon the demons had propitiated them in our favor, we boldly entered the gate. Ascending a solid flight of steps, we reached a paved court, three sides of which are graced with monumental shrines of stone and bronze. On a pedestal six feet high, in the centre of the square, is the gigantic statue of Buddha (famous as the Daibutz), sitting with crossed legs, on a lotus-flower. Though description by measurement is not poetical, we must use it to convey an idea of this colossal idol. It is fifty feet high, a hundred

DAIBUTZ.

feet in circumference at the base, and the head is nine feet long; the hands are brought together in front, with thumbs joined; the head is covered with metallic snails, which are supposed to protect the god from the sun. Some travellers find in the face an expres-

sion of sublime contemplation; to us it seems dull and meaningless. The statue being made of bronze plates, is hollow; the interior is shaped and fitted as a temple. We are inclined to believe that the Japanese have lost their early reverence for the Daibutz; we find the walls covered with the autographs of pilgrims and travellers. The bonzes invited us to register our own names, and they offer to sell the god to any purchaser for the price of old copper.

JAPANESE BONZES.

CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO YEDDO.—INTERVIEW WITH THE MIKADO.

Interview with the Japanese Prime-Minister.—Tremendous Storm.—Some Points of History.—The Mikado and the Tycoon.—Japanese Foreign Office.—Minister Sawa.—The Question of Saghalien.—The Tombs of the Tycoons.—A Speck of War.—The Delmonico of Yeddo.—Sketches of Yeddo.—The Interview with the Mikado.

On board the Monocacy, Bay of Yeddo, October 1st.—On Mr. Seward's arrival at Yokohama, the Japanese Government at Yeddo invited him to a banquet in the palace of the Hamagotèn. The Japanese ministry, with other official persons, in all six hundred, were to be present, and the prime-minister was to preside. Mr. Seward excused himself on the ground that the condition of his health and his habits oblige him to forego large assemblies. He wrote, at the same time, that he intended visiting the capital in a private manner, and that it would afford him pleasure if allowed to pay his respects to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. This morning, we set out on the excursion thus proposed, in the Monocacy, accompanied by Mr. De Long; we arrived at the anchorage before Yeddo, at five o'clock, expecting to land immediately, under the ship's salute.

Since our arrival at Yokohama the weather has been intensely hot, and everybody has been predicting some fearful convulsion of earthquake or tempest. A wind with heavy rain gave us a rough voyage; but the sea has now calmed, though the rain continues. Mr. Seward, protesting against delay, asked for boats when the anchor dropped. The ladies shrank from exposure; even the

United States minister became demoralized, and Mr. Seward was overruled; so here we are, lying five miles from Yeddo, under the guns of a long line of Japanese forts, built on shoals, midway between our anchorage and the city. The naval officers are to give up their quarters to us for the night, in expectation of a calm sea and cloudless sky to-morrow; an expectation which Mr. Seward desires it to be distinctly understood he does not share. In the mean time they are entertaining us with music and conversation.

Yeddo, October 2d.—Mr. Seward was right. We retired at eleven o'clock, to the very narrow "regulation berths," imprisoning ourselves with close mosquito-nets, in the smallest of state-rooms, looking through the open ports at a very silvery moon, bright stars, and a smooth sea, the ship drawing nine feet on an anchorage of three fathoms. Between us and the forts, the harbor was covered with vessels, including a large number of Japanese steamers and other boats, as well as Chinese junks. Some of these lay quite near to us. There was no sleep. At four o'clock in the morning, a phosphorescent wave, pouring through the open ports, deluged our state-rooms. At this juncture, the order came down the hatchway, "Close the ports." The steward informed us that there was "something of a high sea." Wrapping ourselves in our now thoroughly-wetted garments, we rushed into the dark cabin, and there overheard low conversation on the deck, which expressed apprehension of a fearful storm.

We were on deck at break of day. The sky wore a copper hue; the air grew intensely hot; the barometer fell from 30° 50′ to 28°; a violent wind seemed to come from all quarters, and, in the midst of a deluge of rain, blew the sea from underneath the ship, causing her continually to bound and rebound on the sandy bottom. It was the typhoon! Nevertheless, we remained on deck, lashed fast in our seats, preferring the open tempest there to the close and nauseating cabin. The captain was self-collected; he ordered the top-masts down, and every spar well secured. Three anchors, the ship's entire ground-tackle, were thrown out; every vessel, and every other object on sea and land, now disappeared from our view.

With confused fears that some ship might be driving against us, or that we might be dragging toward a lee-shore, we put our engines in motion, to keep the Monocacy up to her anchors. The more juvenile officers, of whom, of course there were many, enlivened the dark and dreary hours by whispered accounts of all the ships which had been wrecked, or escaped wreck, in all the typhoons, and all the tidal waves, and all the earthquakes that have raged in Asiatic waters, or in any other seas, within the memory of man.

At twelve o'clock, we were driven from the deck by alarms that the guns were breaking loose from their fastenings, that the bulwarks and stanchions were giving way, and the bending masts and spars would crush us. We took refuge once more in the cabin, uncertain whether the ship was parting her anchors, or breaking to pieces in her berth. All the hatchways being closed, excluding air except through a convoluted funnel, a lethargy came over us, which made some helpless, and nearly all hopeless. About two o'clock, an officer, anxiously and carefully consulting the glass, said in a low voice, "It is rising," and, after a few seconds more, he exclaimed, "It is the end!" And so it was.

In half an hour we were on deck again. The sky was bright, and the sea, though yet rolling, had lost its violence. But the vessels which had been moored in such dangerous proximity were no longer there. The lee-shore was so near that we wondered at our presumption in having anchored there. At five o'clock, a full boat's crew manned a prize-gig, and with bright and merry oars rowed us around the forts to the wharf of the consulate at Yeddo. On the way we passed a crowded steamer, broken directly in the middle, and hanging across the rampart of the upper fort; while a dozen vessels were seen half out of water in the shallow and treacherous bay. When we saw the broken walls, overturned trees and fallen buildings on the shore, we were convinced that our anchorage in the bay was the safer refuge, notwithstanding all its terrors. The Monocacy had neither parted a rope nor started a nail, while the consulate had been beaten and shattered on all sides and in every part.

Sunset came on; while there was no rainbow, all the prismatic

colors and hues were painted on the broken and rolling clouds, as brilliantly and as distinctly as they are ever seen in the "arch of promise" itself.

With what grateful emotions did we reflect that the tempest which so often breaks and destroys the stanchest of ships in the Eastern seas, had been in this instance withheld, not only until we had crossed the great ocean, but even until we had found an anchorage from which we had beheld the terrific phenomenon without disaster!

Monday, October 3d.—The Monocacy having done her best to rouse the sleepers of the capital by a salute to Mr. Seward, returned down the bay to Yokohama. Thanks to her brave officers and noble crew, with earnest wishes for their health and promotion.

The damages of the consulate have been repaired sufficiently for our comfortable accommodation. We are guests of the minister and the consul. At an early hour an officer came from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to learn when Mr. Seward would make his promised visit. He appointed ten o'clock, to-morrow.

Before we go to the foreign office, it may be well to recall some points of history, in order to make our observations on Yeddo intelligible.

The people of Japan, whether indigenous here or derived from Siberia, assumed political organization, according to their own records, about twenty-four hundred years ago, in the two islands of Niphon and Kiusiu. They were governed by an emperor, who, being descended from the gods, was divine and absolute on earth, and when he died was worshipped. Not only was his person too sacred to be looked upon by a stranger, but even the sun must not shine on his head. It was sacrilegious to touch the dishes from which he ate. At his death, his twelve wives and all their attendants committed *hari-kari*. These attributes are still popularly conceded to him. As vicegerent of Heaven, he wears the title of Tenno; as sovereign in temporal affairs, he is the Mikado or Emperor.

Miako, some thirty miles inland, was his ancient capital, and

AMERICAN LEGATION AT YEDDO.

Osaka its seaport. The Emperor by divine right owned the lands in the empire, and in time graciously divided them into provinces; retaining five or more of these for himself, he parcelled out the others among great lords or princes, called daimios. In the thirteenth century, a rebellion arose in the empire, and the Mikado, remaining at Miako, committed the defence of the state to the richest and strongest one of these daimios, who wore the title of "Tycoon." This military commander, after a short time, absorbed the temporal sovereignty and reigned absolutely. Yeddo thus became a third capital of the empire.

The Tycoon, nevertheless, paid homage to the Mikado, who retained his titular rank, and unquestioned spiritual authority and preëminence. Besides the proper revenues of his own five provinces, the Mikado enjoyed, for the support of his dignity, an annual allowance made by the Tycoon, out of the general revenues of the empire. As he cultivated religion and such science as the age allowed, Miako became the centre of intelligence and learning. It still retains this distinction. Osaka being an alternate residence of the Mikado, it partook of the sanctity of the capital.

By degrees the Mikado, free from all responsibility for administration, grew in the affections of the people, while the Tycoon, exercising his power despotically, and held responsible for all national disasters and misfortunes, became an object of public jealousy and hatred. It was at this juncture that the United States, through Commodore Perry, and the European powers afterward, made their treaties with the Tycoon, in ignorance of any pretensions on the part of the Mikado to temporal power. It was the Tycoon who sent two successive embassies to the United States, one in 1860 and the other in 1868. In 1865, the ministers of the Western powers, residing at Yeddo, wrote alarming accounts of popular discontents with the Tycoon's administration, and of frantic appeals made to the Mikado to resume the sovereign power, annul the treaties, and expel foreigners from the empire. For this object, a party was formed by powerful daimios and fanatical ecclesiastics.

While matters were in this situation, a young daimio, son of the powerful Prince Satsuma, was improving an academic vacation

in England, to visit the United States. He went to Mr. Seward, in the Department of State. He inquired of the prince to which of the local parties in Japan he belonged. To Mr. Seward's surprise, he answered, "to the Mikado's." "What," said Mr. Seward, "is the cause of the civil war, and what question does it involve?" He replied: "The Tycoon, who has no title to the throne, but is only a general in the imperial service, some time ago usurped the government, and claims to transmit it to his heirs. This usurpation is intolerable." "How long," said Mr. Seward, "since this usurpation was committed?" "Oh, it is very recent—it is only six hundred years since it occurred."

The revolution was successful, the dynasty of the Tycoon was abolished, and the heaven-descended Mikado in the year 1868, leaving his spiritual seat at Miako, repaired to Yeddo, and fully resumed the throne of his ancestors. He promptly confirmed the treaties, and of course was duly recognized by the Western powers.

October 4th.—At nine this morning a cavalry-escort was placed at Mr. Seward's command. It is attentive and orderly, although, according to our Western ideas, not particularly well mounted or disciplined.

After a diligent exploration of the two or three European livery-stables in the city, the consul succeeded in procuring three well-worn English carriages, drawn by native ponies, like those of our escort. Taking no heed of the suggestion that women are forbidden in Japanese society, and unknown at court, Mr. Seward proceeded to the foreign office with the ladies, the minister, Mr. Randall and the consul. (Mr. George F. Seward and Mrs. Seward have gone forward to Shanghai.) As we drove through the streets, we found them filled with gayly-dressed and merry crowds, and thus learned that Mr. Seward's appointment had fallen on one of the numerous national holidays.

The foreign office is in the centre of a paved court, which is enclosed by a stone-wall twelve feet high. The gates were wide open; Mr. Seward and his friends were received by hundreds of

official persons, with profound demonstrations of homage. The inner building is of wood, one story high, surrounded by a broad corridor. The corridor itself is separated from the court by sliding sash-doors, with oiled-paper and silk instead of glass. On the inner side the corridor opens into a succession of chambers constructed like those of the monastery we have before described; the apartments small, the ceilings low and the partitions movable panels. The floors are covered with matting.

We were conducted through the corridor to a room a little larger than the others, perhaps eighteen feet square. Some furniture had been extemporized here. There was a European centre-

JAPANESE OFFICER OF STATE.

table covered with an ornamental cloth, a small Brussels rug spread under the table, and upon it a lacquered box filled with cheroots, and a rich bronze brazier containing live charcoal. We sat on stools in the order indicated by the Japanese usher, Mr. Seward being next the seat reserved for the host. Presently, with great rustling of silks, Sawa, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, entered. He bowed many times very low. He then gave his hand to Mr. Seward in the American fashion, and afterward to the other visitors, as they were formally presented, manifesting, however, some slight embarrassment in exchanging this form of courtesy with the ladies. Well he might, for "be it known unto all to whom these presents shall come" that they are the only women, of whatever nation or race, who, within the memory of man, have been received in an official circle in Japan. The Japanese Government is not behind the ancient court of Haroun-al-Raschid, in the opinion that "women have little sense and no religion." The porch of a temple in the interior has this inscription: "Neither horses, cattle, nor women, admitted here."

Sawa is five feet ten, and stout. He has the features of the Mongolian, with its complexion a little relieved, clear, mild eyes, and an expression at once intelligent and amiable; his hands and feet very small and delicate, his hair gathered up from all sides, elaborately oiled, and brushed and fastened in a knot. On the top of his head rested a curiously-carved jet-black lacquered cap, which by its shape reminded us of a toy-boat. This ornament was fastened under the chin and behind the head, by heavy purple silken cords with tassels large enough for modest window-curtains. His dress was double—an under-tunic and trousers of dark silk reps; the upper garments, of the same cut, though more full and flowing, were of gold and white brocade. He wore spotless white shoes and stockings—the shoe and stocking of each foot being of one piece; at his side a single sword, highly wrought, with hilt and scabbard of ivory and gold. Some show of awkwardness gave us an impression that he found his magnificent toilet, on this occasion, inconvenient and uncomfortable. Looking at Mr. Seward, Sawa, in a very low voice, pronounced, in the Japanese language, what

sounded like not one speech, but a succession of distinct sentences. The interpreter Ishtabashi, kneeling at his side, at the close of each sentence signified his understanding of it by the aspirate "Hi! hi! hi!" Sawa having finished, Ishtabashi gathered

JAPANESE INTERPRETER, IN COURT DRESS.

up the sense of these fragmentary speeches, and rendered the whole into English, as follows:

"Mr. Seward, all the ministers of Japan proposed to receive you on your arrival at Yeddo, at such a time as you would appoint. But this is a holiday in our country. It is our custom that at this hour, on every holiday, all the ministers repair to the castle, and pay their homages to his Majesty the Tenno. The other ministers have gone there for that purpose. I have obtained from

his Majesty the indulgence to remain here, and receive you in behalf of my associates."

Mr. Seward thanked the minister, and expressed regret that he had unwittingly chosen so unsuitable a day for his visit.

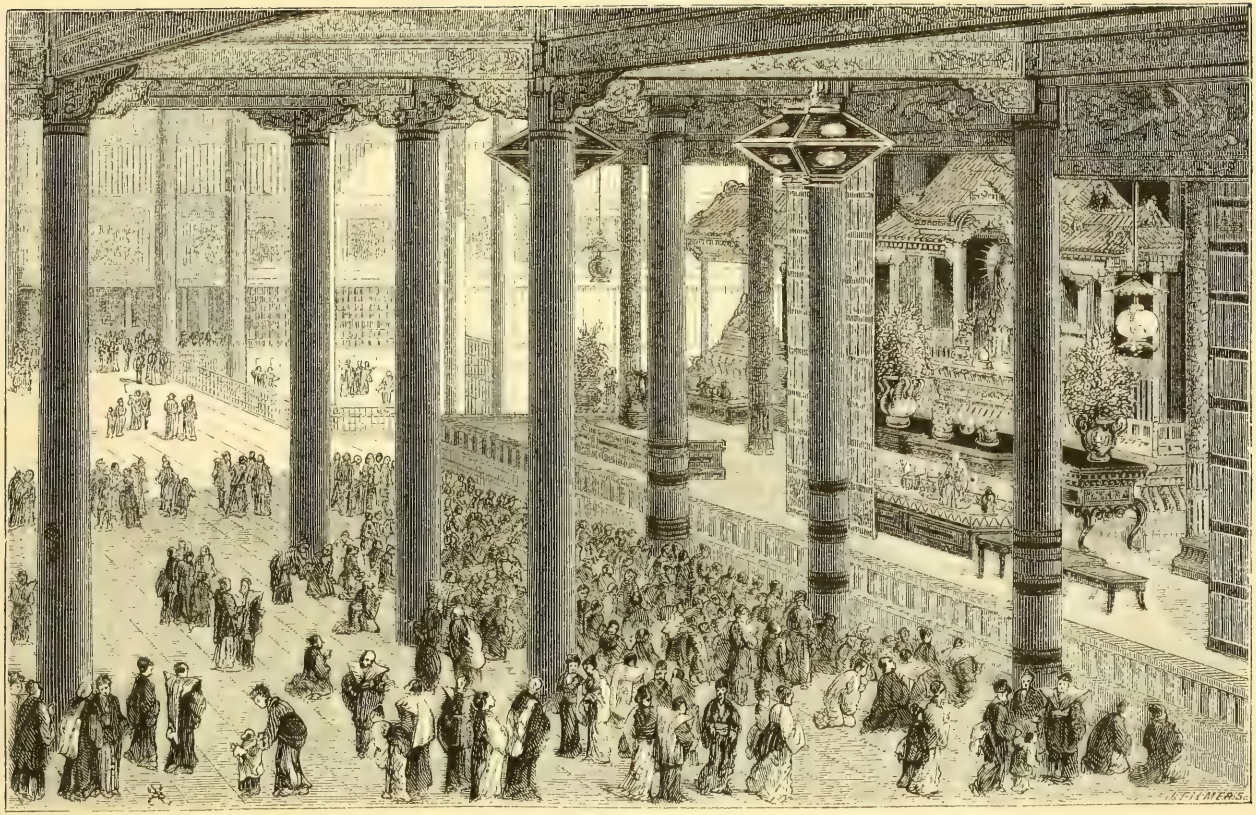
Sawa resumed: "I have heard of you much, and I know you by character. I see your face now for the first time, and I am happy to see it."

Mr. Seward answered, that it afforded him great pleasure to see Japan, and become acquainted with its government.

The Minister: "I am happy that you have arrived safely after so long a journey. I see that you are very old and very handsome. You show high resolution in making so great a voyage. All of us will be glad to avail ourselves of your large experience as a statesman."

We are not a practical reporter, and therefore cannot detail the long and interesting conversation which followed. It was highly deferential on both sides. Some parts of it showed that the profession of politics is the same in Japan as in other countries. Sawa was asking Mr. Seward's good offices to obtain a mediation by the United States Government, to effect an adjustment with Russia of the boundary-question which involves the title to the island of Saghalien. Mr. Seward, hardly willing to assume so grave a responsibility, tried to divert Sawa's attention from it, saying that the United States and Russia were once near neighbors on the other side of the Pacific Ocean, and that a dispute arose between them concerning the right of American seamen to take fish in Russian waters. The controversy, just at the moment when it was becoming serious, was happily brought to an end by the United States purchasing the entire Russian possessions on the American Continent. "What would you think," he added, playfully, "of a suggestion that Japan shall, in the same way, purchase Saghalien?"

The minister hesitated, cast his eyes on the floor, and meditated; then, looking up with a smile of conscious satisfaction, he answered: "All our histories agree that the entire island of Saghalien belongs to Japan now. We could not buy from Russia territory which we own ourselves!"



INTERIOR OF SHEBA.

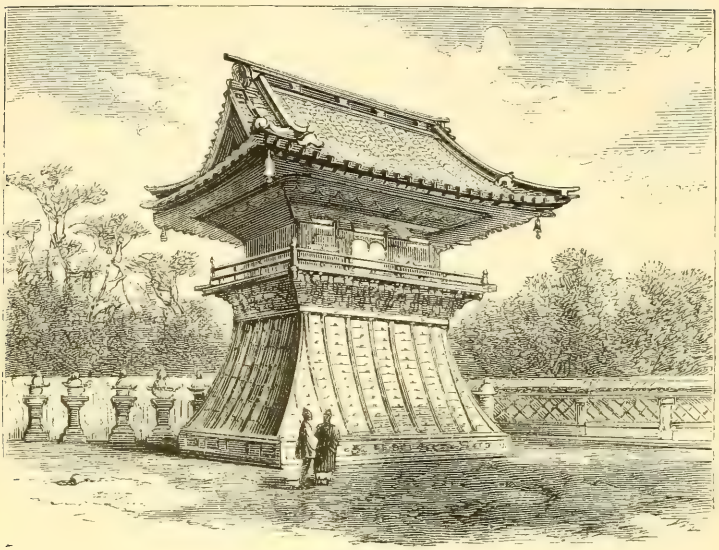
"That is so," replied Mr. Seward, "and, if the people of Japan are like the people of the United States, you will very soon find out that you can no more sell your own territory to others than you can buy it from them."

During the conversation, tea and cigars, and afterward champagne and cakes, were served by attendants who crouched on the floor whenever they received or executed a command. After an hour and a half passed, Sawa mentioned the places of special interest in Yeddo which he thought Mr. Seward ought to see, and explained the arrangements which had been made for that purpose; then, stipulating a private interview with Mr. De Long for the afternoon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs rose and took a graceful leave by bowing and shaking hands cordially with the whole party.

Yeddo is a singular combination of compactly-built and densely-inhabited districts, with intervening gardens and groves, appropriated to civil and religious uses. When in one of those populous districts, it is difficult to conceive that the whole vast city is not built in the same way; and when in one of the deeply-shaded parks, it is impossible to realize that you are in the heart of a great city.

As Sawa had suggested, we proceeded first to Sheba, the spacious grounds which contain the colossal tombs of the Tycoons who ruled in Japan so many centuries. Some of the tombs are of granite, others of bronze. They surpass, not only in costliness, but in impressive effect, any imperial or royal modern cemetery in the West. The sarcophagus, the obelisk, and the shaft, forms familiar in Western monumental architecture, equally prevail here. The monuments bear no epitaphs, but each is surrounded with many lantern-bearing votive shrines, covered with inscriptions commemorative of the virtues and achievements of the dead, and expressing the affection and gratitude of the princes by whom the tributary structures were erected. The domain is planted with great taste. Each particular tree and shrub has been formed and trained into a shape suggestive of religious sentiment.

By the side of the cemetery stands the Temple of Sheba. What with hideous devices of the great red dragon of Japan, with his forked wings, flaming mane, and powerful claws, the monstrous



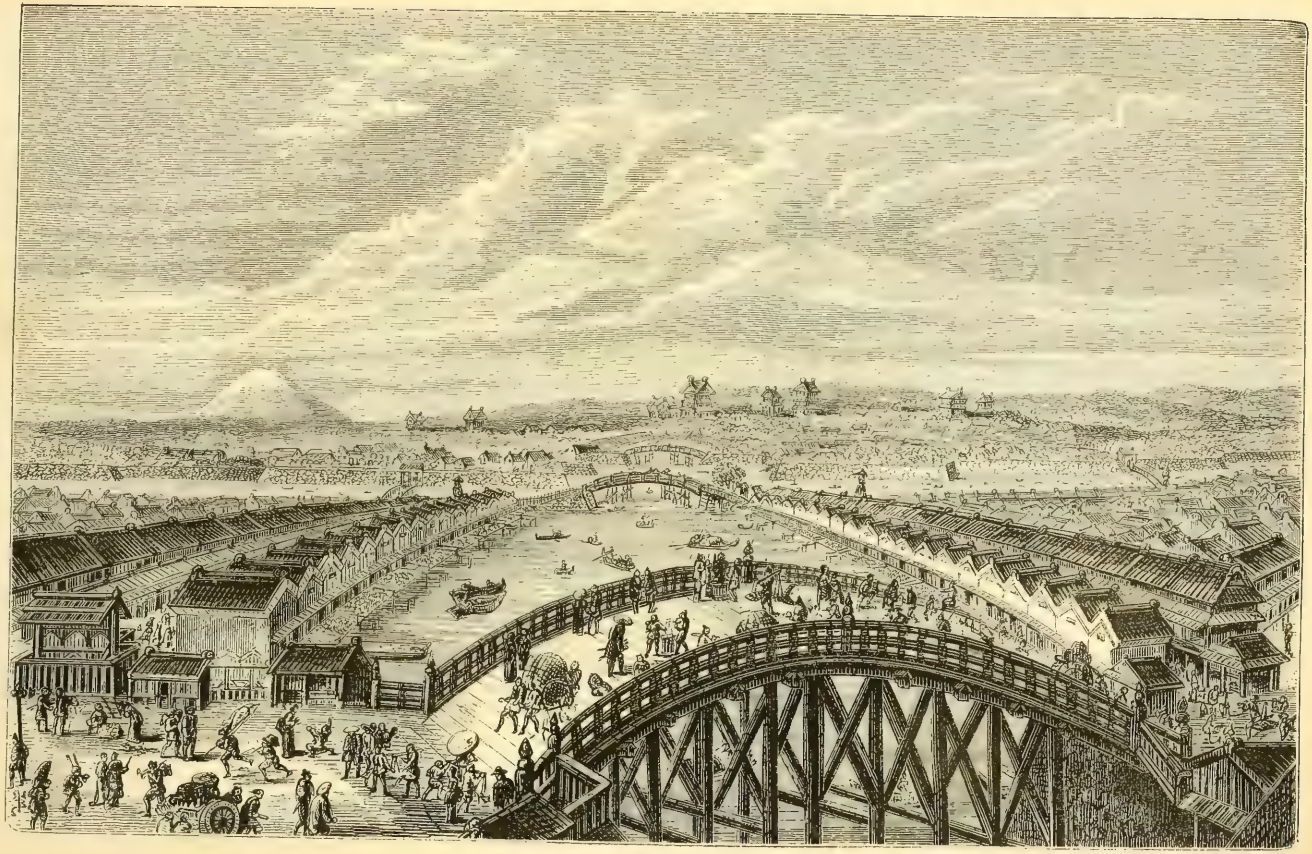
TOMBS OF THE TYCOONS.

transformations of Buddha into lions rampant and roaring, peacocks proud and strutting, and sagacious storks stalking and prophesying, the interior of the temple is a weird combination of the mythic and the terrific.

Though we have experienced neither menace nor insult, our guard is nevertheless indispensable to protect us against intrusive curiosity. The crowds gather around, and follow us wherever we alight and wherever we go. Perhaps the escort might be needed in case of sudden excitement or tumult, such as is liable to happen in every great city.

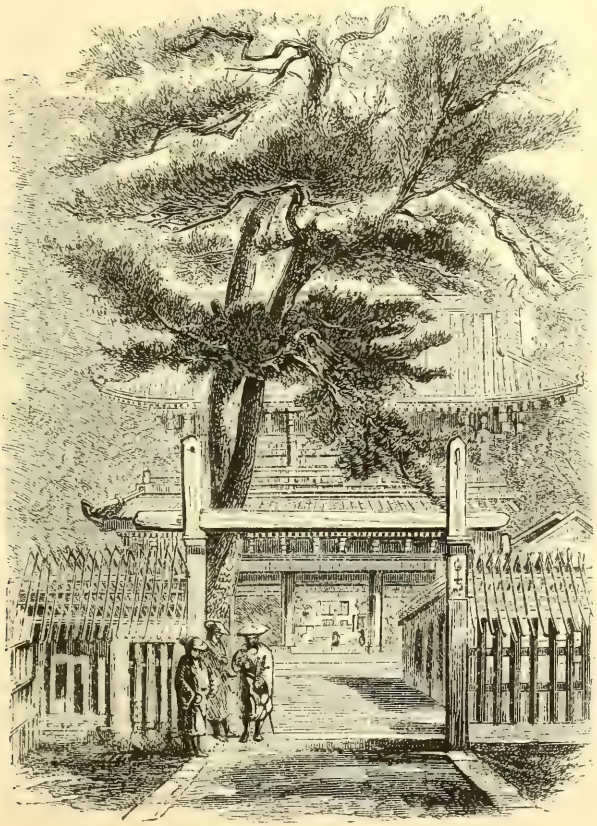
That was not only a seasonable but a pretty and pleasant breakfast which Sir Harry and Lady Parkes gave us at the British legation. It did not need the after *divertissement* of native legerdemain. The zeal and efficiency of Sir Harry Parkes, as minister, are well known. Lady Parkes is not less distinguished for the spirited manner in which she sustains him in his diplomatic studies and labors.

We left the British legation in compact procession, as we had entered it, Mr. Seward and Mr. De Long leading in a pony-carriage,



NIPPON-BAS, YEDDO

Mr. De Long driving. Three other carriages followed, attended by the consul, and the whole surrounded by the escort. For a time the carriages in the rear had the forward one in full view, while its occupants, frequently looking back, exchanged greetings. Mr. Seward and Mr. De Long at length reached the high stone bridge, built

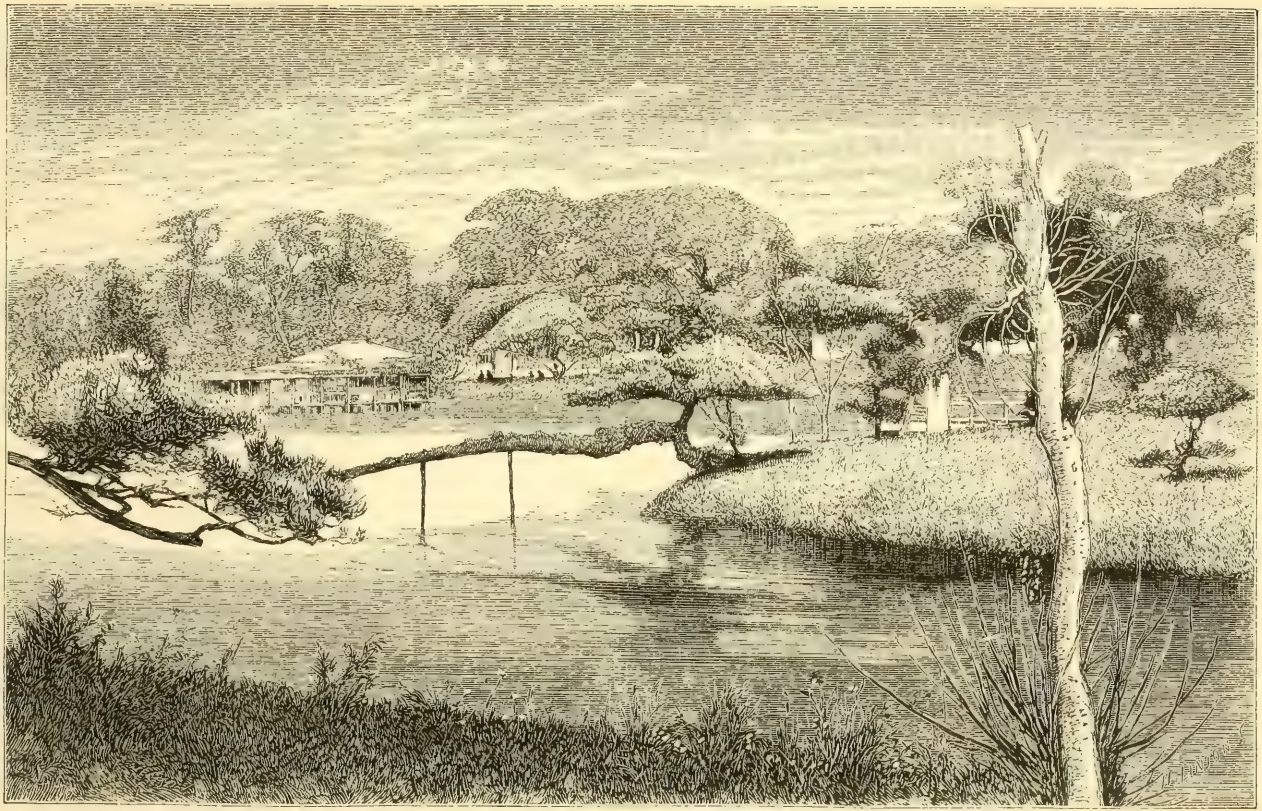


BRITISH LEGATION, YEDDO.

across one of the canals, and famous in Japanese history as the Nippon-Bas. There they became aware that the other carriages had fallen out of sight. The street which intervened was filled with holiday crowds, drawing huge, painted idols, mounted on low

trucks. These crowds were rapidly moving in the direction of the missing carriages. The guards who surrounded the forward carriage gesticulated, in a manner betokening alarm. Mr. De Long, a Western gentleman, becoming excited, said to Mr. Seward, "There is a fight; the ladies are attacked!" With this exclamation, he sprang from the carriage and rushed back at the top of his speed, his long whip in his left hand and a Colt's revolver in his right, determined to effect a rescue. Mr. Seward remained sitting in the little pony-carriage on the Nippon-Bas, attracting a constantly increasing native crowd. Mr. De Long, scattering the natives right and left, found the carriages in the clear, open street, a hundred rods distant from the bridge and vacant, while, upon the matted floor of a silk-merchant's "go-down," he found the ladies with the consul, sipping tea, a ceremony always introductory here to the cheapening of Japanese crapes and gauzes. Without saying a word, the minister pocketed his revolver, and, lowering his whip in the most pacific manner, walked quickly back to Mr. Seward, whom he found safe on the bridge. Even at this hour of writing, it remains uncertain what was the sentiment which overpowered Mr. De Long at this discovery, whether it was one of satisfaction at finding his *protégées* in safety, or of mortification at having so impulsively yielded to groundless alarm. Neither the advance-guard, nor the main body of the procession, has been able to discover what was the occasion of the Japanese excitement which produced so much trouble.

October 5th.—A busy day, but less eventful. We have visited the Hamagotên and its palace, where Mr. Seward was to have been feasted. The palace, built and ornamented in Japanese style, is luxuriously furnished in the European. One of the saloons is appropriately called the Cool-room, its walls and ceilings being decorated exclusively with huge pictured fans, in many different positions, and so well executed that you might fancy that you feel the air stirred by their motion. The grounds are as extensive as those of Central Park in New York, and not less elaborately embellished. There are quaint bamboo summer-houses, with pretty scroll roofs,



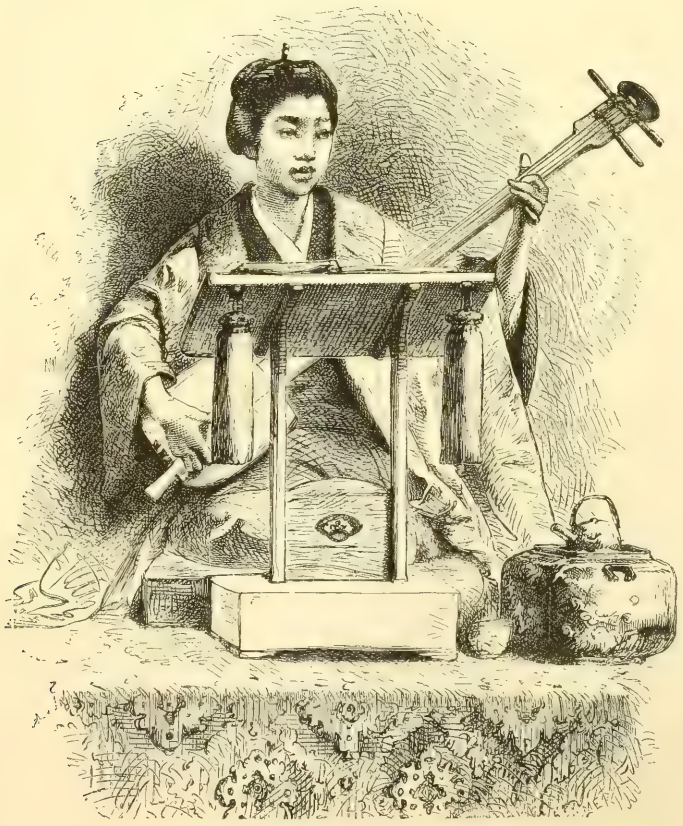
HAMAGOTÊN.

covered with hundreds of creepers, known to us only in our green-houses, standing in the midst of lakes well stocked with gold-fish. There are groves of mulberries, chestnuts, persimmons, and oranges. Stately shade-trees, cut and twisted into the shapes of animals, castles, and ships, crown hundreds of high knolls which overlook the smooth bay of Yeddo.

From the Hamagotên, we drove to old Osakasa, where we wonderingly examined a temple which surpasses all the others we have seen. Superstition, though abating in Japan, is nevertheless far from being extinct. They show at Sheba, in the court of the temple, a bowlder, in the top of which a deep, smooth, circular basin has been made, which is filled with water, and kept carefully covered with a stone lid. It is an accepted belief that this water rises and falls with the ocean-tide. At Osakasa we were required to look with reverence upon two native ponies (one cream-colored, the other brown), both nicely trimmed and groomed, and superbly caparisoned, occupying apartments neat as a parlor. They remain in perpetual readiness for the equestrian exercises of the gods. The beasts are maintained by pious contributions of pilgrims. Ecclesiastics in Japan, as sometimes they do elsewhere, resort to questionable expedients for raising money. The highly-ornamented grounds of Osakasa are rented for tea-houses, theatrical exhibitions, jugglers' entertainments, and other popular amusements.

A dinner was ordered for us at a tea-house—the "Delmonico's" of Yeddo. Leaving our carriages with the escort in the streets, and our boots at the door, we were ushered up a very steep, but highly-polished wooden staircase into a chamber, or rather a dozen chambers divided by sliding-doors. Here we sat down on the clean matted floor. A lacquered table was set before each person. It was eight or ten inches high, and large enough for two small covers. Tea in little cups without saucers was served, clear, and piping hot. After the tea, *saki*, a liquor distilled from rice, fiery and distasteful, was poured from a porcelain vase into such small, shallow, red, lacquered vessels as we sometimes mistake for tea-saucers. Our hostess, a middle-aged matron, was assisted by eleven pretty girls, their ages varying from twelve to sixteen.

These attendants, by the elegance of their costume and abundance of white cosmetics, had enhanced their beauty to the degree that, in Oriental speech, it would be said that "every one of them was a temptation to the servants of God." One of them went down on her knees beside each guest, and remained there until it was time to bring on, with the tiniest of delicate hands, a new course. Their actions were graceful and modest, their voices bird-like. They manifested childish delight at every compliment we gave them, and their pleasure seemed to rise to ecstasy when permitted to examine our watches, fans, parasols and other articles of dress or ornament.



JAPANESE MUSICIAN.

The dinner, however, was rather a self-denying ordinance. There was a vegetable soup flavored with *soy*, raw fish in thin slices with horse-radish, petty bits of game, various preparations of rice, and many dishes whose composition was unascertainable. These courses were intermingled with sweetened fruits and confectionery. *Saki* was offered with every course, and always with great ceremony. All the dishes had one common flavor, which we could not analyze. Even the sugar had this raw, indescribable taste. After the entertainment, the girls, sitting on the floor, each with a rude instrument, in form a compromise between the banjo and the guitar, played and sang, and at intervals rose and danced. Though the airs were not without melody and harmony, they were so crude and monotonous that the highest expert in the "heavenly art" could find no musical meaning in them. The posturing and gesticulation were artistic, though the dancing was conducted on no rules of the ballet. Great skill was displayed in the dance, the long and heavy dresses of the performers always covering the feet, and most of the time even the hands. Night overtook us before we left this "haunt of delight," and the performers accompanied us from the banqueting-floor to our carriages in the dark street. Their grateful gestures and speaking smiles were intelligible, though their soft and gentle words were not.

We needed to drive with much care through the crowded streets, now dimly lighted with an occasional paper lantern. But our dragoons were men "dressed in brief authority;" they dashed furiously forward, and, with shrieking shouts and screams, startling myriads of bats from the thatched roofs, they drove the people, returning from their daily occupations, or listening to theatrical amusements, into the open doors or alleys.

October 6th.—The day began at Yeddo with an audience given by Mr. Seward, at the consulate. The visitors were Japanese who have acquired some knowledge of foreign nations. Mr. Seward inquired for the Tycoon's ambassadors, Ono Tomogoro and Matsmoto Judaiyu, with whom he had negotiated in Washington. But there has been a revolution. The Mikado, then only a nominal

sovereign, is now absolute at the castle. The Tycoon is a prisoner of state; Ono Tomogoro is also a prisoner, nobody knows where, and Matsmoto Judaiyu is a fugitive—some say at Shanghai, others at San Francisco. It seems to surpass Japanese comprehension that a new administration of the Government of the United States has come in, and that Mr. Seward has gone out of place without losing his head or public consideration.

While Mr. Seward was holding his audience, the ladies shopped. The Japanese artisans contrive to produce exquisite articles of taste and *vertu* from cheap materials, and with an infinitesimal proportion of the precious metals. Their modern porcelain is inferior to the Chinese, but they excel in ornamental lacquer-work and fans of all sorts. Their designs in bronze are exceedingly curious, but their execution inferior to that of Europeans. In painting they are unsurpassed in the imitation of all forms of animal life. With a keen sense of the ludicrous, they may yet come to be employed as caricaturists in our presidential elections!

There is no special manufacture at Yeddo. It is an emporium for the whole empire. We have found it impossible to ascertain the districts in which particular classes of articles are made. The shops are small and closely packed with wares. The indifference assumed by the merchants would be provoking, if it were not for their extreme politeness. If the buyer means to obtain a fair bargain, he must affect equal reserve and indifference. The entire family look on, half a dozen men and three or four women busying themselves in every sale. Indeed, the house and the shop are one. Four feet square of matting in the centre of the shop is the common dining-room and bedroom. Must they not eat and sleep by turns?

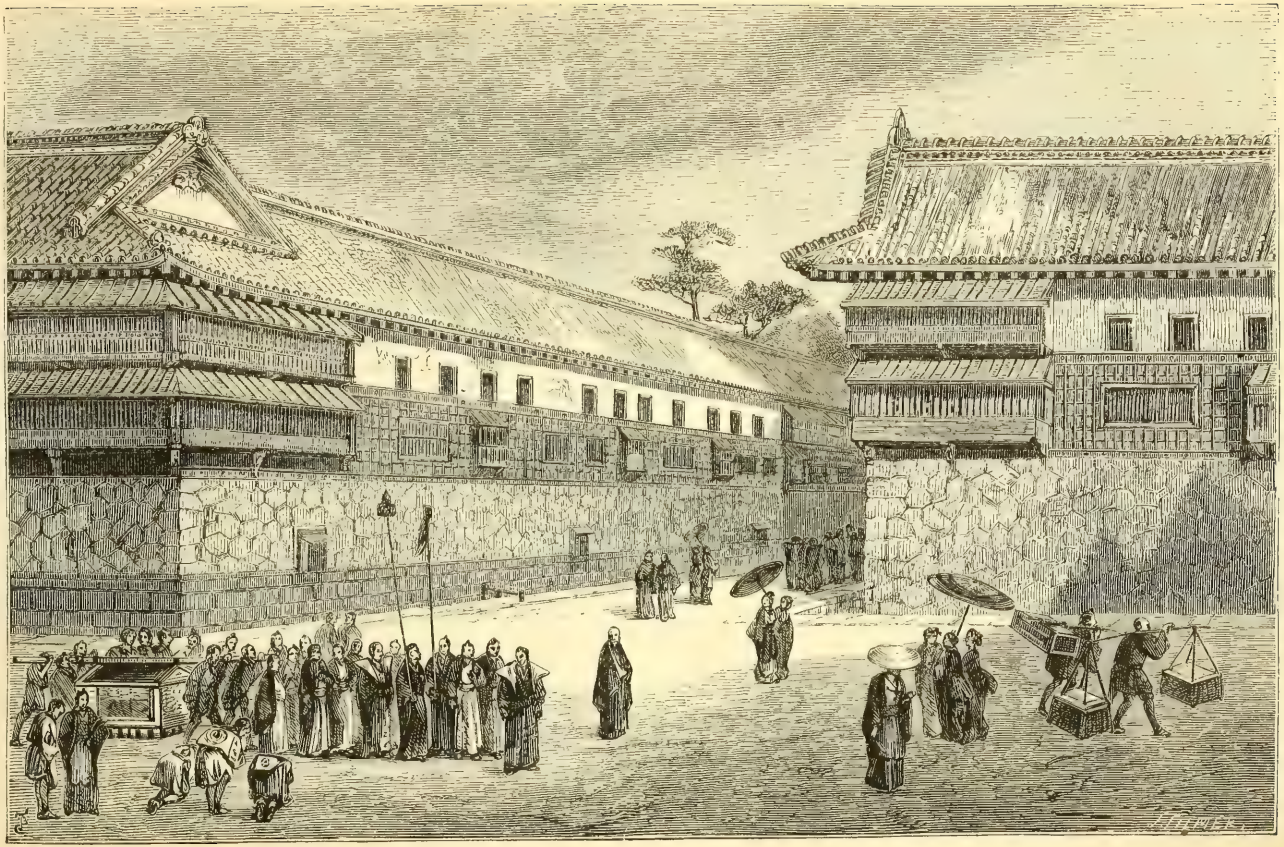
The United States minister was recalled to Yokohama last night. Captain Bachelor put the reins of two fine American horses into our hands, to drive in a light New-England phaeton down the Tokaido to Yokohama. Mr. Randall conveyed the other ladies in a carriage drawn by Mr. De Long's mottled native ponies. Each carriage was attended by two *bettos*, quick-footed boys, whose service is to run like coach-dogs by the side of horse or carriage, warning everybody out of the way, and they are ready to seize and hold

A BOOK-STORE AT YEDDO.

the horses at every stopping-place, or in any case of alarm. The road was literally crowded, and hilarity and merriment displayed themselves on all sides. The crowds were labyrinthian. The activity and songs of the *bettos*, and the ejaculations and imprecations of our mounted guard, with the clangor of their arms, made our rapid drive a very exciting one, while a bracing air with genial sunshine was exhilarating. But all pleasures have their drawbacks. Neither the *bettos* nor the dragoons were capable of understanding our requests or remonstrances. They wanted rest at every tea-house, or, what was the same thing, they sought favor at the tea-houses by bringing us up at the doors. The guard dismounted, and, with the *bettos*, took the refreshments profusely offered them, while we, though declining any, were obliged to wait. When we had made twelve miles, half the distance to Yokohama, we brought up at a hostelry, with a stable. Our horses were taken out to be fed and groomed. From open windows in an upper chamber we saw in the court a huge brass caldron sunk in the ground over an oven. The horses were brought to it. Four grooms took possession of each horse, and rubbed him thoroughly from head to hoof with wisps of straw dripping with hot water, and afterward dried him with as much care as the human patient receives when he comes out of a Turkish bath. We improved the time by a Japanese dinner, which, when we were completely surfeited, we left unfinished, very much to the disappointment of the music-girls. Once more on the road, we indulged a faint hope of reaching Yokohama before midnight. We came, after three or four miles, to the bank of a river twenty rods wide. There was one rough flat-boat on the other side, worked by an endless chain. We awaited its tedious arrival and delivery of passengers multitudinous and various. Then our beasts were led separately into the boat and crossed. It returned to our shore, and, as in the riddle of the fox, goose and peck of corn, took the dragoons and the carriages. "Last came joy's ecstatic trial." We hurried on board, and, reaching the opposite bank, found the vehicles there, but not the horses. We were obliged to walk forward a quarter of a mile, to a place where the *bettos* and cavalry were taking tea and smoking, as if they

had fasted the whole day. Then they went back and brought up the impedimenta. A brilliant, full-orbed moon expanded into majestic size every object that we passed, and lit up the waters of the bay as we approached Kanagawa. Mr. De Long's native ponies, after frequently giving out on the way, fell in climbing the sharp, high hill, and it taxed our own horsemanship to get over this difficult part of the road. The other carriage was drawn over the hill by the *bettos* and dragoons, and the ponies were then reattached. Meantime *bettos* and dragoons lighted each his variegated paper lantern. They made the suburban streets of Yokohama resound with vociferous shouts, thus exciting the astonishment and perhaps the fears of this inoffensive people. We arrived at Mr. Walsh's hospitable gate, much to the satisfaction of our friends within, who, owing to the lateness of the hour, had become apprehensive for our safety.

Steamship New York, off the Coast of Japan, October 8th.—We have embarked, without having had time on shore to record the latest and most striking incidents of our visit at Yokohama. Mr. Seward was not allowed to leave Japan without a marked demonstration from the government, as well as an expression of respect from the foreign residents. On our return from Yeddo, on the 6th, he received an invitation to an audience of the Mikado. This ceremony is usually distinguished by procrastinations and formalities even more tedious than in European courts. The time being shortened, however, in this case, the invitation was accepted. Yesterday morning, we were awakened from sleep, which was quite too short after our drive on the previous day, by an infinite clatter of mechanics, upholsterers, and decorators, who were engaged in constructing with canvas, all around Mr. Walsh's very large house, a broad suite of saloons, dancing-halls, waiting-rooms and supper-rooms. The whole was completed during the day, decorated with flags and tropical shrubbery, and flowers, and softly lighted by fanciful lanterns. The band of the German naval squadron played "Hail Columbia," and the ball was opened at ten o'clock. All the diplomatic and consular corps were present, as well as the naval



DAIMIOS' QUARTER, YEDDO.

officers of the United States and other nations, and foreign residents. Of course, not one Japanese of either sex was there, for, as we have before intimated, there is no social intermingling of the two populations. Caste and race are unrelenting antagonists to universal civilization. This beautiful ball crowned most gracefully the generous hospitalities of which we were recipients during our sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Walsh.

At two o'clock yesterday morning, while the merry dance was yet going on, Captain Bachelor brought to the wharf, in front of Mr. Walsh's compound, then so highly illuminated, a little steam-yacht and received Mr. Seward on board, who, against all remonstrance, persisted in keeping his engagement, although in the midst of a driving wind and rain. He was accompanied by Mr. De Long, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Walsh, and at six o'clock, after grounding three or four times on the way, they were safely landed at Yeddo. At eight o'clock, Mr. Ishtabashi appeared in rich official Japanese costume, and, profoundly bowing, said, with measured words: "I am waiting for the honor of conducting Mr. Seward to the great castle, where he will be received by his Majesty the Tenno; not in the customary official manner, but in a private audience, as an expression of personal respect and friendship. I am particularly commanded to make this explanation of the character of the proposed audience."

At nine o'clock the party proceeded in two carriages, with an enlarged mounted escort. They were conducted, whether by design or not, through streets bordered by immense walled enclosures, which are the strongholds and barracks of the several daimios who, under the Tycoon's administration, were required to reside during alternate periods, with their armed retainers, at the capital. The discontinuance of this usage, since the restoration of the Mikado, is a singular illustration of the same advance toward a more popular system of government which was made by the kings of Europe when they reduced the feudal barons to subjection. The barracks vacated by the daimios' soldiers are now occupied by imperial battalions. The feudal soldiers of the Tycoon must have been a ferocious crew, if they were more savage than these rough

and ill-looking guards of the Tenno. The citadel, called "The Great Castle," crowns an eminence in the centre of the city. It is a triple fortification, nine miles in circumference, consisting of three concentric forts, each by itself complete, with rampart, inner embankment, ditch, bastion and glacis, parapet and double gates. The outer fort stands on a level with the plain, the next higher, and the central one higher still, overlooking the country and the sea. The walls of each are fifty feet high, built of granite blocks, more massive than those of the Rip-Raps, off Old Point Comfort. The imperial palace is in the centre of the inner fort. It is a low structure, differing from the temples and monasteries which we have before described, not in material or style of architecture, but in the arrangement of its apartments. The area which surrounds it is tastefully planted and adorned with lawns, winding gravelled walks, small lakes, and what we would call summer-houses, and tenements for attendants and servants. The areas of the other two fortifications are similarly embellished. In any past stage of military science, the citadel must have been impregnable. We cannot learn its history.

When Mr. Seward and his friends had reached the gates of the outer fort, they were received with a salute at each of the double portals, and were permitted to pass through in carriages to the gates of the second. They were received here with similar honors, and passed to the gates of the third. Entering these with salutes as before, they were received by one of the eight Ministers of Foreign Affairs, who, having requested them to dismiss their carriages, conducted them, with much obeisance, across the lawns to a sheltered place, where they rested on lacquer stools. Here a second Minister of Foreign Affairs joined the party, and, making new compliments, led them to seats on the shore of a small lake. Here the minister informed Mr. Seward that Mr. Walsh, being an unofficial gentleman, could proceed no farther, and that the same rule excluded Freeman. They stopped. At this juncture Sawa, chief Minister of Foreign Affairs, met Mr. Seward, and conducted him to a summer-house more spacious than the others, which overlooks a larger and deeper lake. On the way thither, he obtained a

view of a part of the imperial stud. A rail twelve or fifteen feet long is fixed three feet above the ground, on supports. Several iron-gray Japanese ponies, unattended by grooms, stood at this rail, in readiness for his Majesty's use at the close of the proposed audience. When the party had arrived at the summer-house, the prime-minister, the Chief Minister of Finance and the heads of the other departments, were found waiting, and they were severally presented by Sawa to Mr. Seward. The whole party then sat down at an oblong table, the prime-minister presiding, and Mr. Seward and the other visitors on his left hand, the Japanese ministers on his right. The prime-minister first, and after him each of his associates, addressed Mr. Seward in words of courteous welcome, to which he briefly replied. A pleasant conversation now ensued, during which tea, cakes, confectionery, cigars and champagne, were successively brought in by attendants, who prostrated themselves on the ground at every offer of their service. The prime-minister then, in a very direct but most courteous way, said to Mr. Seward: "It is the custom of his Majesty the Tenno to receive official visits upon business affairs in an edifice which is built for that express public purpose, and called among us a court; but his Majesty on this occasion recognizes you as a special friend of Japan, and a man devoted to the welfare of all nations, and he therefore proposes, by way of showing his high respect for you, to receive you, not at a public court, but in a private lodge of his own, to which he will come down from his palace to meet you."

Mr. Seward answered that he appreciated his Majesty's condescension and kindness. While this conversation was going on, Mr. Seward, looking through an open window, saw at a long distance his friend Mr. Walsh, and Freeman, walking within the precinct which had been appointed them. Presently, an officer came hurriedly into the presence of the grave international council at the summer-house, and announced an intrusion. The prime-minister, upon Mr. Seward's explanation, directed that the supposed eavesdroppers should not be interfered with, but they must come no farther.

When half an hour had passed, a chamberlain announced his

Majesty's arrival at the summer-house. Sawa and Ishtabashi remained with Mr. Seward; all the other ministers took leave to join the Mikado. A final summons came to Sawa; he rose and conducted the party some distance along a smooth, narrow walk, till they came to a high, shaded knoll, conversing by the way. The minister and Ishtabashi now stopped, and, making low genuflections, announced, in subdued and almost whispering tones, that his Majesty was to be in a summer-house directly behind this hill. After this, there was no word spoken. When they had gone round the knoll, the lodge which now contained the heaven-derived Majesty of Japan came to view. It stands five feet above the ground, is one story high, and consists of four square rooms of equal size, with sliding partitions, the ceilings six feet high, and the whole building surrounded by a veranda. All the rooms were thrown open, and were without furniture. The visitors entered the apartment, which was at their left, and, looking directly forward, saw only Ishtabashi surrounded by a crowd of official persons, all crouched on the floor. Having reached the exact centre of the room, Mr. Seward was requested to turn to the right. He did this without changing his place. The United States minister and the consul stood at his right hand. In this position he directly confronted the Mikado, who was sitting on a throne raised on a dais two feet above the floor. The throne is a large arm-chair, apparently of burnished gold, not different in form or ornament from the thrones which are used on ceremonial occasions in European courts. All the cabinet ministers and many other officials had arranged themselves below the dais, and behind and around the throne. The Mikado was dressed in a voluminous robe of reddish-brown brocade, which covered his whole person. His head-dress differed in fashion from that which was worn by Sawa in our audience with him, only in this, that a kind of curved projecting prong was attached to the boat-shaped cap, and bent upward, the corresponding appurtenance of the minister's cap being shorter, and bent downward. What with the elevation of the dais, and the height of his elongated cap, the emperor's person, though in a sitting posture, seemed to stretch from the floor to the ceiling. His appearance in that flowing costume, surrounded

by a mass of ministers and courtiers, enveloped in variegated and equally redundant silken folds, resting on the floor, reminded Mr. Seward of some of the efforts in mythology to represent a deity sitting in the clouds. His dark countenance is neither unintelligent nor particularly expressive. He was motionless as a statue. He held a sceptre in his right hand, and at his left side wore one richly-ornamented, straight sword. What the Mikado and his court thought of the costumes of his visitors, with their uncovered heads, square, swallow-tailed dress-coats, tight white cravats, tighter pantaloons, and stiff, black boots, we shall never know. Who shall pronounce between nations in matters of costume? The Mikado raised his sceptre, and the prime-minister, kneeling, then announced to the United States minister, by the aid of Ishtabashi, also kneeling, that he might speak. Mr. De Long advanced a step or two, and, bowing three several times, said: "I hope I find your Majesty in good health."

The prime-minister, kneeling again, presented to the Mikado a written paper, open, and as large as a sheet of foolscap. The Emperor, after looking at its contents, touched it with his sceptre. The prime-minister read it aloud in Japanese. Ishtabashi, again kneeling, brought his head to the floor, and, then raising it, read, from a translation which lay before him on the floor, his Majesty's gracious answer: "I am very well; I am glad to see you here."

Thereupon Mr. De Long, thus reassured, said in a distinct voice, worthy of a Western orator as he is:

"I have the honor to present to your Majesty, William H. Seward, a citizen of the United States. Your Majesty having been pleased to invite him to this audience, it is unnecessary for me to speak of the achievements or of the character of this eminent American statesman."

The interpreter, having rendered this speech into Japanese, Mr. De Long resumed his place. In accordance with an intimation from the prime-minister, Mr. Seward now advanced, and said: "I am deeply impressed by this gracious reception by the sovereign, at the capital of this great, populous, and emulous empire. I desire to express earnest wishes for your Majesty's per-

sonal health and happiness, and for the peace, welfare, and prosperity of Japan."

The prime-minister held before his Majesty another paper, which, being read by him, was then rendered by the interpreter as follows:

"I am glad to see you now for the first time. I congratulate you on your safe arrival here, after the very long journey you have made. The great experience which you have had must enable you to give me important information and advice how to promote the friendship that happily exists between your country and my own. If you would please to communicate any thing in that way, you are requested to make it known to my prime-minister, and I invite you to express yourself frankly and without reserve."

Mr. Seward replied: "I thank your Majesty for this gracious permission to confer with the prime-minister on international affairs. A citizen of the United States, I am visiting Japan and the adjacent countries on the Pacific coast, as a traveller and observer. I wear no official character, and I bring no message. The President, however, and all my countrymen, will expect me not to leave any thing undone which I can do, to promote a happy understanding between those countries and the United States, as well as also the advancement of civilization in both hemispheres. With this view, I shall, with great pleasure, avail myself of the privileges which your Majesty has granted me."

The Emperor, with his entire court, remained in place until the visitors had retired, after an exchange of salutations. They were conducted back to the summer-house. All the Japanese ministers soon entered and resumed their places around the table. Refreshments were served, and Mr. Seward was informed that his audience was the first occasion on which the Mikado has completely unveiled himself to a visitor. Not only the prime-minister, but all his associates, discussed with Mr. Seward at much length the political relations of Japan with foreign powers. The minister desired him to take notice that the government, in dealing with the vanquished Tycoon's party in Japan, at the close of the late revolution, had copied the example of toleration given them by the United States.

They carefully inquired concerning the machinery employed in the United States in taking the decennial census, and also the details of the system of collecting and disbursing public revenues.

They wrote a letter on the spot, addressed to their ambassador at Peking, and, delivering it to Mr. Seward, solicited his aid of their interest at that court. Mr. Seward was deeply impressed on two points: First, that although the administration of justice in Japan is conducted in a manner widely different from that of the Western nations, yet that the public mind entertains not the least distrust of its impartiality. Second, that the administration of the Mikado is sincerely emulous and progressive. Again, if there is any danger in the near future, it will arise, not from a retarding, but from a more rapid acceptance by the government of Western ideas and sentiments, than a people so rude can at once understand.

The ministers had assigned the whole day for the high consultation. They expressed much regret when Mr. Seward announced that he was obliged to depart at the earliest moment for Yokohama, where the steamer was waiting. Waiving invitations to examine the citadel and the imperial palace and grounds, Mr. Seward returned to the Consulate, and thence proceeded down the bay, directly to this steamer, bound for Hiogo.

A box followed him which contained all the cake, fruit, and confectionery, which remained from the entertainment at the Castle. The ladies noticed that the varieties of cakes were not merely colored externally, but through and through—crimson, yellow, purple, and indigo. The supply sufficient for the voyage to Shanghai.

It ought not to mar the effect of the Mikado's courtesy, if we state that the audience, in its minutest details, was projected and perfected in the Japanese cabinet, with the concurrence of Mr. De Long. All European governments, and even that of the United States, adopt a similar precaution in regard to official executive audiences.

Japan has especial reasons for prudence. The empire is a solitary planet, that has remained stationary for centuries, until now it is suddenly brought into contact with constellations which, while they shed a dazzling light, continually threaten destructive collisions.

CHAPTER III.

FROM YEDDO TO SHANGHAI.

Hiogo.—The Place of Massacre.—A Japanese Steamer.—The Gulf of Osaka.—A Harem on a Pic-nic.—The City of Osaka.—The Tycoon's Castle.—Japanese Troops.—Nagasaki.—Beautiful Scenery.—Christians of Nagasaki.—Japanese Character.—Departure for China.—Concluding Reflections on Japan.

Hiogo (*Kobe*), *Monday*, *October* 10*th*.—A voyage of thirty-six hours, in which night and rain have prevented all observation, has brought us to this southeastern port on the island of Niphon. The United States Consul, Mr. Stewart, and the agent of the Pacific Mail Line, came on board in the early morning. They were surprised when Mr. Seward pointed out to them with minuteness and accuracy the several places of interest in the port. "This," he said "is the European settlement, that place behind it the native town of Hiogo: the road which divides them is the one on which the Mikado's army was moving northward at the time when it fired upon and massacred the foreigners in 1864: this is the field through which the foreigners were pursued by the Japanese soldiers on that occasion: it was in the bay here on our right that the natives massacred the French naval surveying party in their boats: was it not in the building which I see on that hill that the Mikado's officers, who were condemned to death for those atrocious outrages, committed *hari-kari*, and that the foreign ministers interposed after seventeen such self-executions, and said, 'It is enough?' On this knoll is the place where the offenders were buried."

The official reports of those painful transactions which Mr. Van

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, HIOGO.

Valkenburgh, the United States Minister, made to the Department of State, had left this distinct and ineffaceable impression on Mr. Seward's mind. It is five years since those massacres occurred. We now find that the people, obeying the instinct of nationality, have erected a monument over the grave of each of those victims, and on that monument have recorded his voluntary death as an act of civil and religious martyrdom. So true to country and to God are the impulses of our common nature everywhere.

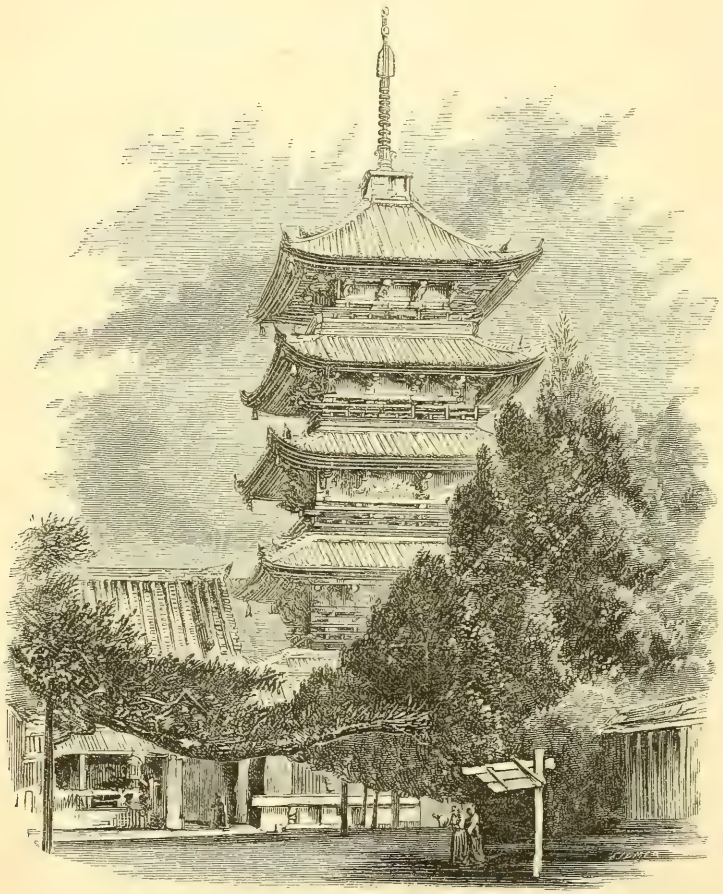
Hiogo is twenty miles distant from Osaka, and bears the same relation to that great southern metropolis of Japan that Yokohama bears to the central one of Yeddo. Hiogo, opened quite recently to foreign commerce, is not especially successful. Since the opening of Japan, the population of Yeddo has been reduced from three millions to one million, chiefly by removals to Yokohama. On the contrary, Osaka has not materially declined, nor has Hiogo considerably increased. The foreign population of Hiogo is at most two hundred. The importance of its harbor is due to its double advantages as a port of Osaka and a gateway to the Inland Sea of Japan.

October 11th.—We dined yesterday with Mr. Senter's amiable family, and slept in the Japanese bungalow, now occupied as the Consulate, by the side of its pretty lotus-garden. Although the lotus has been held sacred from time immemorial as a divine symbol throughout the whole East, it is nevertheless indigenous only in tropical and semi-tropical climates. We now for the first time see in perfection on its native soil this magnificent flower, of which, "whosoever eateth wishes never again to depart, nor to see his native country, if it groweth not there."

Here the intelligent Japanese governor passed two hours with Mr. Seward, explaining the system of provincial administration, which seems very effective. He learns also that education of all classes is compulsory, and that the schools are maintained by taxation, which is remitted in behalf of the poor.

We went, this morning, on board a small coasting steamer, which was built in the United States for Japanese owners, and is managed exclusively by natives. The gulf of Osaka has pictu-

resque shores, thickly studded with villages, clustering at the water's edge. The sloping hills are terraced and irrigated, and their summits are planted with forests. The Temple of the Moon, standing on the highest peak of the mountain, reflected the morning sunlight



TEMPLE AT OSAKA.

from gilded roofs, resting on snow-white columns. The moon in Japan is a masculine deity. Is this exceptional idea due to the native jealousy of the gentle sex? Or is it owing to the fact that

it is a man's face and not a woman's that is seen in that benignant orb? *Quien sabe?*

It is the bar at Osaka which forces the ocean-trade to a harbor so distant as Hiogo. Our countryman, Admiral Bell, lost his life two years ago, in sounding it. Our steamer could not cross, though drawing only four feet.

Osaka, as early as the sixteenth century, became a great commercial city. Its temples, surpassing those of Yeddo in number, vie with those of spiritual Miako. As we approached the bar, we saw a gay Japanese yacht, of perhaps two hundred and fifty tons, moving slowly out to sea under a light wind. The sails were quaint, like the form of the vessel they impelled, which was brilliant with scarlet and blue paint and gilding. A daimio sat at the stern on the upper deck, gorgeously arrayed in silks and lacquer, surrounded by numerous retainers and a bevy of highly-painted and elegantly-dressed young women, who were entertaining him with a concert of guitars, flutes, and drums. Manifestly the daimio was giving his harem a picnic.

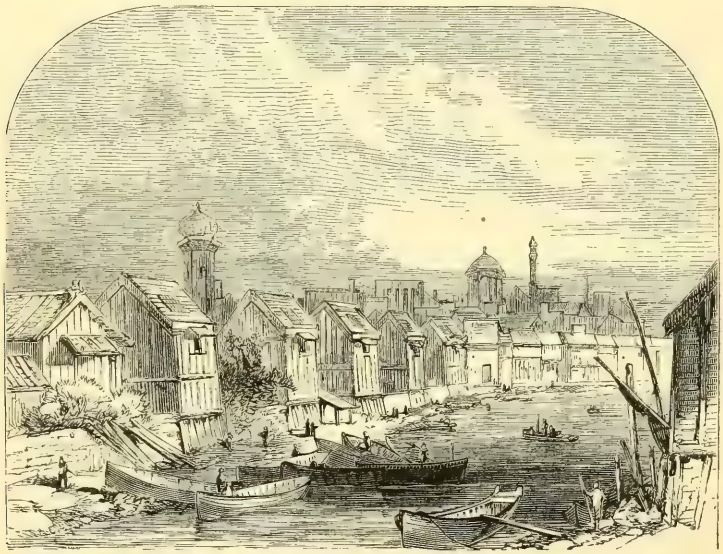
We were transferred here to a small, neat, flat-bottomed bamboo barge, with a canopy overhead and a deck covered with mats, in which we floated over the bar, and up to the great sea-wall of the city.

The confluence of two rivers with the sea makes the harbor of Osaka, like that of Charleston. The rivers are formed into canals, and connected at convenient intervals by cross-canals. Venice is not more noticeable for its gondolas and barges, nor Amsterdam for its pleasure-boats, than Osaka for its picturesque shallops covered with bright awnings of various colors. It is perhaps from the amusements of the regatta that the women in Osaka have acquired the fame of being the prettiest in the empire. Time served us to traverse only three or four of the thirty or forty canals, but sufficient to enable us to reach the more important monuments and institutions of the metropolis, to notice the regularity of the streets, the grace and lightness of the hundred cedar bridges, and to wonder at the immense traffic carried on by families who dwell in the vessels they navigate. The wealth and enterprise of Japan being

in the southern part of the empire, Osaka is the domestic main emporium.

While, for centuries, state policy required the daimios to reside a part of each year with their armed retainers at Yeddo, the political capital, the same daimios made their metropolitan homes in commercial Osaka. Here, on the banks of the canals, they erected palaces, with storehouses and wharves and offices. Here they received their rents in kind, and exchanged them in trade.

Between these palaces the canals are lined with cheaply-built dwellings, two stories high, with a veranda around the first story.



STREET IN OSAKA.

The lower story is a mercantile convenience, being washed with the tides and floods. The people seen in the streets here, as well as elsewhere in Japan, wear wooden shoes and dress coarsely. The nudity, so frequent at the north, becomes here more common and offensive. Crowds followed us with a curiosity which shows that few foreigners visit Osaka. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of dwellings and people, the city contrasts favorably with

Yeddo, in show of prosperity and affluence. Some of the temples are built within the areas of the princely palaces. More commonly, however, they are independent and spacious, and, like the palaces, accessible through canals and basins. They are on the same model with those at Yeddo, but more lavishly ornamented with allegorical carving, and statuary in granite and bronze. Men are seldom seen in or about the temples in Japan, but woman, poor, meek and ragged, though forbidden, steals in there, reverently paying her devotion to the gods and pitifully asking alms. How could woman endure existence anywhere on earth without the solaces of religion?

"From all ancienty to the present time," as a stump-orator, we once heard, expressed it, the Japanese have made their irregular and grotesque coins with the use only of the hammer. The government has just now established a mint at Osaka, with machinery of the latest invention, and equal, it is claimed, to the Philadelphia Mint. Here they are making new coins similar in form and device to those of the Western nations, the value being based on subdivisions of the Mexican dollar.

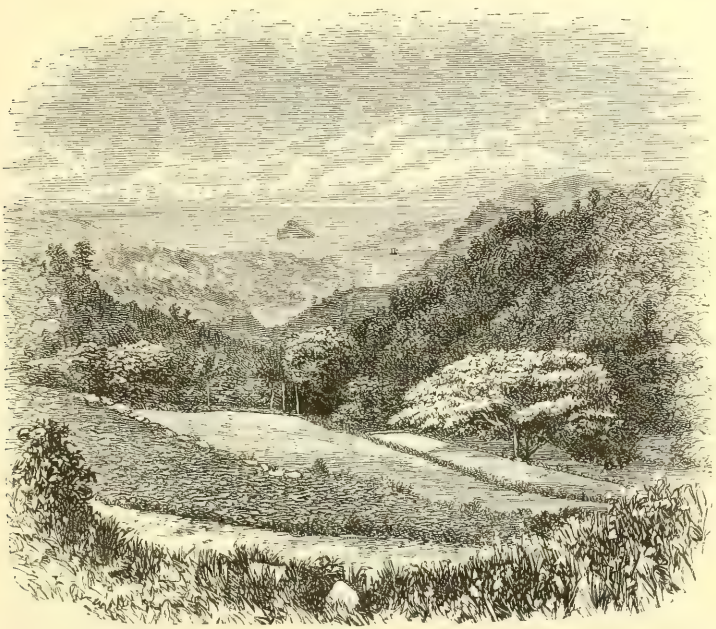
Livy has given us what he says was the speech of Romulus when he had founded Rome: "If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts or the depths of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built." The Japanese might be excused if they should reverse this sentiment, and speak with great confidence of the security of the empire derived from ramparts and ditches. As with Yeddo, so with Osaka. Its boast is its castle, an imperial residence and fortress of mikados and tycoons. We tried ineffectually to obtain a measurement of some of the granite blocks of this structure. We think it safe, however, to say, that one of them is thirty feet long, fifteen feet high and five feet thick. No one knows where, when or how, such immense stones were riven at the quarry, and brought to the summit of the lofty hill, which overlooks the city of Osaka. The Tycoon in the late civil war, however, took possession of the castle with his forces, only to find it a prison, and insecure at that. He was dislodged by the Mikado's army, and made his escape on a United States steamer. Before leaving the citadel, he destroyed its defensive

works, so as to render it unavailable to the conqueror. Now used as a camp of instruction, it is as jealously closed against visitors as the castle at Yeddo. Instructions having come down from the capital to the Governor here, as well as to the one at Hiogo, to show consideration to Mr. Seward, we were conducted through the castle, and allowed to witness the drill, and at the same time were honored with a serenade from the trumpeters, which consisted of European artillery and cavalry calls jumbled together on French horns. The din and discord may be imagined. The bronze-faced native Japanese troops, lower than European in stature, and bow-legged, but dressed in French uniforms, recalled our recollections of the first organization of negro troops in the late civil war. The Japanese are not less docile and orderly, and they went through evolutions and drill, according to French tactics, commendably.

The Japanese umbrellas are the best as they are the cheapest in the world, but they could give us no protection from the rain-storm which overtook us in the dilapidated castle. Captain Kinder's family being the only European one in Osaka, took us in and dried our clothes, and gave us all we had time to take, "a hasty plate of soup." When we reached our yacht, black night with high winds shut out from us the beautiful gulf-shores, and so passed away Osaka, to be seen no more by us, for we have taken care not to eat of the "fruit of destiny," the lotus. The heaving of the steamer on the now roughened sea was uncomfortable, but the tossing and pitching of the small boat which conveyed us from the yacht to the side-ladder of the New York was dangerous and frightful.

Nagasaki, October 13th.—As Hiogo commands the southeast, so Nagasaki commands the northwest entrance of the Inland Sea. That sea is a tortuous passage, flowing between the North Pacific Ocean on the east and the Yellow Sea or Straits of Corea on the west coast of Japan, separating the northern island of Niphon from the southern islands of Toksima and Kiusiu. How and when was this channel made? Were the three mountain-islands which it separates once compact land, and did the ocean force its passage through? Was all Japan once submerged, and were the islands

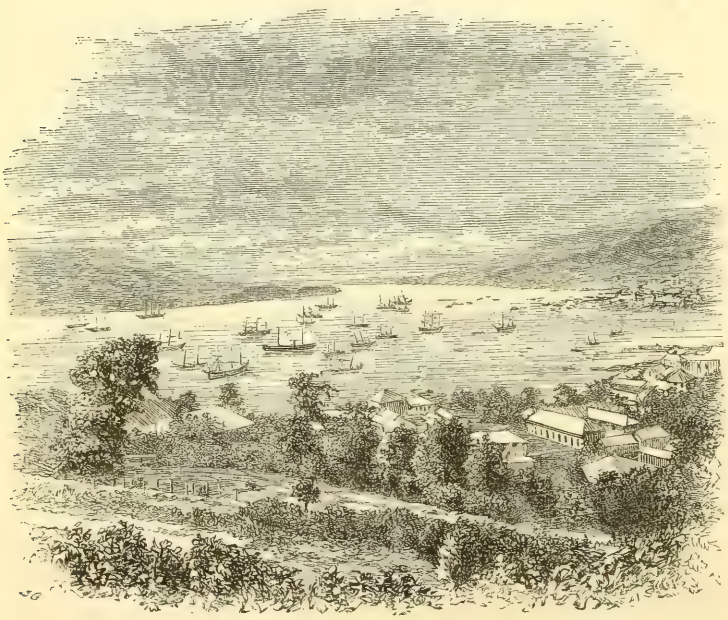
thrown up in their present form? Who can say? Not we. Perhaps Agassiz might. We must content ourselves with writing that,



ENTRANCE TO NAGASAKI.

like most inland seas, this of Japan is marvellously beautiful. Four hundred miles long, of varying width, everywhere deep, it washes the shores of the main islands in some places, while in others it is broken into twenty narrower channels which break on the shores of uncounted lesser islands. In this the Inland Sea resembles our own Lake of the Woods, which takes its strange name from the fact that the island-surface enclosed within its shores exceeds in area the water-surface of the lake. These islands of the Inland Sea are said to be three thousand, but we are inclined to think that islands in groups like these are never accurately counted. Everybody speaks of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, without remembering that they are reckoned at eighteen hundred.

The channel twists around and among the islands in all directions, so that the headlands which we pass seem as fleeting as the clouds, producing ever-varying scenery. During one hour, we are making our gloomy way under the deep shadow of a naked precipice four thousand feet high. In the next, we are passing terraced hill-sides, covered with sunlit orchards, flowery plains and fields, and forests in which the bamboo, the tulip and the cypress commingle. It seems as if the busy population of the whole empire has clustered on these romantic shores. Manufacturing towns alternate with



NAGASAKI HARBOR.

fishing-villages, and every nook is filled with quaint and miniature shipping.

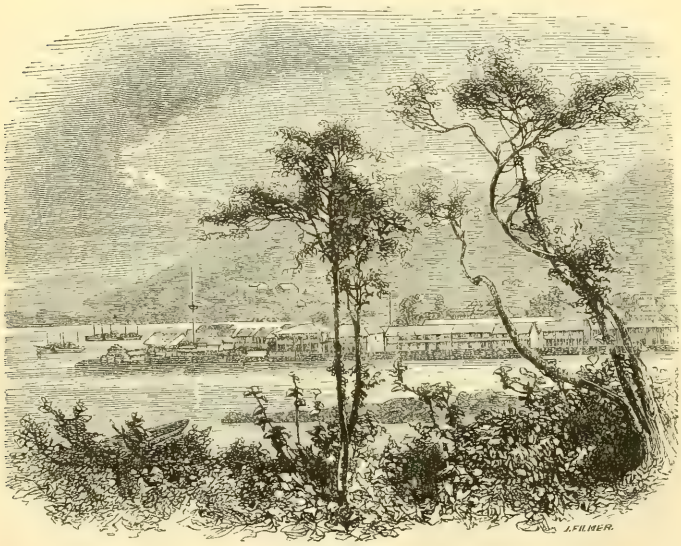
Night set in, and the bell summoned us to dinner as we were beginning to round a jutting promontory of the western shore. Shall we ever forgive Mr. Randall for beguiling us with his humorous stories until we were brought suddenly to our feet, by the

dropping of the anchor, and the firing of a gun, which announced to us that we had arrived in port?

A moonlight view of Nagasaki; fitting sequel of a two-days' voyage through the Inland Sea. We forgive Mr. Randall; the first view of Nagasaki ought to be by moonlight. The bay is small; we almost know, without being told, every object around us. These vessels on the larboard are Japanese ships-of-war. This steamer directly before us is a German man-of-war; this ship on our starboard quarter, with its black funnels and its stubbed masts, is the British admiral's flag-ship; and this long, narrow steamer is a Russian corvette. Beyond the area thus occupied by armed vessels are two American merchant-ships and forty awkward but seaworthy Chinese junks. On encircling hills, which rise two thou-

TEMPLE OF BUDDHA AT NAGASAKI.

sand feet out of the sea, are the temples and groves of Buddha. Those dark shades below them are hanging gardens in which the consulates and the merchants' residences are embowered. This ravine which stretches from the shore upward on the hill-side is the ancient native town; this quay on our right is the seat of active trade; this island just before us, hardly broader than a flat-boat, is the famous Decima, for two hundred years the mart and the prison, the boast and the shame of the Dutch traders in Japan; those terraced hill-sides opposite the town are the city of the dead; and this



VIEW OF DECIMA.

high, conical rock, which seems to close the passage to the sea, is Papenburg, memorable as the scene of the martyrdom of the early Jesuit teachers and converts in Japan.

What does this scene want to perfect its magic? Only music! Instant with the thought, the band on the German frigate delivers its national hymn, "Des Deutsche Vaterland;" then come swelling forth from the British flag-ship the inspiring notes of "God save the Queen;" and these only die away, when the solemn

national anthem of Russia, "Thou pious and gentle leader, shield of the church of believers, God be the protector and defender of our great Czar," grander than all, rolls over the sea.

Is not this glorious concert, under the flags of these great Christian nations, in these distant and lonely waters, suggestive? Mr. Seward answered, "Yes, but deceptive." The German is here lying in wait for his French enemy; the British admiral is here to intimidate the semi-barbarous races; and the Russian admiral is guarding the eastern gate of his master's empire, which towers behind and above Asiatic and European states on both continents. So it is that jealousy and ambition breathe in the notes of this majestic serenade.

October 14th.—It is because we cannot swim that we fear the deep. It is because we delight in climbing that we admire the high. While the flat is dull, the circle is our chosen form for the beautiful. Thus the amphitheatre, with its circular and lofty walls, was adopted for the Pantheon as well as for the Coliseum; though it has since been sometimes discarded from the temple, it remains nevertheless universally associated with the stage and the hippodrome. If we must live in a town, give us one which, like Nagasaki, is an amphitheatre, whose base is the sea, and whose towering walls are green and terraced mountains. It was under an inspiration like this that Peter on the mount said: "Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." The preaching of Christianity here by St. Francis Xavier, in 1549, was followed by such success that, within fifty years afterward, Nagasaki was surrendered by its native prince to the Portuguese, and became at once the see of an episcopate, and an emporium of Portuguese trade. But Xavier little apprehended that the Order of Jesus, which he was introducing, would become so arrogant and ambitious as to contest with the native sovereign absolute dominion within the empire. The Portuguese Christians thus becoming obnoxious to the government, all foreigners were within the first hundred years excluded from Japan, under pain of death, while persecutions more cruel than those of Nero

were visited on the teachers and converts alike. A few Protestant merchants from Amsterdam, renouncing their religion, joined the government in the persecution of the Christians, and were permitted, under humiliating surveillance, to replace the Portuguese at Nagasaki. This truly pitiable colony was found here on the arrival of the United States squadron in 1853. It was understood, at that time, that the Christian faith had been effectually extirpated by the massacres at Papenburg. The world was astonished, however, in 1867, by a discovery that the Christian religion was still living in the province of Nagasaki, and that a large number of natives were condemned to death or servitude for their clandestine adherence to that faith. The Western nations interposed in their behalf. The government contented itself with forcibly deporting twenty-seven hundred of the offending Christians from their homes, and distributing them through the more distant provinces of the empire. This new persecution being thus arrested, it is manifestly the intention of the government now to adopt the principle of universal toleration.

It would be pleasant to dwell on the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Mangum, and on the courtesies of the foreign fleets.

Yellow Sea, October 15th.—Leaving Nagasaki yesterday morning, we carefully examined Coal Island and the other islands which close the magnificent harbor. Nor did we omit to notice that marvellous rock, which, having been dropped nobody knows how or from where, is lodged like a wedge between two naked natural abutments. Our parting view of Japan was a sunset glimpse of the Goto Group, the western outpost of the Island Empire.

It is hardly more satisfactory to quit Japan after a residence of only twenty days, than it would have been to leave it altogether unvisited; nevertheless, there is Peking before us, "a bourn from which no traveller" can "return" later than November, and so we must onward. Let us set down our memories, such as they are, while they are fresh.

Although society in Japan is divided, as it is in every other country, into high classes and low classes, classes wearing two swords,

classes wearing one sword, and classes wearing no swords at all, yet the people are universally docile and amiable. We saw not one act of rudeness, and heard not one word of ill-temper, in the country. Heaven knows that, in the arrogant assumption by foreigners of superiority among them, the people have provocations enough for both! One of the Japanese ambassadors to the United States in 1867 was robbed at Baltimore of a richly-mounted sword. Neither he nor his government made any complaint. Mr. Seward fortunately recovered and restored it, with a national apology. Foreign residents in Japanese cities are often timid, jealous, and suspicious. Some are prone to exaggerate inconveniences into offences. Others are dogmatic and contemptuous. Even one of the most generous of American citizens, when driving Mr. Seward through the streets of Yeddo, could not forbear from cracking his whip over the bare heads of the native crowd. Mr. Seward endured this flourish silently, but he vehemently and earnestly implored his impetuous friend to spare a litter of sleeping puppies which lay in the way. Women and children shrieked as they caught up the mangled brutes behind the carriage-wheels, but the relentless charioteer only said: "It will never do to stop for such things; let them learn to keep their streets clear." Intimidation and menace naturally provoke anger and resentment. European and American fleets are always hovering over the coasts of Japan. Though the eye of the Japanese is long and curved, it sees as clearly as the foreign eye, which is round and straight. Human nature is the same in all races. Who could wonder if the Asiatics fail to love, where they are taught only to fear?

It would be manifestly unfair to judge the Japanese by the standard of Western civilization. Measured by the Oriental one, it cannot be denied that it excels the Asiatic states to whose system it belongs. The affections of family and kindred seem as strong here as elsewhere. There is no neglect of children; there is no want of connubial care; no lack of parental love or filial devotion. Nor is it to be forgotten that, in regard to domestic morals, we are giving the Japanese some strange instructions. On this very ship on which we have embarked, there is a German merchant who, after a

short but successful career in Yokohama, is returning rich to his native land; with him his child, a pretty brunette boy, two years old. The father brings him to us to be caressed. We ask, "Where is the Japanese mother?" "I have left her behind; she would not be fit to bring up the boy, or to be seen herself in a European country."

No one denies that the Japanese have both the courage and the politeness which belong to an heroic people. They are accused of practising fraud, cunning, and cruelty in war. Are they more vicious in this respect than other pagan or even Christian nations? Do not the records of war on our own soil contain a melancholy catalogue of similar crimes? Are not the pages which record Napoleon's great campaigns sullied by deeds alike unworthy of our race? The Japanese are sanguinary in civil war. Are they more so than the French were in their first great Revolution?

The painstaking culture which extends from the water's edge to the mountain-verge; the tedious manipulation practised in mechanism; and the patient drudgery of the coolies in the cities, in labor elsewhere performed by domestic animals, show that the Japanese are industrious. Though the empire has, from its earliest period, been isolated from the civilized world, yet the silks of that country were found among the richest freights of Venice. A Japanese bazaar is seen in every modern European city; and there is no drawing-room, museum, or palace in the world, which is completely furnished without Japanese fabrics.

They have no legislature, yet they have uniform laws, and these laws are legibly inscribed on tablets at every cross-road and market-place. Although science and literature in the West have borrowed little or nothing from these islands, the Japanese are nevertheless a reading and writing people. We hardly know whether Boston, Philadelphia, or New York shop-windows display greater number or variety of maps, books, charts and pictures, than the stalls of Yeddo, Osaka, or Miako.

Japan is populous, whether we allow it twenty millions, as some of our missionaries do, or fifty millions, as the prime-minister

claimed in his conversation with Mr. Seward. Nevertheless, mendicity, though unrestrained by law, is less offensive than in Naples, or even in New York.

It would be a curious study to inquire how and when the severe feudal model of the middle ages of Europe obtained a place in Japan, or how it has continued so long among a people so mercurial, and yet so thoughtful. While in theory the Mikado is sovereign proprietor, the whole domain practically belongs to the daimios, who are rich. The revenues of many of them are not less than the public revenues of some of the States of our Federal Union. Though the peasantry are poor, we nowhere heard a complaint against rents or taxes, or the price of labor. Moreover, the Japanese, while they encourage immigration, never emigrate. We infer from these facts that, if not a happy people, they are at least a contented one.

They were a religious people when they accepted the Mikado, and gave him their reverence. They must have been a religious people, when they accepted from the Mikado the teachings of the Sintu sect; they must have been a religious people, when the doctrines of Buddha supplanted so generally the dreamy mysticisms of the earlier faith. Xavier found them a religious people, willing to accept the teachings of Christianity. But the religious age in Japan has passed. Confucian philosophy has undermined all mythological creeds, and left the Japanese a nation of doubters. Government now makes no provision for the support of religious orders. Their revenues, derived from ancient foundations, are diminishing. The priesthood is as inoffensive as it is poor. It may be expected that under this toleration the Christian faith will now, for the first time, come into public consideration in Japan in the way it ought to come, that is to say, in connection with the science, literature, and art, and the political, moral, and social institutions of the Western nations.

The Japanese are less an imitative people than an inquiring one. They are not, however, excitable concerning the events of the day, but rather diligent in studying what is useful. All their dramatic representations are didactic; and, though they have a fondness for

legerdemain, they enjoy it not because it is amusing, but because it makes them think from power to product, from cause to effect.

The most unpropitious feature of Japanese society is the grossness of the popular sense in regard to woman. Among the common people neither sex maintains decency in dress, and they use the public bathing-houses promiscuously. In Japan, as elsewhere throughout the East, there indeed is marriage, but it is marriage without the rights and responsibilities of that relation. This debasement of woman has tainted and corrupted the whole state. We are obliged to conclude that domestic virtue has not a prominent place in the morals of Japan, although some glimpses which we have had of life in the upper classes have inclined us to believe that among them vice is not altogether free from restraint.

Japanese history derives many of the institutions and much of the science, literature and morals of the country, not from China, but from ancient Corea, which seems to have taken precedence of China in civilization, as the Pelasgian civilization took precedence of the Grecian. The Japanese may, however, be considered as a distinct and independent Mongolian race, which has matured its own civilization, without having been deeply affected by intrusion from any quarter. In this respect the Japanese seem to have enjoyed a fortune like that of the Aztecs of Mexico. That people had developed a unique civilization, and were maturing it, when they came into conflict with European nations. The Mexican nation went down under the violence of the shock, and altogether disappeared. The Japanese had in like manner effected and were maturing a civilization of their own when they were reached by the Western nations. More advanced than the Aztecs, they more clearly apprehended the danger of the contact, and with great promptness and decision they effectually resisted and defeated European intervention. Having thus isolated themselves, they remained so nearly three hundred years. If they did not advance during that time, they did not fall back. That isolation, however, has at last come to an end; steam, the printing-press, and the electric telegraph, have brought the Western nations on all the shores of Japan. It is manifest that the two distinct and widely-

different civilizations cannot continue in such near contact. The great problem now is, whether the European civilization can be extended over Japan, without the destruction, not merely of the political institutions of the country, but of the Japanese nation itself. The Japanese are practically defenceless against the Western States. If they are to be brought completely into the society of those nations, it must either be by the application of force, or by that of persuasion and encouragement. The interests of both require that the latter mode should be adopted, but it yet remains to be seen whether Western civilization has reached such a moral plane as to secure its voluntary and peaceful adoption.

There is much of discouragement in the prospect. Few stationary or declining nations have been regenerated by the intervention of states more highly civilized. Most such have perished under the shock. On the other hand, there are some reasons for hope. Mankind seem at last to have risen equally above the theory that universal conquest is beneficent, and above the theory that it is possible. Commerce has largely taken the place of war, and it is now universally felt that interest and humanity go hand in hand. It is the distinction of the United States, and we may hope fortunate for Japan, that they have come to the front of the Western states as tutors of the decaying Asiatic nations.

If the tutorship of the United States in Japan is to be made successful, it must be based on deeper and broader principles of philanthropy than have heretofore been practised in the intercourse of nations—a philanthropy which shall recognize not merely the distinction of strength and power between nations, but the duties of magnanimity, moderation and humanity—a philanthropy which shall not be content with sending armies or navies to compel, but which shall send teachers to instruct, and establish schools on the American system, in which philosophy, politics and morals, as well as religious faith, are taught, with just regard to their influences in social and domestic life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COAST OF CHINA.

Woosung.—U. S. Ship Colorado.—Shanghai.—European "Concessions."—A Mandarin Procession.—Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen.—European and Chinese Civilization.—Foreign Prejudices against the Chinese.—The Shan Tung.—The Yellow Sea.—The News from France.—Chee-Foo, the Newport of China.—A Rough Voyage.

Woosung, October 17th.—A respite from politics, philanthropy and morals. Why should we not allow ourselves to see things in the natural way, not to say that there is little more to be learned of the nature of the millstone, by looking into it, than there is by studying its surface?

A great ocean-sight was reserved for us on the Yellow Sea. Just at sunrise this morning, unnumbered whales appeared off the larboard bow, first throwing up glittering fountains of spray, then rolling their great, glossy, black backs upward, then with their huge forked tails waving adieu as they plunged under the waves. The shoal waters of the Chinese coast have the hue of the Missouri, and give the Yellow Sea its name.

We have crossed the great estuary of the Yang-tse-kiang, and arrived at Woosung, the outer haven of Shanghai, fourteen miles below that city. The country is on all sides a low plain, without landmark. Only three days ago, we left Japan, green as if it were June; here the fields are dry and brown. We have October without its mellowness, and yet Shanghai is only one degree south of Nagasaki. Are islands always warmer and more genial than continental shores? Did Sancho Panza understand this when he

WOOSUNG.

stipulated for an island instead of a government on the mainland?

Many American and European merchant-ships are riding at anchor around us, while the river near its banks is crowded with native junks and fishing-smacks, not to speak of a fleet of thirty or more high and awkward, lazy-looking, small Chinese sloops-of-war, in all carrying two hundred guns. They display at their mast-heads figured and ornamental yellow bunting enough to cover their decks. How pleasant it is to us to recognize the United States flag-ship Colorado, sitting gracefully in the midst, as if calmly surveying the naval array! We have counted her guns, though we have no need to count her stars and stripes—we know that they are all there. Our glasses have failed to discover our old friend Admiral John Rodgers, but we know that he must be there. Who else could have ordered that double line of seamen in dark blue to cheer Mr. Seward as we are passing, and that band to strike up the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia?"

Shanghai, October 18th.—Consul-General Seward and a dozen other Americans, with kind consideration, took us from our anchorage, and brought us by steam-yacht to the "Bund."

Let no one, however, infer from this date that we have arrived in China. Shanghai, as we have thus far seen it, seems to us less like an outpost of the Central Flowery Kingdom, than a town on our native shores. This hospitable mansion of Russell & Company, all the other houses, this quay, this street, all the streets, this bridge, these churches, these banking-houses, warehouses, and steamers, these carriages and horses, these men and women, all that we have seen on the river or on shore, are European; for so they call here whatever is foreign, whether it has come from one side of the Atlantic or from the other. This is, in short, the "Concession."

We have enjoyed our first drive in the country, that is to say, an excursion of six miles through the "Concession." Is the air of constraint which the natives here wear in presence of foreigners due more to fear than to hate? These contracted concessions, made

by the government to foreigners, remind one of "the liberties," so called, which were drawn round jails in Europe and the United States before the abolition of imprisonment for debt. "You are safe within them; we guarantee nothing outside of them." Neither party looks with pleasure on "the Concession." The foreigner wants it enlarged; the native dislikes it altogether.

While writing these not very profound reflections, we were summoned to the great gate of "the Compound," to see for the first time a mandarin procession.

MANDARIN PROCESSION.

It is the custom of a mandarin, when he moves abroad on social or official visits, to be attended by as many retainers as he has, or can hire. He proceeds, dressed in silken robes, in a sedan-chair,

with a square, glaring, scarlet canopy, borne by coolies, over his head. Fantastic groups go before and behind the chair, dressed in faded finery, carrying umbrellas of all forms and colors, huge gilded maces and staves, banners, flags, and pennons, incomprehensible, but fiery red and ragged. A straggling company of musicians leads the procession, while others mingle with it promiscuously, all beating and banging on noisy gongs, clattering sticks, and deafening drums. The procession in the present case was of double dignity and importance: it conveyed two mandarins instead of one. Falstaff's "tattered prodigals," although he had "misused the king's press," were less grotesque. We thought that as the mandarins approached they appeared unbecomingly eager to show themselves. We did them injustice. Leaning from their chair-windows they bowed low and gesticulated reverentially as they passed us. To our surprise, we recognized in their persons Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, survivors of the late lamented Burlingame in the great Chinese embassy which visited the United States in 1868, and which took final leave of Mr. Seward at his residence in Auburn.

"Wot I look at," said Samuel Weller, "is the hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence." Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen, since they parted with us, have spent two years in accomplishing their eastern voyage around the world, and they have reached Shanghai on the very day we have arrived here in our western circumnavigation!

The pageant passed quickly by, and we returned to our chamber. How absurd this exhibition had seemed; how differently it made the ambassadors appear here, from the show they made abroad! "Yes," said Mr. Seward, "it is even so; it is an evidence of the decay of the empire. States, like individual men, retain their pride long after they have lost the means to support it."

Somehow it happens that, wherever we go, the resting-places of the dead attract our attention before the homes of the living. The peculiarity of burial here is, that the tombs rise in great hillocks, everywhere in the cultivated fields, and even in the gardens. So far as we have observed, the monuments are few, cheap, and inelegant.

Shanghai, October 19th.—Shanghai is immensely agitated concerning the recent massacre at Tien-Tsin. We find European volunteers, a hundred strong, drilling for defence against an apprehended Chinese invasion of "the Concession." Mrs. Seward, the consul-general's wife, has just presented those volunteers with a standard of colors. Everybody is astonished at Mr. Seward's rashness in going to Peking at the very moment they understand that all the foreign legations there are coming to this port for protection, under the guns of their respective nations. Admiral Rodgers, with his staff, called upon Mr. Seward to-day. Although it is impossible for the Colorado to ascend the Pei-ho to Tung-Chow, he considers it his duty to visit the capital personally. He has arranged to accompany Mr. Seward there next week.

Mrs. Warden, our hostess, last night had the entire foreign society of Shanghai at a ball, which, although given in honor of Mrs. Seward, the bride, had been postponed until our arrival.

Gentlemen largely predominate in European Shanghai. The recent arrival of so many American ladies was deemed a social event. Our lady-friends at home will be interested in knowing that all China furnishes not one mantua-maker or milliner. The dresses for the ladies come on orders from Paris, London, or New York. Native women have no need of European costumes. The work here of the seamstress and tailor is done exclusively by men. They come to your house and execute your commands quickly, patiently, and cheaply, and in doing so they faithfully copy every pattern you give them, and omit nothing. We are inclined to think that the story of the American merchant who ordered a dozen pairs of yellow nankeen pantaloons, and, sending as a pattern a pair which had been torn and patched, received twelve pairs similarly patched in execution of his order, is not altogether an invention.

The contrast between European and Chinese civilization was presented sharply to us this morning in our passage from open European Shanghai, with its population of three thousand, to the native town of Shanghai, with its one hundred thousand inhabitants, shut up within a circular wall twenty-five feet high, and two

CUSTOM-HOUSE, SHANGHAI.

and one-third miles in circumference. We do not think that any youth of our own day, however vigorous his arm, however strong the sling or heavy the pebble he might use, could reduce that wall, which was built doubtless in the time of Kublai Khan, but we would not answer for its standing against such an arm or weapon as that which brought down the giant of the Philistines. The town was easily captured by the English in 1843. When we had passed within the gates, and saw the narrow streets, and the crowded structures, built of the most combustible materials, we wondered what can be the Chinese idea in keeping up the wall, which, in case of conflagration, must render escape impossible. Native Shanghai, like the foreign settlement, is built on an alluvial soil, and is insalubrious, though reclaimed many centuries ago. This city is the seat of an immense inland trade, in which the tropical products of Southern China, with the hardier ones of Central China, are exchanged over the Yang-tse-kiang and the Imperial Canal for the timber, cattle, cereals, wool, and other products of Northern China, Mongolia, Mantchooria, and Russia. The annual exports of the town exceed in value the whole mineral production of the United States. It need not be said, therefore, that its merchants are shrewd, industrious and prosperous. It is marvellous how they have crowded so small an area with warehouses, manufactories, shops, gardens, theatres, dwellings, and temples. All these are built on a scale so small and mean, that, though each structure proves adequate to its purpose, it is only a miniature model or a toy. Nevertheless, the people of the town manifested much pride in showing us their contracted dwellings built or exquisitely ornamented with cedar and other fragrant woods, their miniature lakes filled with dwarf mountains which sometimes rise to the enormous height of thirty feet, and which the Chinese imagination magnifies into a range of Himalayas. We found there, besides tea-houses vastly finer than any in Japan, numerous guildhalls elaborately ornamented, in which boards and other associations of merchants and manufacturers daily congregate to discuss matters of trade, and such politics as they have. With all this, there is not one street accessible by carriage of any kind. The visitor is even obliged to leave his sedan-

chair at the gate, and make his way through crowded lanes at most six or eight feet wide. Surface drainage is used, and the streets are so offensive and disgusting that every European in the "concession" warns the stranger against going there.

Contrary to what we saw in Japan, the native Chinaman shows not the least emulation or imitation of Western customs and manners. All his ways manifest a spirit of self-assertion and independence, if not a contemptuous one. We now comprehend the puzzle of the Chinaman in San Francisco. The scenes which the European avoids here by taking refuge within the "concession" are continually present with him wherever he moves in San Francisco. It is probable that the contact will work an improvement in Chinese morals and manners there, sooner than the separation will bring out that result here.

But we eschewed philosophy for to-day, and here we have fallen into it again.

Shanghai, October 20th.—A renewal to-day of yesterday's Chinese procession, but with a sequel. Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen visited Mr. Seward, and announced to him the success of their diplomatic labors in Europe, condoled with him on the death of Mr. Burlingame, thanked Mr. Seward over and over again for the aid they had received from him in their mission, and dwelt long and gratefully on the hospitalities which they had enjoyed in the United States. Mr. Seward inquired their lodgings, and expressed his intention of returning their visit. They thanked him, but insisted that he should not do so. They said, "We are living in a Chinese inn, in the old city. Neither the tavern nor the city is worthy or fit to receive you." When he persisted, they replied: "No, no, we will come to you here, but we are unable to entertain. Even when we were with you at Auburn, and you promised to come to China, we thought how unworthy we were to receive such a visit. Now, since we have compared so much that we have seen abroad with what we are at home, we know this better."

It is a disappointment to us. What we want to do is to study China and Chinese ways. This study is the last one that can be

made among the foreign population of Shanghai. In that circle, Chinese affairs are generally ignored. With the exception of an occasional philanthropic observer, they talk in that society chiefly of French defeats and German victories, of London fashions, Oxford boat-races, and American inferiority to Europeans in diplomatic and consular etiquette. If they talk at all of China, it is against the Burlingame Treaty, with asseverations that it is an utter absurdity to expect any good thing to come out of China, except through blockade and bombardment. Possibly, this is an exaggeration resulting from the massacre at Tien-Tsin, and represents the transient rather than the settled opinion of the foreign population.

Happily this distrust of the Chinese does not affect or disturb trade. A large part of the coasting-trade of China is in foreign hands, and is conducted chiefly by the Shanghai Steam-Navigation Company. That company has built wharves one thousand feet long, which are covered with warehouses, here called "go-downs." From these wharves the company dispatches eighteen coastwise steamers, an average of one per day. These are chiefly American-built, and they enter all the treaty ports of the empire. How miserable the prejudices to which we have adverted seem to us, in view of the fact that this immense development of foreign navigation and commerce is not only permitted by the Chinese Government, but is encouraged by it! It seems the more unreasonable when we reflect that now, after more than twenty years of international intercourse, the United States have not one grievance against the Chinese Government unredressed, or one demand unsatisfied.

It is pleasing to meet, here, "John Brown's soul marching on." At Mrs. Warden's ball, a colored man named Butler was received on a footing with the other guests. This Mr. Butler, who is equally modest and intelligent, is a native of Washington, and was born a slave of Commodore Rodgers, the father of the present admiral. He is here superintendent of the "go-downs," and charged with the entire freighting business of the Shanghai Steam-Navigation Company, receiving for his services a salary of four thousand dollars.

Steamship Shan Tung, October 22d.—"Situated as we are and circumstanced as we are," it seems to us that we are out on a picnic, which, though it threatens to be long, promises much of interest. We have left Mr. and Mrs. Randall at Shanghai. At eleven o'clock last night, Mr. Warden, whom we have found as wise as he is kind, drove us to the "Bund," where we were received by the aforesaid superintendent Butler, who had set ship and shore ablaze with an illumination of Chinese lanterns in honor of Mr. Seward. With this magnificent display, we were brought on board this pretty steamer which remains still attached to the wharf. It is one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-four feet across the beam; its state-rooms and cabins are more spacious than those usually found on our rivers and lakes at home, and we enjoyed in them a sounder sleep last night than the excitement and hilarity at Shanghai had before allowed us.

At six this morning—

> "The ship was cheered,
> The harbor cleared,
> Merrily did we drop—"

down the river to Woosung, where a friendly summons from the Colorado brought us to, and Mr. Seward received her salute of fifteen guns. Under this friendly fire, Admiral Rodgers came on board the Shan Tung with an attendance of seven officers, a guard of twenty-seven marines, and the brass band of his flag-ship. With this gallant accession, we have crossed the bar at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang, here thirty miles wide, and are once more afloat on the Yellow Sea, bound for the now much-dreaded colder regions of the north.

Taking up the Shanghai newspaper, we read the news of the overthrow of the Second Empire of France, and the establishment of a provisional government at Paris.

Everybody asks Mr. Seward, "Will France now restore the Orleans dynasty, or will it be the elder branch of the Bourbons?" He answers, "I think France will henceforth be a republic, not because the country is prepared for it, but because it has at last

both sufficiently tried and exploded monarchy and imperialism." "This," said one of our friends, "is a bold prophecy to make under the shadow of an empire which is five thousand years old, while the

MOUTH OF THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

republic is only an experiment of one hundred years in America and in Switzerland." He replied: "The first Napoleon predicted that, within fifty years, Europe would either be Cossack or republican. Monarchies and empires are of the past. The republic is the institution of the present and future."

"By the deep, twenty-four fathoms." Deep water this, though the waves still glisten with the yellow sands of the great river. The ship rocks, and we rest.

Yellow Sea, Latitude 34° 30′, *Sunday, October* 23*d.*—Although we certainly did lose one whole day on shipboard on the Pacific, and although it seems to us that we waste much time on shore, we find nevertheless, on counting the weeks, and measuring the distances, that we are moving rapidly. Only last Sunday, we entered the Yellow Sea from Japan. To-day, after a week of observation and festivity at Shanghai, we have made one-third of our long

projected voyage to Tien-Tsin. Who can reckon on the seasons? We came on board, prepared with furs and blankets, and shrinking with fear of tempests. Nevertheless, the heavens are smiling, and the Yellow Sea is smooth as Owasco Lake. The band, perhaps because we are travelling in the hemisphere of the heathen, has brought no sacred music. Happily, it has not forgotten its lessons from the opera. So we were awakened and brought to the deck this morning by the "Dies Iræ" chorus from "Faust." For evening we have stipulated for the prayer in "Der Freischütz." Although we have no missionaries on board, we have come to regard Sunday at sea as a day of rest, even more privileged and happy than at home. We have offered from the deck thanks for our own preservation as grateful, and prayers for friends at home, we trust, as fervent, as those which may be made there to-day, "for persons going to sea." We have just passed the mouth of the Hoang-ho—the Yellow River—the second of the two great rivers of China.

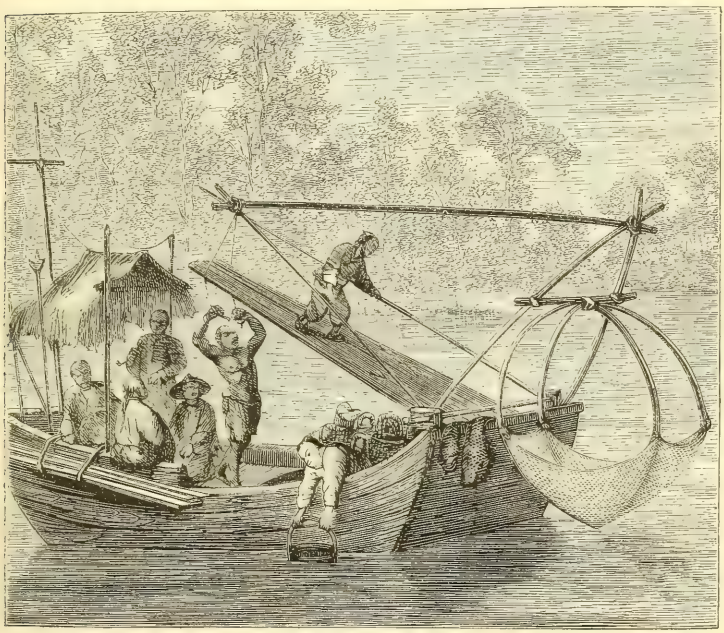
Steamer Shan Tung, October 24th.—We rounded this morning the noble granite promontory Shan Tung, which is the most eastern landmark of China proper, and gives its name to one of the most extensive of the eighteen provinces which constitute the empire. It is the water-shed between the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee and the basin of the Yellow River. It is across the western end of this promontory that the Imperial Canal bears the exchanges of Southern and Central China with those of the metropolis and the outlying provinces of Mantchooria and Mongolia. Besides some fishermen's huts on the beach, we saw only one structure on the promontory, a Buddhist temple. The whole coast of the promontory is held sacred in China as pertaining to the birthplace of Confucius.

The appearance of a troop of soldiers winding down the mountain-side reminded us that the Tien-Tsin massacre has been followed by profound apprehensions of foreign war. A lonely, basaltic rock towers above the sea at the foot of the promontory—a monument that the land once came there, and that the wasting ocean has cut it off. But this monument, like all those erected by human hands,

PROMONTORY OF SHAN-TUNG.

is not destined to endure. It is already broken, and the sea is flowing through it. Fishing-smacks flock like gulls around the base of the promontory.

The junk is an odd-looking affair. It lies low in the water. All its timbers are quaintly carved, and it is painted as gayly as if designed for a regatta. Practically speaking, it is a double-ender, and its awkwardly-rigged and ill-shapen rudder distinguishes it



CHINESE FISHING-SMACK.

from all other sea-craft which have been built since Noah's ark. On either side of the bow there is never wanting a huge eye. We asked a Chinese seaman the significance of that ornament. He promptly replied, "Junk no have eye, no can see!" It is a remarkable coincidence that not only the boats but the houses of the Alaska Indians are furnished with eyes. Although China has never been a maritime power, and is not likely soon to become

one, it has an internal navigation which has never been and never can be equalled elsewhere.

Personal coincidences thicken. This morning, one of the marines communicated to Admiral Rodgers, through the offices of William Freeman, that he was not unknown to Mr. Seward. The admiral promptly instituted an inquiry, which resulted in the marine's coming to the quarter-deck, and being recognized there by Mr. Seward as a soldier who served on the escort which attended him through Alaska last year, and that his knowledge of Mr. Seward had begun in his having been put on guard at his house in Washington, on the night of the President's assassination. Need we say that he was glad to renew his acquaintance with one who had been a defender on two such memorable occasions?

Steamer Shan Tung, October 26th.—Bearing westward from Shan Tung, we after some hours entered the harbor of Chee-foo, nearly surrounded by hills. Thus far we have seen nothing sublime, nor even any thing picturesque in China. The northern shores are only more pleasing than those about Shanghai, because they are slightly elevated and slightly undulating. Naked and barren at this season, one might well mistake the region about Chee-foo for the California coast.

The United States war-steamer Benicia saluted us as we entered the harbor, and her officers came on board. Chee-foo is one of the last-opened ports of China. The foreign settlement numbers only one hundred. The native population is variously estimated at twenty-five thousand to eighty thousand. The agent of the Steam-Navigation Company received us on a well-constructed stone wharf, and has entertained us in the kindest manner. We have made an excursion in chairs to an eminence that overlooks the town and harbor, and found there a ruin, but were unable to determine whether the structure was a temple, an observatory, or a watch-tower. From its dilapidated walls we counted two hundred vessels of all sorts and sizes anchored in the bay, although Chee-foo confines itself exclusively to the coast-trade. In this trade, pressed tea prepared for the Russian market in the form of bricks, and

scarcely more nutritious, is the chief article. A large and delicious native grape cultivated here is highly esteemed in all the cities of China, but no wine is made.

Descending the hill, we enjoyed the walk on the smooth sand-beach. Chee-foo is a summer resort of foreigners—the Newport of China. The bungalows, however, are now vacant. One of them, which was built by a missionary, cost ten thousand dollars.

The gentlemen of our party, having recovered their land-legs, and been furnished with stout native ponies, made a scrub-race on the beach. The admiral, "who carries weight for age," was distanced by the consul-general. Our friends at home will be pleased to learn that the whole party furnished themselves here with pongees, suitable for wear in the tropics, at twenty-five cents a yard.

We left Chee-foo at eight in the evening, and at eleven o'clock we "caught it." As we kept near the coast, the sea was shoal and sand-colored. A strong land-wind arose and blew the water into ridges thirty or forty feet high, and our course obliged us to travel continually in the trough. The wind increased to a gale, and the steamer rocked. How she did rock! Those two of our naval friends who were left in a condition to do any thing, declare that they counted twenty-four rollings of the steamer from one side to another in sixty seconds. It must be confessed, however, that Lieutenant Wheeler and Mr. Pillsbury are somewhat suspected of waggery. But it must also be remembered that, at the time they made this solemn declaration, they supposed themselves to be very nearly *in articulo mortis*. Only the admiral kept his feet, Mr. Seward, with feet braced, being lashed in his chair to strong iron stanchions at the centre of the middle deck. The ladies were packed, wedged, and wadded in their berths. "Admiral," asked Mr. Seward, "is this rolling and tumbling a customary experience of yours?" "No," answered the admiral with not less than his usual gravity, "this vessel has a motion entirely unknown to me." "Captain," said Mr. Seward to the master of the Shan Tung," is this rolling a chronic habit of your ship?" "No," replied the captain, "she only practises it in the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee." Most of the Colorado's marines, and all the musicians except two, were

helpless. Nothing that was loose remained in place; furniture, trunks, bags, and boxes, bundles of pongee and baskets of Chee-foo grapes, went sliding and jamming and punching, backward and forward, and every way, until our pretty dancing-room gave a heterogeneous clattering worse than a *séance* of the Davenport brothers. In all this noise, confusion, and danger, it may well be imagined there was no sleep at night, no breakfast in the morning, and no lunch at noon. The storm abated and the sea began to subside at three o'clock. At four, the good admiral required such of the musicians as were sound or convalescent, to play selections of Offenbach, by way of enticing sea-sick passengers from their state-rooms. But even "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse" alike failed in this sad and trying emergency. There was neither talking, nor dining, nor wining, until we dropped anchor at nine o'clock in the open roadstead of Taku. Here in that roadstead we are now, waiting for the tide to carry us over the bar at the mouth of the Pei-ho River.

There is little show of commerce about us. As yet we see no land, and only a dozen vessels, like our own, riding at anchor. We are having a first experience of cold. The mercury has fallen to 50°.

Ten o'clock.—We have dined. The pilot has come on board. The musicians are playing their notes, and we are writing up ours. We hope that the dance which we have left for that purpose will keep on till the tide changes.

CHAPTER V.

UP THE PEI-HO RIVER.

Mouth of the Pei-ho.—Chinese Forts.—American Guns.—The Most Crooked and Mean of Rivers.—Chinese Dogs.—A Misunderstanding.—Captain Wang.—Our Flotilla.—The City of Tien-Tsin.—Aspect of the Country.—Our Boat Life.—Absence of Animals.—A Messenger from Peking.—A Chinese Trader.—Tung-Chow.

Pei-ho River, October 27th.—We passed the bar at three this morning, having only twelve feet water, while the Shan Tung draws twelve feet four inches. Thanks to the sandy bottom, we have come safely over. With the exception of our peeps into the native cities of Shanghai and Chee-foo, we have so far only seen Europe in China. Now China and the Chinese have opened themselves to us. Taku is the outer port of Tien-Tsin, and is fortified. Though the works are not remarkable for construction, they have proved very effective defences by reason of the marshes which prevent the near approach of an enemy. We counted one hundred and fifty guns in position, some of which are of American make. The forts seem not strongly garrisoned. It was impossible for us to ascertain whether the wide-spread settlements through which we passed after crossing the bar, and which contain a population of half a million, are one great city, or a hundred or more busy villages. But we learn that, statistically regarded, Taku consists of three villages, Taku, Siku, and Sangku. A leading business is the trade in salt, which is made on the sea-shore, and deposited in large quantities on the banks of the rivers. The channel is crowded with junks, while only one, two, or three for-

eign vessels ascend or descend it daily. We might well know that we have attained a higher latitude. The dwelling-houses here are built, not of wood, but of adobe walls, with chimneys; the streets as narrow as those of old Shanghai. As we advance up the river, we can distinguish farms, with spacious and comfortable dwellings and out-buildings. The Pei-ho seems the most crooked and mean of all rivers. Only such a people as the Chinese could have made such a stream a channel of continental commerce. It is about as wide in most places as our steamer is long. It flows over alluvial sands; the water is used for irrigating the flat plain. To us, who are novices here, the cultivation seems successful, and even marvellous; nevertheless, we are informed that this is the most barren region of the empire. The cereals and vegetables are not different from those of New York and Pennsylvania, though more various. They have white, tulip-shaped cabbages, turnips of many kinds and sizes, peas, lentils, wheat, Indian-corn, oats, millet, beans, lettuce, and onions; occasionally rice, potatoes, and sweet-potatoes.

Approaching Tien-Tsin, we find the old familiar obstruction of the "overslaugh" near Albany. The boat goes around every five minutes, and sometimes, at a bend in the river, suddenly converts itself into a bridge. It is doubtful whether we shall reach Tien-Tsin until another flood. To increase our discomfort, it began to rain at one o'clock at night, and it still pours, and the mercury in both thermometer and barometer is falling.

Tien-Tsin, October 28th.—Persevering all night, through all obstacles, we reached and grappled "the Bund" of the foreign settlement at noon. Here steam-navigation ends. We must stop and see what next. Tien-Tsin seems worthy to be the entrepot of foreign commerce, as it is at the head of inland navigation. To estimate its trade, one has but to look at the flags of all nations on the merchantmen and men-of-war, in the crowded and contracted harbor. These flags were successively dipped and our own national steamship, the Ashuelot, saluted us as we worked our way to the wharf. The French naval commander and the British and Russian consuls have already come on board with friendly greet-

ings. The foreign settlement is small, but, contrasted with the native suburbs, makes a very respectable appearance.

October 29th.—We have had a jar in our party. With dismal, cold weather, and with muddy streets on the land, we necessarily remain on board.

A Strauss waltz, suggestive of a dance, was struck up by the band after dinner, probably at the request of the younger officers at the foot of the table. Reflecting on the excitement produced at this moment, not only in China, but throughout the world, by the recent massacre of Christians in this very place, Mr. Seward remonstrated against the festivity. The young people reluctantly acquiesced, but they are consoled this morning by his admission that we had a *noche triste.*

We have had a busy day. The gentlemen have secured a fleet of flat-bottomed sail-boats with crews, in all numbering one hundred men. All the party have been engaged in preparing stores and packing, intending to embark this evening. Meanwhile, Mr. Seward, with the admiral, has been entertained with an inspection of the Ashuelot.

CHINESE DOGS.

The foreigners in China have not forgotten, among the humanities, their interest in the canine race. Dogs of every kind have come on board, as if appreciating the sympathies of civilization—the Newfoundland dog, the Australian hound, the Russian bloodhound, and the universal black-and-tan terrier; but, far prettier than all those very familiar friends, are a pair of spaniels, purely bred from Chinese stock, which have come in the staff of the Russian consul-general. They are small, and of a pinkish-brown, without a black hair. There is a tradition that Charles I. received the progenitor of this race, in England, as a present from the Emperor of China. It is that identical dog lying on the hearth-rug that Horace Walpole describes as a "plumy wreath."

Ten o'clock at night.—

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft aglee."

The boats did not come to time. This afternoon a chair was provided for Mr. Seward, and a Mongolian pony for each one of the suite who chose. This animal, like our Canadian pony, has great strength and endurance. Supposing that the plan for the excursion was fully understood by all, Mr. Seward went ashore and sat down in his chair, on "the Bund." At this moment, some one asked Mr. George F. Seward if he were going to ride. He answered, "No." On this, the inquirer informed Admiral Rodgers that Mr. Seward was engaged, and would not ride. The whole party at this moment galloped off, leaving Mr. Seward sitting in his chair, surrounded by his eight coolie bearers, not one of whom spake or understood a word of English. They waited for orders in Chinese, which, although Mr. Seward could give in English, there was no person to interpret.

At the first turn in the road, the equestrians looked back for their chief. He was not there. Inquiry being made, the admiral answered that Mr. Seward was not coming out. This satisfied them for the time, but on further reflection a doubt arose whether he had so capriciously changed his purpose. So the whole party,

under apprehensions for his safety, returned on their track for a rescue. They found him at a distance of half a mile from the Bund, pressing on with his eight coolies and a mounted guide. After this *faux pas*, we passed over a broad plain covered with crumbling tombs and neglected graves, and then came to a high outer wall, which stretches across from the Chinese city to the bank of the river. The wall was erected during the last combined British and French invasion. It is an earthwork with a narrow, shallow moat, a glacis twenty feet wide, and a frail parapet with frequent embrasures, which impart to it an ornamental effect. The admiral says that the work would be of no use as a defence, but he has not a high estimate of Chinese military science. However that may be, the glacis furnished us a delightful ride, with beautiful vistas, through the parapets, across the bastions and under the crowning martello towers.

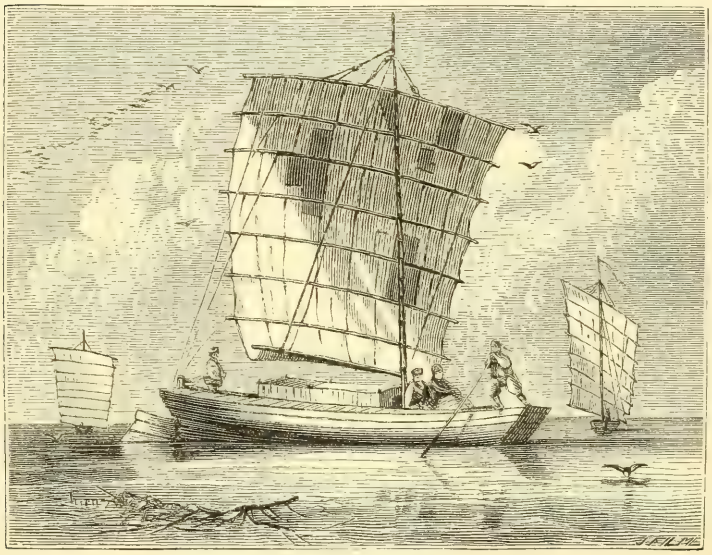
The Chinese know as well how to utilize their temples as we know how to improve our churches for hospitals in time of war. Attracted by massive portals and high outer walls, we crossed the plain to examine a Buddhist temple, standing on a slight elevation and overlooking the river. We found it had been long ago converted into a powder-magazine. Certainly the place is a fitting one. Miles around it is one vast suburb of the dead.

Adieu, Shan Tung, with your morning martial promenades, your *recherché* dinners, your quiet card-parties, your evening concerts and balls, your rollings, your pitchings, and your groundings and your tumblings! When shall we see another seaman like Captain Hawes?

Hail to thee, flat-bottomed boat number four of the Pei-ho squadron, with thy single main-sail, thy four poles, and thy one tow-rope! Hail, Captain Wang, and your meek and patient four! Whatever perils await us under your conduct, we are insured at least against a watery grave.

Shall we describe the flotilla? The admiral has numbered and registered the vessels, one, two, three, up to fifteen. They vary in dimensions, and, though coarsely, are all strongly built. Each has one cabin, less than five feet wide at the floor, and one raised bunk

behind it for sleeping-room. It has cost some care to distribute among the boats a party so large and so very much mixed. Number one leads. It bears the Stars and Stripes, and carries the United States consul-general, Mrs. Seward, and their Chinese servants. Number two, without colors, bears the two other ladies; and number three is the flag-ship of Admiral Rodgers, his secretary, and servants, and floats the national ensign taken from the Colorado. Number four, under a broader flag, carries Mr. Seward and the



BOATS ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

faithful Freeman. It is the largest ship in the fleet, thirty feet long, and twelve feet beam. Of the whole fleet, only number four has a stove, and this is borrowed from the Ashuelot. Its cabin, therefore, is our writing-room. Wang tells us this boat is an inheritance from his father, and has been in constant use fifty-four years. Number five carries Mr. Middleton and Mr. Rodman; numbers seven and eight, officers of the admiral's staff; number nine is the dining-room of the party; numbers ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,

fourteen, and fifteen, have on board, the band, the marines, stores, and baggage.

Each boat has its sunken cabin with a dark hold under the forward deck, which is occupied by the crew. The cabins are enclosed with upright slabs, removable at pleasure. They are old and full of crevices, and exclude neither the rain nor the cold. The boat has a single mast forward of the cabin and before the cabin-door, on which a small cotton sail is rigged with a single reef, upon a bamboo-spar. When the wind does not serve, the boatmen resort to poles. When they grow tired of this, they betake themselves to the banks, which are neither paved nor graded. Attaching the towing-line to the top of the mast, they make a loose knot on the other end, and throw it over their shoulders. Thus harnessed, they draw the boat up the stream. Each boat has four coolies, and we pay for the whole voyage, including all the costs and charges, six dollars a day for each boat, if we travel only by daylight, and nine dollars if we travel day and night.

Our naval friends have a mess-boat of their own; the rest of the party use the dining-room. Of course, these parties entertain each other. The musicians and the marines are supplied with their navy-rations, and the coolies take care of themselves.

We started with a fair wind this morning, and, as we passed the shipping, our band made the acknowledgments we owed to the foreign vessels, by playing first "Hail Columbia," then "God save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," and all the other national anthems. The friendly ships and the consulates on shore lowered their flags, and gave us cheers and encouraging salutations. It was not doubtful that the gallant officers regarded our ascent to Peking, at this painful juncture, as an adventure not altogether free from danger.

The serpentine voyage of three miles brought us to the Chinese city of Tien-Tsin, enclosed within a stone-wall forty feet high, surmounted with watch-towers, and four miles in circuit. Suburbs, densely inhabited, crowd the river on both sides. The population is stated to us here at a million and a half. Travellers generally estimate it at half a million. We may well accept the higher figure,

for such a scene of crowded though silent activity we never saw. Except the charred walls, broken towers, and shattered battlements of the Roman Catholic cathedral and convent lately destroyed, there is not one massive or pretentious structure. Narrow streets divide monotonous blocks of one story and two story buildings. Every small space is filled with countless, moving multitudes. There is no ferry, but the bridge of boats is crowded with a mass of men and boys such as "Fulton Ferry" presents on a holiday. Chinese boats choke the channel. We thought we never should get through the town, but we did. We saw an army of ten thousand men, infantry and cavalry, enter the city as we passed the western gate. At a distance the array was imposing, but, as we neared it, we discovered a woful lack of uniformity, as well in dress as in arms and equipments. The infantry arm varied from a wooden club of three feet long, to a matchlock with a seven-foot barrel; the music thoroughly discordant, but the yellow banners were frequent, gay, and gorgeous. The march was as straggling and disorderly as the return of the troops from Bull Run to Washington. It is notorious that, since the massacre, the Chinese have been gathering a large army at Tien-Tsin. Foreigners say it is a preparation for war; Chinese official persons, on the contrary, assure us that it is a precaution against further outbreaks here. It is too early, however, for us to speak on this exciting topic. On the west side of Tien-Tsin, as on the east, the plain presents a vast and cheerless field of sepulture. Leaving this behind us, we come through cultivated fields, with vegetable-gardens hanging over the water's edge. Here we are planting our stakes and tying up for the night, in such order as the admiral directs. He has posted a guard around us. No one passes without giving the countersign, and each passing hour is called as the hushed night rolls on. It is cold, and we shrink into our cabins to meditate as we may on the strange scenes and men around us.

On the Pei-ho, October 30th.—Thanks to our commissary who procured, and thanks to the generous friends at Tien-Tsin who lent us the blankets and furs, we have enjoyed a comfortable sleep

in our most uncomfortable of boats. We waked in a drizzling rain, the thermometer at 38°. In such an atmosphere, comfort is impossible without exercise, which can only be obtained by walking on the slippery clay banks of the river, for, although it is a canal, it has no towing-path. The Imperial Canal, the greatest work of that kind in the world, leaves the Pei-ho at Tien-Tsin, crosses the Yellow River, and debouches into the Yang-tse-kiang, but it has lesser slack water and other contrivances, which extend the navigation to Canton. The Pei-ho River at Tien-Tsin is navigated eighty miles to Tung-Chow, the appointed terminus of our present voyage, which is fifteen miles distant from Peking.

The country is level and monotonous, but more sterile as we advance. Although the inhabitants are poor, they seem hardy, busy, and contented. There is no forest as far as the eye can reach, only a few poplars and willows, the natural products of an alluvial soil, kept as shade-trees. It is not easy to discover how the immense population procure the fuel necessary in so cold a climate. We bought coal, of an inferior quality, at a large price, at Tien-Tsin. Our coolies, in cooking, burn only dry stalks of Indian-corn.

While puzzling ourselves over that problem, we discovered great rafts of timber which choke navigation. Where could this timber have come from? Could it have come down the stream? If up the stream, where was it shipped? On inquiry, we learn that it is brought across the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee, from the Corean Peninsula. Forbidding as the way and the weather are, we have walked this afternoon many miles. Our promenade was arrested by a marsh which compelled us to make a short *détour*, and, at a distance of twenty rods from the bank of the river, we found, in the bed of the morass, a pavement forty feet wide and one hundred feet long, of square hewn granite blocks—the first ruin we have thus far seen in our journey. Who laid that pavement? When and for what purpose? Was it the bottom of an ancient canal? There were no other traces of such a structure. Losing the pavement as it disappeared under the surface, we climbed a knoll fifty rods beyond, and found there a perfectly artistic granite wall, enclosing a large area within which no edifice remains. At one

corner of the wall is an arched gateway half in ruins. Stumbling through this passage over broken bricks and stones, we entered the desolate court. Here we confronted a solid marble shaft, five feet wide and twenty feet high, standing upon the back of a huge tortoise of the same material, having the exact form and proportions of Nature, every line of the shell, body, and claws being executed with precision and skill. The middle of the shaft, on both sides, is covered with legends, while each border from top to bottom is crowded with mythical birds, serpents, and dragons, exquisitely chiselled. We concluded that a temple had once stood here, and that the pavement below had served as the grand approach. Why had it been suffered to fall into ruin? Perhaps we may learn more as we go on.

October 31*st*, *Thermometer* 48° *Fahrenheit.*—We have made half our voyage. A range of mountains looms up before us in the west. What mountains? They must be the Altai range. We have described Mr. Seward's boat. Would not our friends at home like to know how nicely the ladies have fitted up theirs? It is not, indeed, as magnificent as Cleopatra's barge, but there is no Antony on the shores. They have a carpet of gray goat-skins, and with superfluous scarlet blankets have extemporized a tapestry, which effectually covers the chinks, and excludes the wind. The dais, two feet high, which serves for a bed, has a drapery of purple and gray rugs. Their dressing-table, which is a portmanteau on end, is covered with a gay shawl, and a mirror four inches square, with a gilt-frame, borrowed from the Ashuelot, hangs above it. For sofas, they use trunks spread with a white Thibetian fur great-coat, which Mr. Seward has kindly contributed. The access to this elegant saloon, which is eight feet square, is not particularly convenient—an aperture in the front, two feet square, with a descent of three feet, without steps or ladder. In going in one stoops and steps backward; in coming out, one stoops, and is pulled upward. Our habit of travel is settled. The fleet moves, or is supposed to move, at dawn. We are served with hot tea and a biscuit, with the thermometer somewhere between freezing and 40°. We draw

water from the river, for the toilet, in preference to that which was frozen during the night in our pitchers. We make ourselves warm by a walk of two or three miles. In these walks, we stare and wonder at the uncouth ploughs, the awkward fanning-mills, and

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other rude farming implements, and the equally strange farm-houses and dwellings which we pass.

What seems stranger than any thing else is the absence of domestic animals. Horses, cows, and oxen, are indeed sometimes seen at the plough, but generally the ground is worked with spade and hoe. No wheeled vehicle, except rarely a cart, with a mean

calash, drawn by a horse, a mule, or oxen, is seen. Forty sheep here are a fortune. Mr. Bergh's sensibilities would be sorely tried if he could see the burdens and labors imposed on the ass. The hogs are "black as the ace of spades," about as thin, and more scarce than pheasants. Sometimes we take one side of the river, and then cross to the other. Not unfrequently, by the intervention of headland and promontory, we lose sight of our little fleet, or, finding it in disorder, mistake number two for number four, or the admiral's flag for the consul-general's. Coming in from these walks, we gather round Mr. Seward's little stove, read or write, and talk over the alarms of the night and the incidents of the morning. We breakfast at eleven, and dine at five. Our stores are chiefly foreign. As we neither know how to procure nor how to prepare the Chinese food, the commissariat gives us coffee from Mocha, sausages from Bologna, biscuit and porter from England, peas from France, sardines from Italy, cheese from Chautauqua, butter from Goshen, and oysters from Baltimore, with wines from all countries in the world, except China. Our boatmen, "heathen Chinee" though they are, have become devoted to us, and, when they see our long waiting for breakfast, they kindly offer to share with us their little *ménu* of Indian-corn bread, wheaten fritters, and cabbage-soup. After dinner, we are weary enough to sink into our hard bunks, and cold enough to draw over us our furs. The boats tie up very punctually at ten o'clock, and it is by no means safe or pleasant to clamber over the decks from one to the other.

November 1st.—The November which we have dreaded has met us here in China, just as it would probably have come down on us if we had remained at home. Its breath, often cold and clammy there, is no warmer or drier here. In four days we have had not one gleam of sunshine. We might well imagine ourselves on the St. Lawrence, so similar is the vegetation of this sandy plain. One beautiful feature, however, of the St. Lawrence is missing here. Instead of the gorgeous autumnal forest, we have only a few scattered leaves, and those pale-yellow or colorless. We have to-day added fifteen coolies to our marine.

Mr. Seward's cabin has just taken fire, but Captain Wang and his crew quickly dropped their buckets into the river, and extinguished the flame. Travellers who come after us may take notice that stoves on the Pei-ho are not only an expensive but a dangerous luxury.

Tung-Chow, November 2d.—At a distance of six miles, that is to say, a period of four hours, before the end of our voyage, a mounted messenger, coming from the United States minister and the Russian minister at Peking, met us on the river with congratulations. In the middle of the dark, rainy night we became aware of our arrival at Tung-Chow by the noise of our tackle taking hold upon the bank. We saw nothing of this long-desired haven during the night, though the unintelligible jargon of a crowd which the great arrival attracted rendered sleep impossible. The sun at last relents. The scene this morning, though grotesque, is cheerful. The nocturnal crowd has swollen to a dense mass of men and boys, all wearing large, broad-brimmed straw hats clattering wooden-soled shoes, and thickly-padded and quilted blue blouses—all parts of the costume showing the effects of wear, and suggesting many changes in past ownership. They manifest intense curiosity to learn the secret of our large and imposing flotilla. As they peep and peer through every aperture and crevice of our boats, staring with narrow, wondering eyes at our strange costume and complexion, our toilet has not been made without difficulty. They are nevertheless quiet and respectful, and, whatever may be the motive, they seem desirous to please, to serve, and to oblige. Every manner of small traffic is going on among them. Bread, cabbages, and cakes, were sold or gambled for according to the taste of the customer. A "vagrom"-looking fellow flourishes a painted pasteboard quiver, and turns it upside down, and chopsticks fall from it instead of arrows. Combative sparrows and canaries challenge each other through their cages, and a boy carries a pretty brown bird, smaller than the oriole or the mocking-bird, and which, seeming a reconciled captive, sings sweetly out a merry invitation to a gentle purchaser.

The Pei-ho forms a basin thirty or forty yards wide, which is here crowded with little junks or boats, most of which are used for dwellings. The town stands on a terrace which rises gently from the river. There is no dock, wharf, or storehouse, on the bank between the river and the terrace. The uncovered sewage of the city has worn the sloping bank into channels, and between these channels are promiscuous deposits of merchandise and heaps of compost, all alike prepared for shipping. The houses on the terrace are low, but many of them have quite large courts. Their fronts are covered with fanciful sign-boards. At a bend of the river before us rises a lofty pagoda of seven stories; the first structure of this form which we have seen. We wonder that it is not more extensively copied in the West, and especially why it is not adopted in place of our unshapely and cheerless light-house. The name *pagoda* is in common use, but *dagoba* is in use also. A distinction is made, however. When the structure is small, and is enclosed in an area with a temple, it is called dagoba. On the other hand, when it stands by itself, its design is for ornament more than use; it is then called pagoda. A learned Chinese authority tells us that every structure of the kind, whether pagoda or dagoba, contains relics of some saint or martyr.

Say what men may, there is a power in gilded epaulets and buttons. Our naval friends, strong in that power, opened an easy way for us through the inquisitive multitude; but, in climbing the slimy bank of the terrace, we encountered an obstacle which neither gold lace nor buttons could displace. This was a caravan of thirty laden camels, in single file, as they always move, just beginning their long journey over the steppes of Russia to Moscow. The imperturbable beasts, thickly covered with long, scraggy hair, trod firmly but slowly with their spreading, padded feet. Reaching a terrace, we were as yet only in a suburb. After many efforts, we were obliged to give up the exploration. Every street is a deep, broad gutter, now rendered impassable by mud and rain. We returned to the front, and contented ourselves with looking into the dwellings and shops. The occupants were neatly dressed, seemed intelligent, came out of their doors, and saluted us, tendering

their hands and inviting us to enter. One, quite *distingué*, bowed us, with a politeness that was irresistible, into a wide court, bordered by dwellings and shops. He indicated a knowledge that we are from the West by pointing to a Russian chart of Europe, hanging on the wall. On this we made a rough Mercator sketch of the globe. He at once marked on it the sites Tung-Chow, Moscow, and New York. He served delicious tea, quickly prepared, with sugar crystallized into rock-candy to sweeten it, and Russian cigarettes. Then he showed us his money-scales, strings of cash, numerating balls, bills of exchange, receipts, and books of account, all neatly and carefully arranged. He called in his tidy and respectable assistants and clerks, and with special pride introduced to us his pretty son and heir of six years. We were bowed and "chin-chinned" by our host with his whole family and retinue, and then read on his sign-board inscriptions which told that the place is at once one of entertainment for travellers, and an agency for the sale of teas in the Russian trade. We breakfasted in our naval dining-room on the river at eight. It is now eleven o'clock. Every thing has been brought ashore, and has been packed in carts and sedan-chairs. Ponies, mules, and donkeys, stand in formal array on the bank, for the whole party, which numbers forty-seven Americans, besides Chinese servants, drivers, waiters, and attendants. Captain Tilden, on horseback, and his tall marines mounted on low donkeys, make, it must be confessed, a rather ludicrous cavalry display, but perhaps not ineffective for China. We take our chairs for Peking.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVAL AT PEKING.

Passing through Tung-Chow.—Good Behavior of the People.—The Road to Peking.—A Dangerous Highway.—Daniel Webster and John Adams.—A Review of Our Party.—A Grotesque Procession.—The Eastern Gate of Peking.—The Separation of the Party.—Anxiety for Mr. Seward.—In Woful Plight.—An Explanation.—Arrival at the U. S. Legation.

Peking, November 3d.—The Government at Peking, apprised of Mr. Seward's coming, had sent forward two intelligent mandarins to attend him to the capital. These officers at Tung-Chow sent up a messenger to report the array and progress of the party, in order that arrangements might be made for its safe and proper entrance into the city.

What could be more gratifying to our national and personal pride than the prospect, thus opened to us, of a kind and distinguished reception? We took our way up the shelving levee, but without a road or path. We went a long distance down and across the ditches, which teemed with noxious vapors arising from the vegetable merchandise and offal of the city. At length our mandarins brought us up from the river's edge into bustling lanes, varying from five to twelve feet wide. The population gathered to see a procession so unique, and probably to them imposing. After a full half-mile, we descended into a broad ditch, filled with water reekingly offensive—a treacherous path for pedestrians, but Chinese chair-bearers, like Chinese beasts, are sure footed. We passed through an arch, under a high wall, which stands on the

bank of a moat. We should have thought that we were now leaving the city instead of entering it, if the ditch had been on the inner side of the wall. The city contains within the walls not less than eighty thousand inhabitants. Hours must have been spent in getting through it, had not a military or municipal force met us at the gates and cleared the way. The streets were lanes, the houses low, cheap, and closely crowded together, as at Tien-Tsin. Our experience, however, in passing, was particularly pleasing. The people betrayed nothing of the hate and jealousy which are ascribed to the Chinese by the Europeans in the open ports. Whether they understood Mr. Seward's public character, or were impressed by his white hair, white Thibetian great-coat, and black Thibetian cap, we do not know, but the entire population, young and old, saluted him, as he passed, with unmistakable signs of veneration. Emerging from the farther gate, we came on the direct road to Peking, distant, some say, twenty-five miles, others say twelve miles. This road, built three hundred years ago, is an embankment forty feet wide, and twenty feet above the plain, which is always subject to inundation. The whole width has been paved with hewn granite blocks four or five feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches thick. These blocks were originally jointed closely and fastened with iron clamps, so as to leave no crevice or unevenness of surface, but the elements have long since deranged and dislocated the pavement, so that it cannot be travelled now either by wheeled vehicles or animals with comfort and safety. The horsemen and carts prefer to flounder through the sands and mud of the plains below, rather than to try this dangerous highway.

"Admiral Rodgers," said Mr. Seward, as they kept their chairs side by side on this road, "did you ever hear of the interview of Mr. Webster with John Adams, the day before his death?" "No." "Mr. Webster said to the old statesman, 'How do you do, this morning, Mr. Adams?' 'Not very well,' he replied; 'I am living in a very old house, Mr. Webster, and, from all that I can learn, the landlord does not intend to repair.' "So," continued Mr. Seward, "this road gives me a more painful impression than any thing else I have seen in China—it shows that the Government has no inten-

tion to repair." The road might be restored as perfectly as before, simply by reversing the blocks, and bringing them together face downward. A clear field now allowed us to take a review and census of our party. The advance-guard consisted of twelve Chinese infantry. They wore metallic caps in the shape of Mambrino's helmet, torn by the hand of Don Quixote from the head of the caitiff barber; the caps fastened by long, yellow tassels. Their uniform consisted of blue nankeen trousers and tunics, on the back of which was a white circular ground, bearing the inscription in large, black Chinese characters, "Valor." Next came, or, rather, tried to come, a guard of twelve United States marines on foot, but the nimble-footed chair-bearers crowded so closely on them that the entire body took refuge in the rear. Next followed the four chairs of Mr. Seward, the admiral, and the ladies, with a mounted escort composed of the gentlemen of the party, civil and military. Then the musicians and seamen mounted promiscuously on horses, mules, and donkeys. The sailors found it equally difficult to keep their seats on the ponies, and their feet above-ground, when riding the donkeys. We could not count the baggage-carts, which, under the care of William Freeman, and the protection of a guard of marines, brought up the rear. Having prudently determined not to shock the sensibility of the Chinese by any display of banners or musical instruments, we came along quietly without accident or incident, until, at a distance of a few miles from Peking, we rose upon the fine arched bridge of Palikao, where the battle memorable in the war of the allies against China was fought, and in which the lately-dismissed War Minister of France gained his title. Here the native guard halted and ranged themselves at the side of our *cortége*, presented arms, and, taking respectful leave of Mr. Seward, returned to Tung-Chow.

When we had passed the bridge, the sedan-chair occupants, as well as the horsemen, were seized with a mutual desire for change. The success of either party was not brilliant. The chair-riders, victims of misplaced confidence, tumbled over the heads of the donkeys, and the cruppers of the mules; the mounted party spilled out of the chairs. The country through which we passed shows

less a neglect of cultivation than a dilapidation of estates. Halfway on the road, we met a grotesque procession. First, came a band of thirty or forty boys, dressed in scarlet and yellow, whom we might have mistaken for clowns, bearing staves with fantastic badges of authority. Next, a band of musicians, displaying equal luxury of color, banged and drummed on instruments unlike any thing we had ever seen. Then came an enormous catafalque, pagoda-shaped, mounted on wheels whose axles just escaped the ground, the exterior covered with scarlet cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace. Within was an elaborately-carved coffin. The vehicle was rolled forward on the rough road by eighty bare-legged coolies. The rank of the dead determines the number of such bearers. Preceding the car was a mournfully-dressed, sad-looking little woman, holding up before her a large, painted wooden doll. This figure represents the wife of the deceased, and is to be buried in the grave with him, as her proxy. The procession showed to us more courtesy than funeral-processions ever show at home—it opened and halted to allow the chairs to pass.

At last, after five hours' tedious and painful travel from Tung-Chow, we obtained a full view of the great Eastern Gate of Peking, rising above monotonous suburbs, not unlike those of Tung-Chow. Here the pathway on the plain below the embankment was a smooth, dry sand. How could Miss Seward resist the temptation to exchange her chair for a fine Arabian horse, which Mr. Low, the United States minister, had sent down, and so make the entry into the Chinese capital in a suitable manner? The ride was exhilarating, and perhaps excited the envy of the less fortunate members of the party. She was attended by two friends, one gentleman on horseback and another on a donkey. The procession reached the suburbs in tolerable order, but here the amusement of the journey ended, and its difficulties and sorrows began. The worn-out paved road, instead of keeping high and dry on the embankment, sank fifteen feet below the level of the streets. It had been raining continuously in Peking for three weeks, and the sunken road-bed was covered with mud knee-deep. Villanous Chinese carts, going both ways, crowded the entire path, obliging not only

the chairs, but the equestrians and pedestrians of the party, horses, mules, donkeys, and all, to pick and find their way on the broken, shelving, furrowed, crowded and every way obstructed bank, between the houses and the road-bed.

We do not know how nor where the little mounted party last mentioned fell under the guidance of a mute Chinaman on a strong, fast horse. Pointing, however, to his red cap, either as a mark for them to follow, or as a badge of his authority, he hastened them forward and onward. Only for a short time they saw their friends in the chairs coming on, but falling more and more behind. They passed under the great Eastern Gate, too much terrified to study its architecture. They turned into a narrow lane, then by a zigzag movement into another, at times crossing broader streets which were obstructed with carts, booths, merchandise, and theatres; then again into lanes, dark, deserted, and ruinous. If any one can conceive an obstruction not described, it may be brought into this picture. Now they climbed steep, slippery embankments, dashing and splashing against stone posts, sign-boards, and booths, scattering angry passengers, then pitching into nauseous, muddy pits. They not only lost all idea of courses and distances, but also lost sight of our whole column, and were effectually lost by them. It required intense and watchful effort to keep the saddle. What could all this mean? Was the mute Chinese guide a decoy, leading into an ambush? What could be the motive in bringing a stranger and a woman there? If not a decoy, why were they led by a course so blind and tortuous? Why were they separated from Mr. Seward and our gallant defenders? Perplexed with anxiety for themselves, and even greater anxiety for Mr. Seward and his friends, they halted and beckoned to the red-capped conductor for a parley. Mr. Middleton rode back as nearly as he could over the way he had come, in search of "our absent friends." He rejoined them after a period which seemed an age, and reported that Mr. Seward, nor the admiral, nor man nor woman, nor beast nor baggage, nor any other thing belonging to the party, could be found. Meantime crowds, which their imagination swelled to the entire population of the city, gathered around them in that woful plight. Well might

they be "in wonder at their case, and be perplexed at their condition," for, as the Arab historian says, "their state was wonderful, and their case was extraordinary." Among all these crowds there was not one woman, nor was there a man or boy, who gave one cheering or encouraging or sympathizing word, glance, or sign. The mute signed to move on. Manifestly, any place was safer than this. Only two subsequent incidents of that distracted ride are remembered: the first, that in a narrow street they encountered a train of loaded camels as long as that we had seen in the morning at Tung-Chow. These would move neither forward nor backward, nor give room on the right or on the left to let them pass. They grazed alternately the walls and the beasts, and it is even now a wonder how they escaped being dismounted and trodden under foot. The other incident was a momentary glimpse of a stately temple, which, with blue porcelain roof and gilded dome, towered high above an unbroken expanse of low, mean, and vulgar dwellings, only varied by intervening heaps of ruins. They then plunged, as it seemed, deeper than before into miry pits and squalid masses, now only anxious not to lose sight of the red cap of the mysterious cicerone, far in advance, and at the same time listening to catch the notes of the tinkling bells for reassurance that their donkey-mounted companion was not lost. At last, and all at once, they turned a high wall, and entered through a substantial gate-way a spacious open court, over which was waving the constellation of thirty-seven stars and its thirteen red-and-white stripes. Their gratitude was even greater than their surprise at finding Mr. Seward and Miss Risley already at the legation. His adventurous journey, as he described it, had been even more perplexing than theirs. Separated from them and from the rest of the party, he, like them, had at once lost all knowledge of both, not knowing that he had any guide except the two mandarins who had accompanied us from Tien-Tsin, and who now trod along side of his chair, as he was conveyed by a route entirely different from those which had been taken by the other portions of the party, and equally narrow, obstructed, and dangerous. At times, he jostled against camel-caravans; at other times, against motley, hurrying crowds; now crossing a

muddy moat, then scaling the slippery glacis of a frowning bastion, he occasionally had a glimpse of the admiral's chair, or Miss Risley's, or of a mounted marine or musician, but these invariably crossed his track, or were going in an opposite direction. He had his thoughts and his anxieties. He now said he could never forgive the admiral, or the naval officers, or the consul-general, who had suffered our carefully-organized and well-armed procession to be broken into fragments, and scattered through the lanes, alleys, and ditches of the semi-barbarian city. While we were exchanging these explanations, the remaining fragments of the party, civilians, officers, marines, and baggage, not forgetting trusty Freeman, more frightened than all, came so rapidly with their chairs, horses, mules, and donkeys, into the court-yard, that the arrival seemed almost simultaneous, as it certainly was of one accord.

We soon found out, but not without much inquiry, how it had come to pass that our entrance into the capital, contrary to our expectation, was so irregular and disorderly. The Chinese Government is at this moment profoundly anxious to prevent a renewal of the popular commotions which have recently culminated in the tragedy of Tien-Tsin. They had been informed, by the messenger whom the mandarins dispatched from Tung-Chow, of the construction and organization of our party. They had stipulated with Mr. Low that our band should not play along the road, or in the streets of Peking. They had, moreover, cautiously sent forward a competent number of mounted guides, wearing red caps, with instructions to break up our formidable procession at the Eastern Gate, and to conduct each portion by a different route through the most quiet and obscure parts of the city, to meet only at the legation.

Mr. Seward now declined, with many thanks, the invitation of the Russian minister, received before he left home, and we became guests of Mr. Low, who, with true Californian hospitality, would allow no member of the party to find a home outside of the legation. Wearied by the tedious boat-journey from Tien-Tsin, and the fatigues and anxieties of our grand entry into the Chinese capital, we unanimously waived the wassail, wine, and music, offered us at the legation, and retired to an early rest.

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE IN PEKING.

Aspect of Peking.—Walk on the Wall.—The Foreign Population of Peking.—Two American Chinese.—Native Wares.—The Foreign Ministers.—The Russian Minister.—The British Legation.—Influence of the United States.—The Hall of Science.—Mr. Seward's Audience with the Imperial Cabinet.—A Ladies' Day.—Chinese Ladies.—A Chinese Mansion.

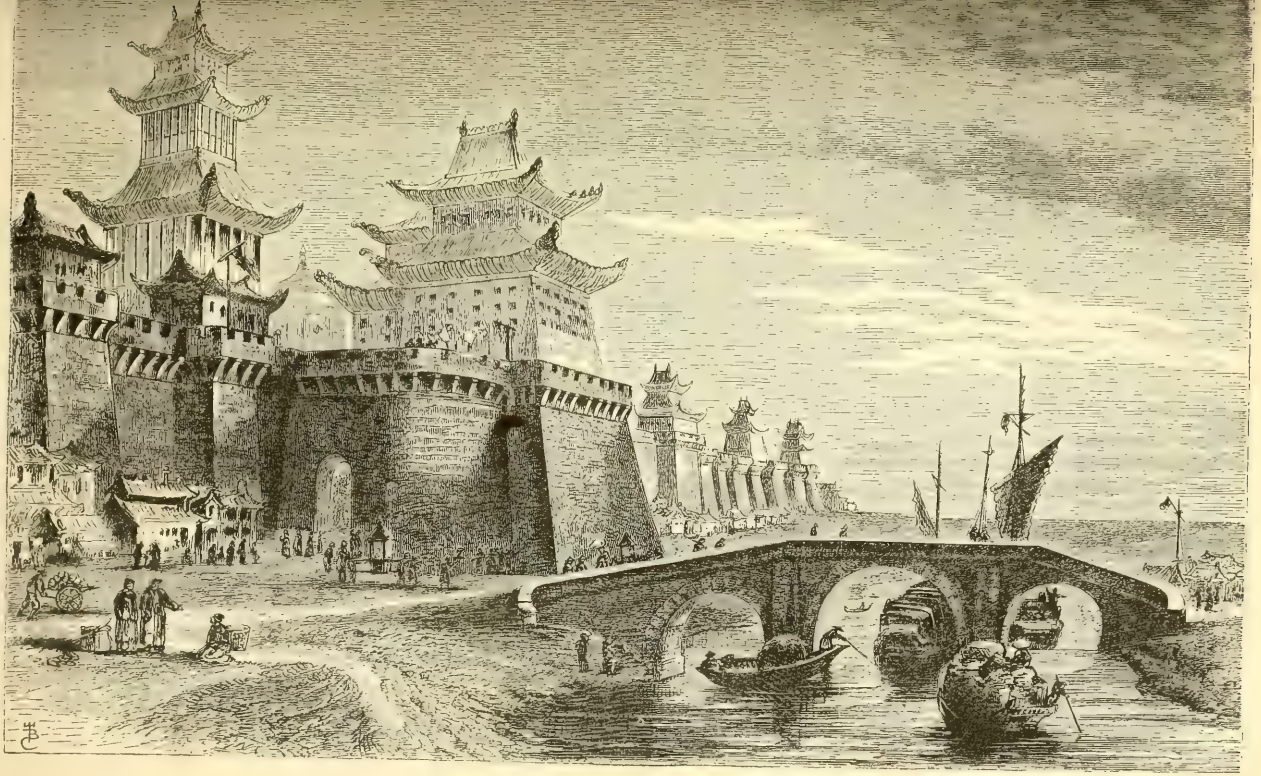
Peking, November 4th.—The legation is the spacious and comfortable dwelling which was built by the eminent Dr. Williams, so long secretary and interpreter, and not unfrequently *chargé*. It was occupied by Mr. Burlingame, and Mr. Seward now agrees that it would have been wise, when it was practicable, to have purchased it for the United States Government. There neither is in Peking, nor any other place, a building so suitable, nor could one be more economically built.

After the relation of our experience in entering the city, we need say little of the general aspect of Peking. The population is about one million. Differing from other Chinese cities, its streets are broad enough, but dilapidation and ruin mar the scenes of highest activity, while the roadways are everywhere full of obstructions, always ill-looking, and sometimes nauseous and disgusting. There are no sidewalks—seldom a pavement. With the exception of an occasional private lantern, there are no lights. Many of the narrow streets are rendered impassable by upright stone posts, set irregularly in the street for the very purpose of preventing intrusion or passage. Except in the imperial grounds,

there are no gardens and no fountains, statues, or other monuments —only compact masses of dwellings and shops, low, old, and mean.

The weather is cold, damp, and dark. A visit from General Vlangally has been the incident of the day. The prevailing agitation resulting from the Tien-Tsin massacre is the chief subject of conversation. Mr. Warden, at Shanghai, and Mr. Low and Dr. Williams, here, appear to be almost the only persons in China who take a rational and statesmanlike view of the political situation. "We must take a walk to see the city," says Mr. Seward. "There is no walk in the city," answers General Vlangally, "except on the city wall." "Very well," replies Mr. Seward, "then let us walk on the city wall."

Peking, November 4, 1870.—So here we are—on the city wall—not the outer wall, nor yet the innermost wall, but on an interior wall which divides the city of the Tartar conquerors from the Chinese city, and at the same time looks over the innermost wall which encloses the city where the emperor resides, which is therefore called the "sacred" city. We have reached this commanding eminence just at the hour when the morning sun is lighting up the snow-clad mountains which bound the valley of the Pei-ho in the west. It is cold, but, with furs elsewhere superfluous, and exercise quite unusual, we can bear it. The legation, where we reside, opens on the bank of the now dry moat, which lies at the foot of the wall. The wall is thirty feet high. We have walked several miles on this elevation, looking down from the parapets on the scene around us, and have wondered at the numerous gates, all lofty, massive, and grand; have counted the thousand towers, bastions, and ramparts; surveyed the walls of the outer and inner cities; have contemplated their watch-towers, garrisons, and arsenals; and have shrunk back from an estimate of the number of the gilded palaces and temples. If we remember, we recorded yesterday, before coming up hither, that Peking is a most unsightly and wretched city. It seems to us now, although walled cities are unfamiliar to our experience, that Peking is the only city, we have ever seen, sufficiently majestic to be a seat of empire.



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

True, these walls, built six hundred years ago, have failed to protect Peking against the allied forces of Great Britain and France, and they are confessedly useless for a defence in the modern system of warfare. But, like all the castellated and ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages, they are sublime and impressive. True, even outer walls cramp the growth of cities, while interior partitions and subdivisions must have an unwholesome effect and be otherwise intolerable. But the castellated walls of the middle ages are none the less imposing for all this. The walls of Peking address themselves no longer to the reason, but to the imagination. No Chinaman, unless in military or civil employ, and no Chinese woman under any circumstances, is allowed to go upon the walls. Why do a people so jealous allow foreigners this privilege? It is allowed because they insist upon it. Could there be a stronger evidence that China wearies and gives way before the ever-increasing importunity and exaction of the Western nations? We now recall the fact that it was stated by Mr. Burlingame, at Auburn, that this concession was first made to himself and Sir Frederick Bruce.

Unhappily, a closer inspection of the wall and its accessories enables us to see that much of its impressive effect is derived from artistic imposture. Arsenals, capacious enough for the ordnance of the Washington Navy-Yard, contain only a few awkwardly-mounted guns. Painted cannons in the embrasures are substituted for real guns.

In China the national flag is never seen singly. There are always double flag-staffs. Each gate-way has a rampart to prevent the direct approach of an enemy. The wall is an earthen embankment twenty-five feet thick at the base, the outer face covered with large, hard, gray bricks, easily mistaken for hewn stone. During the day the gates are wide open, and there is an indiscriminate commingling of the populations of the Tartar and the Chinese cities, undistinguishable at least by strangers. Yet such is the power of habitual jealousy that the gates are peremptorily and absolutely closed from sunset until sunrise. A denizen of one city left in the other at the closing must remain until morn-

ing. We look down easily into the interior city, the residence of the emperor, and therefore "the Prohibited." Its gates, like the others, are open during the day, but they are carefully guarded, and none but the privileged residents are allowed to enter, except by special order. The palaces bear no resemblance in form or structure to the royal dwellings of the West. They are spacious, and, being covered with yellow tiled roofs, and elsewhere showing a commingling of light yellow and green, they have an appearance of newness or recent repair which is in strong contrast with the outer city. The "Prohibited City" is divided by a wall into two areas. In one of these the emperor resides with his family, while the other is open to the ministers of state. We may have an opportunity to look more closely into this latter area.

The brick facing of all these walls is giving way. The culverts under them, besides many parts of the fortifications, are dilapidated, and the moat is either altogether dry or only partially filled with stagnant pools.

We have come down from the walls. What is the foreign population of Peking? Did you say five thousand? Two thousand? One thousand? It is only two hundred—diplomatic ministers, clerks, *attachés* and retainers, and missionary ministers, all told. Mr. Seward has held an audience of the whole to-day. Each legation occupies a closed area, a "compound" assigned by the Government for that purpose. Only a narrow lane divides the legation of the United States from that of Russia.

Two Chinese were announced this morning. They came in very costly native attire, shaven, wearing the pig-tail, and their feet cased in white-soled mandarin boots. To our surprise, they accosted Mr. Seward in English, calling his recollection to an acquaintance with him in the State Department at Washington. Surprised at this, he excitedly asked, how and where they had learned the English language so well. "Is it possible," they answered, "that you mistake us for Chinese? We are your own countrymen, and you saw us in service when you visited Fort Corcoran on Arlington Heights." These two officers have with great adroitness been engaged by an American mercantile house in

China to acquire the mandarin language, to enable them to act as agents in trade. On arriving at Peking for that purpose, they assumed the Chinese habit, and, abandoning for the time all foreign society, they confined themselves exclusively to Chinese inns and Chinese society. They say they have done this with so much success that they have never been detected by the natives, except when surprised in making their toilet. The natives they meet with often say that their Chinese is imperfect, but they suppose it to be a dialect of Thibet or some distant province of the empire. Of course, we must not disclose their names.

Our band of music, having been released from its durance, has played for every foreign minister, who came to visit us, the national air of his own country. It has cheered us at lunch, and awakened the echoes at the elegant dinner given us at the Russian legation, and it ended by giving the spirited dancing-music for the *soirée* with which the day has closed. It is the first foreign band of music that has ever come in time of peace to Peking. The novelty attracts native crowds, but excites no ill temper.

Peking, November 5th.—Deep concern this morning at finding the earth covered with snow, seeming to demand an early departure southward. The morning was spent in studying and cheapening the wares brought by native merchants, and spread over all the floors of the legation — bronzes, porcelain, jasper, jade, amethysts, and emeralds, wrought into the most curious shapes —sea-otter, sable, Thibetian goat, Astrakhan, wolf, white fox, red fox, bear, panther, and tiger skins. We shall not report our bargains, further than that we bought a lapis-lazuli cat for two dollars, for which the merchant's first price was twenty-five dollars, and that Mr. Seward retired in disgust from the trade when his offer of five dollars was taken up for a lignum-vitæ box, for which the vender had all day demanded fifty dollars. As far as the furs are concerned, our friends at home, to whom we send the purchases, will

LAPIS-LAZULI CAT.

judge. Let this detail serve as an instruction that, as tea is the staple vegetable production in China, so furs are the great import of Peking. It is the central market for the northern regions of the continent.

It is remarkable that, while the ancient civilization of China favored perfection in the use of the loom and the needle in the manufacture of silk, cotton, and embroidery, it seems not to have brought into use either the loom or the needle in the manufacture of woollen fabrics. The want of woollen clothes in the winter, among the poorer classes, is supplied by cotton and silk, wadded and quilted. Such garments admit of no washing and little change. The class a little higher clothe themselves in dried sheep-skins with the wool on; but every person, who can afford the luxury, dresses in fur—the richer the person, the more elegant and costly his robes of sable. Siberia sends her furs to Peking, and so does Alaska. The Tartars and Russians, after the Chinese, are the largest purchasers.

November 5th.—Peking wears everywhere the aspect of a political rather than a commercial capital. Revolution has not worked out here any such political, social, or military changes as at Yeddo. It is the residence of idle, profitless, perhaps often profligate retainers of the Government.

November 6th.—A correspondence much more intimate than is generally understood exists between the several cabinets of the world. By international usage, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at any capital is the head, or, as our Hibernian friends would express it, the "head centre" of the diplomatic body there. Mr. Seward having occupied that position at Washington, the magic ring readily opens to him, wherever we go. The circle at Peking is rather a contracted one just now. The Russian minister is *doyen*. Distinguished by military service in the Crimea, he is a discreet, modest, and intelligent gentleman, and is understood to exercise very considerable influence over the Chinese cabinet, while he enjoys the respect and confidence of his colleagues. The

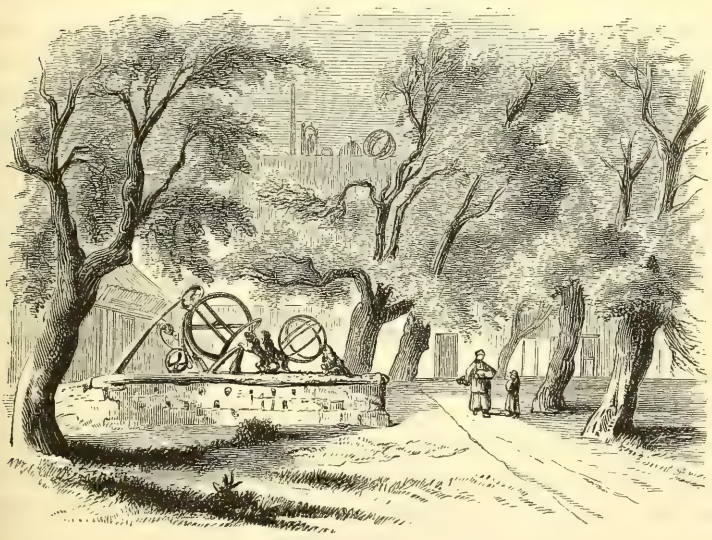
Russian legation has a spacious, costly, and elegant residence, and an imposing *personnel*. Besides four secretaries and a surgeon, it maintains a Greek chapel, open to native converts, and a Cossack guard, with extensive stables. The German legation has more moderate appointments. The minister, Baron Rehfues, is respected for his large experience. The British representative, Sir Rutherford Alcock, is absent. His place is filled by Mr. Wade, against whom there is a universal outcry, among the foreigners in China, for his supposed tameness in regard to the matter of the Tien-Tsin catastrophe. He is, nevertheless, a wise, learned, prudent, and practical minister. Mrs. Wade, a daughter of Sir John Herschel, is very intellectual, liberal in her opinions, and earnest in her admiration of American institutions. During the social banishment she has endured here, she has successfully acquired the difficult mandarin dialect. The British Government is lavish toward its legation. The residence was purchased at large expense from one of the imperial princes, and repaired last year at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The legation maintains a chapel, four secretaries, six diplomatic pupils, and a strong military guard. The French legation has Count Rochefort acting as *chargé d'affaires*. Far less discreet than our excellent friend Berthémy, or his predecessor, De Montholon, who were so acceptable in the United States, Rochefort has proved himself vehement, impetuous, impracticable, and inconstant in his reclamations on the occasion of the massacre of the French consul and nuns at Tien-Tsin, while the military disasters which have just overtaken France at home have rendered her representative here powerless. The Danish and Belgian missions are only occasional, and little more than nominal. Their incumbents are accredited to Japan as well as to China. The Dane took leave of us at Yeddo, to repair to Peking before us, but has not yet arrived. Mr. Low, the United States minister, is a very able man, of much equanimity, enjoying equally the confidence of the Chinese Government and that of the diplomatic corps. The appointments of this legation, like those of the United States elsewhere, are moderate. Frederick the Great hardly practised greater parsimony in foreign

diplomacy than our Government does. Mr. Low has neither chapel, nor surgeon, nor official dwelling-house. He has one secretary, who is also his interpreter, and no guards. Here, as in Japan, we hear our countrymen lament an alleged inferiority of our national importance and influence. They complain continually of Russian ascendency at Peking, as they do of British ascendency at Yeddo. The grievance in each case is exaggerated. The archives at Washington show that Mr. Burlingame, during his residence here, exerted a greater influence in China than any or all of his colleagues. Nor has Mr. Low lost any of this prestige. So also Mr. Townsend Harris, Mr. Pruyn, and Mr. Van Valkenburgh, as well as Mr. De Long, have not been surpassed in consideration and usefulness by foreign representatives in Japan. Nevertheless, the influence of the United States in either country is far less distinguishable in the shaping of measures of local administration than that of Russia or that of Great Britain. There is sufficient reason for this, without derogating from the prestige of the United States. They are a distinct nation. They appear in China, as they do in Japan, in the character of a just and magnanimous power. They offer little but equality and fairness in political, commercial, and social intercourse, and they demand no advantages that are not equally conceded to all other powers. Russia, on the contrary, is not only a near neighbor of China, but a colossal one. The commercial and political relations existing between them are various and intimate. The populations of the border provinces of the two empires have a close assimilation. Moreover, Russia advances nearer to China every day with her railroads, diligence-lines, and telegraph. The Chinese know that, while the friendship of Russia is invaluable, she may nevertheless prove a powerful, if not fatal enemy.

The prestige of Great Britain throughout the world, even on the European Continent, is derived chiefly from the dominion and the influence she wields in the East, and the commerce which results. This commerce, again, is the essential support of the manufactures which are the basis of the prosperity of the English people. Great Britain, therefore, wisely spares no care and no cost in main-

taining not only a diplomatic force, but a naval predominance, in the East. India, China, and Japan, are her proper theatre. In this great national policy she necessarily encounters rivalry and resistance. She has appeared in China more than once as an enemy, and proved her power, as well to destroy as to protect and save. It suits her interest to be here now as a magnanimous friend, like the United States. Long may the two nations remain in that accord!

November 7th.—We have just come from a visit to the forlorn "Hall of Science." The Church of Rome has been perse-



ANCIENT OBSERVATORY, OR HALL OF SCIENCE.

vering in its attempts to Christianize China, but has left there, thus far, only monuments of its failure. One of them is the Observatory, otherwise called the "Hall of Science." The great Protestant Reformation in Europe was, as every one knows, followed by a hardly less remarkable reaction and revival of the Roman Catholic Church originating in the inspiration of Ignatius

Loyola, and conducted chiefly by the Society of Jesus which he founded. In 1680, the Emperor Kang-Hi erected on the wall of the Tartar city an observatory, committing its construction and superintendence to Jesuit professors, with a munificent endowment. They procured in Paris, Venice, Genoa, and London, bronze astronomical instruments, the most perfect that science had at that time suggested, and of stupendous magnitude and magnificent execution. These instruments, set up in the open air, and thus exposed without any protection against the weather one hundred and ninety years, are still in perfect condition, and as available as at first. One of them is a celestial globe, seven feet in diameter, with the constellations raised upon it, showing the exact condition of astronomy as it stood two centuries ago. Besides this, there are an astrolabe, an armillary sphere, trigonometers, transit instruments, and quadrants. Although the institution remains, the circumstances which attended its foundation have entirely passed away. When the Jesuits, here as in Japan, betrayed the ambition of the Church, they were dismissed and banished. The institution fell under the care of native professors, by whom it has been neglected. At the base of the Observatory is a shabby suite of apartments, in which the two or three native professors dwell, whose business it is to correct the calendar of the seasons astronomically, while they designate for the almanac the days which are lucky and unlucky for births, marriages, bargains, journeys, combats, festivals, and funerals.

November 8th.—The event of the day has been an audience given to Mr. Seward, with Admiral Rodgers, by the Imperial Cabinet (Yamen). It required great skill and much care to organize, arrange and mount the party. If, among the Western nations, "none but the brave deserve the fair," so, in China, none but great mandarins deserve to ride in chairs, and only princes and ministers are allowed to ride in green chairs; and this, not because green suits their complexion the best, but because green in China is the color indicative of preëminent rank. So Mr. Seward, Admiral Rodgers, the United States minister, and the consul-general, took their seats in green chairs, while the staff and others were mounted

on ponies, so far as the capital furnished a supply. The "balance," as our campaign-speakers say, went in carts. The progress was on the avenue—not Pennsylvania Avenue by any means, but the avenue without show of pavement, which leads from the Imperial city, through the Tartar city to its outer wall. It was obstructed with auctions, theatrical entertainments, gambling-rings, and every thing else. The head of the procession, consisting of the green chairs, winding its way among these obstructions by the vigor and adroitness of the bearers, reached its destination, and alighted at the porch of the foreign office. It is a low Chinese structure; the doors, wide open, revealed the Yamen arranged in a row within to receive the guests. But the head of the procession, discovering that the tail had fallen off, decided to wait outside, until the lost member should reconnect. This made a delay of twenty minutes, which, as we suppose, was imperfectly explained to the ministers within, who made an unmistakable demonstration of impatience. Perceiving this, the head entered, leaving the caudal part to come up to time as it could. In the middle of the room stood a table of the common European height, eight feet long and three feet wide. Broad and comfortable stools were placed around it; there was no carpet or other furniture, but a kind of divan or sofa against two sides of the wall. Mr. Seward and his chief associates of the green chairs were graciously received by five chief ministers of state, all of grave aspect, and two of them of advanced age. They were richly dressed in silks, over which were spread ermine and other furs. They saluted their guests at first in the Chinese fashion, by bowing with hands brought palm to palm on their breasts; after this they shook hands in the American way. All the ministers then busied themselves in a somewhat demonstrative way in seating their guests. Two of the Chinese ministers took their seats at the upper end of the table, in the order, not of their rank, but of seniority. They placed Mr. Seward at the side of the table on the left, then Mr. Low, then the admiral, and then the consul-general; next two interpreters. The remaining members of the cabinet completed the circle. The table was thickly spread with china dishes filled with *bon-bons* and dried fruits. The presiding min-

ister then rose and announced that his Imperial Highness Prince Kung, regent of the empire during the minority of the emperor, had been suddenly attacked this morning by a violent illness, on his return from the imperial palace. He lamented his failure to

PRINCE KUNG.

meet Mr. Seward, as he had appointed, and had charged the cabinet to receive him with this apology, or to postpone the audience to a future occasion, as Mr. Seward himself might prefer. The minister said he was charged by Prince Kung to say that he regarded it as a great distinction that he was to become acquainted with Mr. Seward, and that the prince intended in any case, as soon as he should recover his health, to visit Mr. Seward at his residence. Although Mr. Seward accepted the apology without distrust or hesitation, yet all the members of the cabinet earnestly reënforced it.

Mr. Seward then inquired about the health of Wan-Siang, who was absent. The presiding minister replied that Wan-Siang was ill, and had just obtained leave of absence from his post in the ministry for a year, to mourn the death of his mother. But they instantly dispatched a courier to him, communicating Mr. Seward's inquiries. The courier, in less than half an hour, brought a mes-

sage of thanks and friendship from Wan-Siang. Later Mr. Seward spoke of the ability which Wan-Siang had displayed in his negotiations with the United States, and of the friendship he had always manifested toward our country. These words, like Mr. Seward's previous inquiries, were taken down and reported to Wan-Siang by a courier, and elicited a similar reply. The ministers spoke with much feeling of the death of Mr. Burlingame. Mr. Seward said that Mr. Burlingame's diplomatic career was an illustration of the highest possible success. A minister lives always under two distinct and sometimes irreconcilable obligations: First, he must retain the confidence of his own country; secondly, he must not fail to win the confidence of the country to which he is accredited. Mr. Burlingame filled both obligations, and thus was enabled to unite the two nations in a new bond of peace, and in a common effort to advance civilization. The ministers thought themselves under obligations to Mr. Seward; in the first instance, for the appointment of Mr. Burlingame as United States minister to China, and then for receiving him as minister of China to the United States and Europe.

Mr. Seward inquired the number and functions of the "Bannermen." The ministers replied: "They are four distinct legions, containing many thousand men. They all reside at Peking. They are sworn to maintain and defend the emperor in all conflicts, whether at home or abroad, and in compensation for this service they all receive stipends from the Government. But the organization of the legions is worn out. The service is a sinecure, costly, and useless."

Manifestly the ministers feared that the apologies for the absence of Prince Kung from the reception might be thought by Mr. Seward insincere and evasive, for they returned to the subject continually. He assured them that, although he had during eight years conducted the diplomatic relations of the United States with China, yet in all that time not one case of procrastination or subterfuge, on the part of the regent, had occurred. Mr. Seward hoped for the prince's speedy recovery, and begged the ministers to be at their ease about the present disappointment.

The senior minister then, in a most reverential manner, addressed Mr. Seward, "What is your venerable age?" Just at this solemn stage of the audience, when all were silently waiting for Mr. Seward's reply, what should appear but the tail of our great national procession! Slowly eliminating itself from the street, it entered the gate, crossed the court, and appeared at the door. All at once the queued sub-officials of the foreign office, who had gathered there to be witnesses of the interesting ceremony, rushed upon the porch to discover the cause of the interruption. Proclamations were then made in Chinese by the ministers within, which our friends outside, not waiting for an interpretation, understood to be, "Make way for the tail!" Way was made, and quickly too, but where the amazed native lookers-on went to, our friends could not discover. The Chinese ministers all five, the American guests all four, and the interpreters twain, rose to their feet to receive the tail, and remained in that respectful attitude until that important extremity had extended itself with its gilt epaulets and buttons, its blue and black coats, and white gloves, on the row of benches around the room. Order being restored, the presiding minister renewed the suspended inquiry. Mr. Seward, looking around him, said: "I think I am neither the oldest nor the youngest statesman here. I am sixty-nine. I hope that the youngest may live to reach your own honorable age, which I understand to be seventy-five, and that all may be blessed with years beyond that age."

This answer of Mr. Seward was received with great hilarity by the Chinese cabinet, and unanimously pronounced to be so exquisitely courteous as to deserve a bumper. Thereupon glasses were brought in, filled with a hot, strong drink, which they called wine. Then followed a slow and measured succession of delicate viands, birds'-nest soup, pigeons'-eggs, cabbages minced, and tender shoots of bamboo boiled, pheasants, grouse, and stewed wild-ducks of many kinds, fishes, sharks'-fins and other luxuries with names unknown. These dishes, in the whole numbering not less than one hundred and fifty, were severally served to each guest in the smallest bits on tiny plates, which at last crowded and encumbered the table.

These plates were filled by the ministers from tureens, which continually replaced each other. Each visitor was provided with knife and fork, as well as chop-sticks. It is etiquette here for each person to help every other person at the table to every course that comes on. Occasionally, Mr. Seward raised a political question of some sort, but the ministers adroitly passed it by. Whether they were unwilling to speak freely in the absence of the regent, or whether they feared to expose themselves before the crowded Chinese audience, which had again gathered in the apartment, Mr. Seward could not determine. We learn that all the offices of the Government are filled or suspected of being filled with spies. It was soon manifest that little was to be learned of Chinese affairs at this magnificent entertainment. The ministers, with evident self-satisfaction, entertained their guests with familiar Chinese proverbs, epigrams, and riddles, and they resolutely persisted in accepting as clever every thing said by Mr. Seward, or either of the other guests, however commonplace it might be. Two of the ministers are poets; they rehearsed their own verses and other Chinese poetry, with marked emphasis and at great length. Neither of the interpreters, however, could render these verses into intelligible English. But the guests received the rehearsal as fine, nevertheless.

One of the ministers said: "Mr. Seward, your complexion is very fresh and your step vigorous. You must have a secret, which enables you to preserve them through such great labors and travels."

"You are complimentary," answered Mr. Seward; "what health and strength I have are due to activity and exercise."

To this one of the poetical ministers responded: "Yes, every thing in the universe is constantly active; only the Creator of all is at rest."

Mr. Seward now began to understand that this reception was intended less as an audience than as a feast, and that drinking deep, or at least often, is here a requirement of such an entertainment. The ministers descanted both in prose and poetry, with proverbs and epigrams, on the virtue of hospitality, and the excellence of conviviality. They drank deep and filled up often.

Addressing Admiral Rodgers, one of the two Anacreons insisted

that the best proof of friendship that one can give at an entertainment is, to get drunk. All his associates facetiously concurred.

Admiral Rodgers answered: "I accept the generous sentiment, and I invite all the members of the cabinet to get as drunk as possible, and as quickly as they can."

The cabinet showed its appreciation of the admiral's repartee by vehement laughter and much gesticulation. At least, one of them took the gallant admiral at his word, and drank much deeper than before.

The hospitality of the ministers was not monopolized by the head of the procession. Dainty dishes and strong drinks were served to the tail as it lay stretched along the benches. They were discussed with entire satisfaction, but in respectful though wondering silence.

After a sitting of four hours, Mr. Seward, to whom the right belonged, brought the entertainment to an end by proposing to his august entertainers: "Perpetual peace, prosperity, and welfare to China."

The ministers deliberated, consulted, and then asked leave to amend by adding the words, "and the United States."

Mr. Seward accepted the amendment with a further amendment, which brought the sentiment into this form, satisfactory to all the party:

"Perpetual peace, prosperity and welfare to China and the United States, the oldest and the youngest of empires.

The visitors rose, and, after the most respectful and cordial bowing and hand-shaking, were dismissed. The procession reached the legation at a very late hour. We have not heard whether it stood any more firmly on the order of its coming than it did on the "order of its going," as the gentlemen had no time to report before sitting down to Mr. Low's dinner, the great diplomatic entertainment of the season.

November 9th.—Three months to-day from Auburn. Not a word yet from home. Mr. Seward has sent a telegram by courier one hundred and eighty miles to Kiakhta, on the Russian frontier,

there to be put on the Russian wires. How much more have we seen and learned, in these three months of foreign travel, than we could have seen and learned within the same period of travel at home! A messenger has come to the legation with compliments to Mr. Seward, and a polite inquiry whether his reception yesterday was agreeable to him. They desired him to know that they never unbent themselves so much to a stranger as they did to him on that occasion.

This has been especially a ladies' day. Yang-Fang, pawnbroker

YANG-FANG.

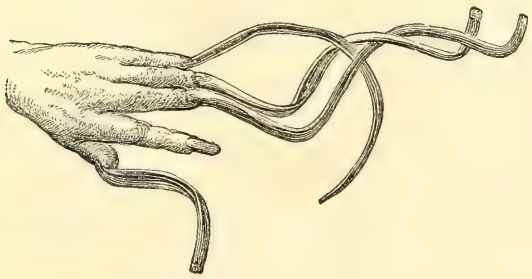
by profession, mandarin by rank, one of the three richest men in Peking, was educated at Shanghai, where he had some opportunities of seeing the Western mode of life. He is desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of foreigners here so far as he can do so without exciting Chinese suspicion of his loyalty. He tendered an invitation to the three ladies to visit his family. The invitation was communicated confidentially, and with the condition that they should be attended by only two gentlemen, neither of whom should be an official person. The ladies went at one o'clock to-day, in

closely-covered chairs, through familiar streets, until they turned into a narrow and uninviting one. There they stopped at the gate of an outside wall, one of many gates of the same kind. Through this gate they were ushered into a paved court. Ascending three or four steps, they entered a second gate. The mandarin received them there with his wife and five handmaidens who were waiting, and led them through a corridor. This ceremony over, the wife led the party to her boudoir. This room is furnished with a curious combination of European and Chinese styles. A Brussels carpet,

WIFE OF YANG-FANG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIMSELF.)

half a dozen mirrors of different sizes, with gilt frames, pictures of the Yosemite valley, a French clock, a barometer, a small American sewing-machine with a crank, two chairs covered with red cloth, Chinese divans, a French bedstead with curtains, French knick-knacks, but no Chinese ones, rows of porcelain vases, and pots filled with chrysanthemums, an aquarium with gold-fish, a black cat, six finely-bred spaniels, and a monkey, made the complement of this singular apartment. The visitors, taking seats on the European sofas, and the Chinese ladies on the divans, exchanged compliments as well as they could, the American ladies trying to

recall the instructions they had received from Chi-Tajen at Auburn. Next the Chinese ladies took the watches, gold chains, bracelets, and foreign rings, and inspected them carefully. At the same time they put into the hands of their visitors their own ornaments, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and amethysts. After this the ladies of the house examined the American ladies' dresses, hats, and gloves, marking well the fashion and material, and in a gentle and unaffected way offered to inspection their own richer and more elegant costumes of silk and embroidery. The wife is a delicate-looking woman of forty. She wore a lavender-colored, embroidered crèpe petticoat, over this a double tunic of two pretty shades of blue silk, trimmed with a variegated chintz border, scarlet satin embroidered under-sleeves, so long as nearly to conceal the slender hands—the nails, as long as the fingers, polished and stained to resemble tortoise-shell, each nail having for its protection a wrought gold case. Her coarse, black Mongolian hair, carefully dressed and fastened with gold pins, was partly covered with a black-satin

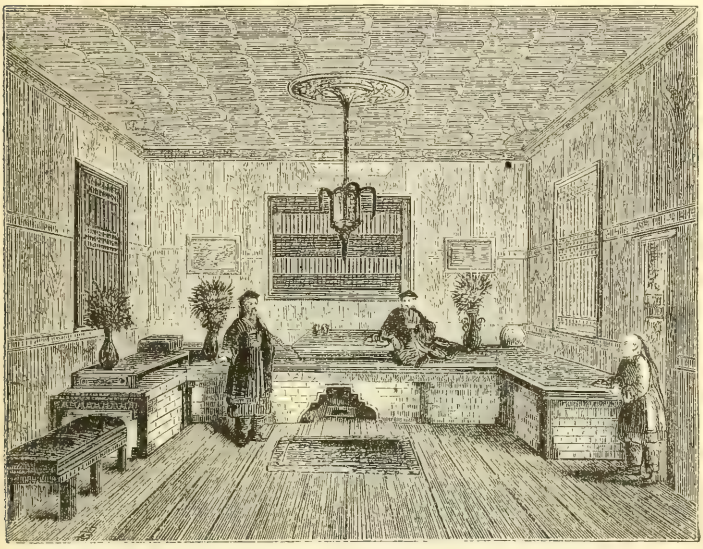


LONG NAILS.

cap, tied at the back. This cap, not unlike in shape to the "Mary Stuart," was entirely seeded with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, many of them, especially the pearls, large, and of rare value. Her feet, of which only occasional glimpses could be had, were not more than three inches long, and were tightly encased in scarlet-satin shoes; her face and neck, literally plastered with pearl-white, in shocking contrast with eyelids and cheeks painted pink, and lips red; her manners and speech are unmistakably

refined; she is reputed intellectual, and fond of books. The five handmaidens were dressed in a manner which, though not inelegant, showed the inferiority of their position—one of them very handsome, dressed in scarlet satin, but none of the five wore jewels, or had small feet. The wife has no children; two of the waiting-women have. While, by the custom of China, these children are accredited to the wife as her own, and deemed legitimate, their mothers rather lose than acquire respect by the parentage. The mutual inspection of dresses in the boudoir having ended, the visitors were next conducted to what they supposed to be the mandarin's apartment, the great room of the house. Here they found a sofa, a covered table, and two chairs, all European, a broad but very low carved Chinese bedstead, with heavy blue-silk curtains, and cases of chemical, photographic, electric, and other scientific apparatus of European manufacture. Tea was served in French china cups, first the English breakfast-tea, afterward the real Chinese beverage, which has the exquisite aroma of neroli; with it nice cakes of endless variety and shapes, made of flour, sugar, and oil. The wife and one of the women sat at the table with the guests, while the others busied themselves in sending in the different courses of the entertainment, which were served by young girls. The Chinese ladies, with their own hands, favored their guests with cigarettes made of Turkish tobacco, while they themselves used long, massive, silver pipes. The smoke was inhaled through water, and invariably blown out of the nose. Being well provided with interpreters, the visitors tried to induce conversation. The Chinese ladies answered nothing, but laughed at every thing the guests said. They then endeavored to accommodate themselves to their entertainers, and spoke to them as to children, but with little more success. The mandarin improved the opportunity to express his admiration for European customs. He thanked the ladies for the honor of their visit, and then showed them all the other apartments of the house. These have only stone floors, and the rooms are without furniture. He even conducted them to his opium-smoking room for guests, with its carefully prepared kang and pillows for reclining upon when the delicious intoxication comes on. The ladies, of course,

did not indulge. The mandarin informed them that he does not practise it, and on this occasion the use of the room was lost. The mandarin, being a proficient in photography, displays pictures of



YANG-FANG'S SMOKING-ROOM.

his wife and handmaidens throughout the house. In one room there is a disorderly collection of Chinese books.

In going through the maze of apartments, the ladies, hearing the loud chirping of a cricket, stopped. Thereupon one of the women brought out a white-silk bag from her pocket, and took from it a small, exquisitely-carved bamboo-box, and, opening it, showed us her pet cricket, which closely resembles the American grasshopper. The fighting of crickets is a favorite amusement of the Chinese ladies.

A rather rough cast-iron English pump, standing against the wall, attracted the attention of the visitors, and they inquired its use. The mandarin said, "It is set up to extinguish accidental fire, and I put the women under it when they quarrel." The women evidently looked upon it with disgust.

The house consists of no less than twenty distinct buildings,

with red-and-yellow verandas, all connected by two very irregular corridors, one above the other, which turn and twist up and down through crooked little staircases, under arches, around square pillars, in and out of all sorts of dark holes and corners. There are two narrow areas, which pretend to be gardens, with a grotesque combination of shrubbery and rock-work.

Having finished the exploration of this quaint, inconvenient, and dingy mansion, the visitors took their leave, and reached the legation at six in the evening.

CHINESE GATEWAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESIDENCE IN PEKING (Continued).

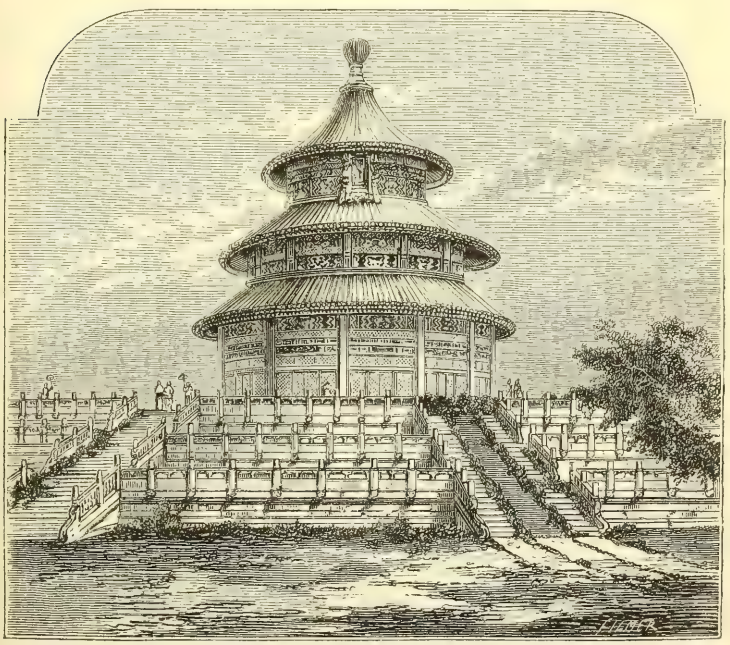
The Decay of China.—The Temple of Heaven.—The Temple of the Earth.—The Temple of Buddha.—The Chinese Bonzes.—The Temple of Confucius.—The Religion of China.—A Pleasant Reunion.—The Birds of Peking.—An Official Dilemma.—Interview with Wan-Siang.—Influence of Burlingame.

November 10th.—We are inclined to think that, while every other nation in the world is advancing toward a higher plane of civilization, China is not merely stationary, but is actually going backward and downward. Is this decline of China a result of the imperfect development of religious truth? The Chinese remain now as they were five thousand years ago, materialists. They worship the heavens, they worship the earth, the sun, and the moon, the planets, and the ocean, besides a multitude of other natural objects and forces. They worship, more than any other creature, their ancestors, who are created beings even if they have an existence after death. Even the philosophy and morals of Confucius have left the Chinese sentiment of his teachings not less material than before. The Chinese have expressed this materialism in erecting great temples—the Temple of Heaven, the Temple of the Earth, and the Temple of the Moon. To the material heaven they ascribe all power, and from it they claim that the emperor, as vicegerent, derives all authority. As Heaven made not only China, but the whole world, so the emperor as vicegerent not only governs the empire, but is rightful ruler of the whole earth. The Temple

of Heaven, in Peking, is therefore, preëminently, the imperial one; or, if there is such a thing as a sense of nationality in China, the national one—more national than Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's is a national church of England, or Notre-Dame a national church of France, or St. Peter's of Italy. The Temple of Heaven is to China what Solomon's Temple was to the people of Judea. It stands in an enclosed area of six hundred acres. Its lofty porcelain dome, typical of heaven, has the azure tint of the sky. Its circular altar consists of three stages or stories, the lower one hundred and twenty feet, the second ninety feet, and the third sixty feet in diameter. In this Temple of Heaven the emperor is crowned, and by that ceremony assumes, as vicegerent of Heaven, the government of the whole earth. He is dressed in blue, imitating the drapery of the skies, and faces the south, because China chiefly lies south of Peking, and the rest of the world is supposed to be lying in dependence beyond it. Here he makes annual sacrifices to Heaven, invoking its protection of the empire in war, and its blessings in peace. Dressed in yellow, the color of the earth, he offers similar though less frequent sacrifices at the Temple of the Earth. Dressed in red robes, he makes similar homage in the Temple of the Sun, and in pale white in the Temple of the Moon.

A high, embanked road, once grandly paved, leads from the imperial palace, in the "Forbidden City," to the Temple of Heaven. When the emperor visits this temple, he is seated in a yellow-and-blue car, which is drawn over that road by six white elephants. The temple is held as sacred by the Chinese as the Caaba at Mecca by the Mohammedans. Mr. Seward was desirous to visit it. All the foreign ministers assured him that the popular prejudice against profaning the temple, even by the intrusion of the Chinese themselves, is so great that no ministry could dare open it to a foreigner. Not long ago, however, there was a place broken in the outer wall, over which some adventurous travellers have entered. We set out to explore, thinking it possible we might effect an entrance through that breach. On the way we took notice that the present regency has sold all the imperial elephants, and that the stables are falling into decay. We found the imperial avenue in ruins, so that no

elephant-car or other vehicle could be driven over it. We made our way on foot and in chairs. Arriving opposite the temple area, we discovered that, although the breach in the wall had been closed, a gate at the front was open, a janitor standing by it. This seeming a propitious sign, we left the avenue, and directed our steps thither. The janitor, seeing us approach, closed the gate, and retired, certainly out of sight, but we thought not out of hearing. We had interpreters ready of speech and skilful to negotiate, but no inducement that we offered, either moral or pecuniary, could avail to bring back the lost custodian. This was only one more renewal of the experience which other members of the party had



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

for several days. More disappointed than chagrined, we crossed the avenue, to a gate opposite the Temple of Heaven, which opens upon the same area with the Temple of Agriculture. A long

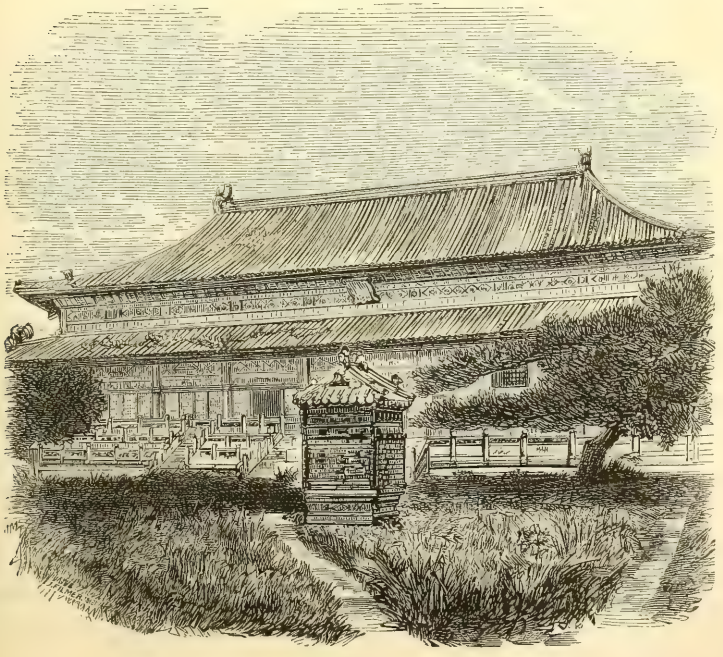
argument ensued between our interpreter, Dr. Williams and the custodian. It ended by his taking half a dollar in Chinese "cash." On inquiry, however, we found that the difficulty was not one that involved the privilege of entering the temple, but only a question of prepayment of the fee.

The enclosure of the Temple of Agriculture contains four hundred acres. Custom requires that the emperor shall come once a year to this temple, with the same magnificent demonstration as on the occasion of his visits to the Temple of Heaven, and, as vicegerent of Heaven, shall break the earth with a plough, sow it with seed, and implore propitious rain and sunshine, and plentiful harvest. These functions being celestial, the right to perform them cannot be delegated, and so they are for the present suspended during the minority of the emperor. The present emperor is yet only thirteen years of age. Several years having elapsed since the death of the last monarch, the temple and its appurtenances exhibit neglect and ruin, such as are not likely to occur on the show-grounds of our agricultural fairs.

A large portion of the grounds is covered with cypress-groves, a growth of more than five hundred years. The grounds and even the roads are overrun with coarse, rank grass and weeds. The wild-thorn made fearful havoc with our clothes, and we required to be continually on our guard against nettles. In an open square of half an acre is a circular platform of stone, with a marble balustrade and a staircase, which is guarded by the figure of a dragon. On ceremonial occasions, a throne is placed in the centre of this platform under a gorgeous blue canopy. Here the emperor alights from his palanquin, and takes his seat in solitary pomp. Directly opposite, at a distance of thirty feet, is a similar platform which is occupied by the imperial family. Proclamation being made, the emperor leaves the throne, and makes a solemn progress, followed by his family and ministers, to a temple some two hundred feet distant, which may be eighty feet square and fifty feet high; against the inner wall of this temple a dais is raised twenty feet, and upon it is a throne, the same which the late emperor occupied at the last celebration. Over the throne, in large characters, is this legend:

"We praise the God who taught men to sow, and who gives them the harvest."

Altars with vases surround the throne. When the emperor has been seated for a time, he rises, and, standing erect, lifts his hands in adoration, and amid the clouds of incense invokes the blessings needful for his people. This part of the ceremony concluded, the emperor then walks to a distant enclosure of perhaps eight acres. Here, upon another throne, he is attended by the imperial family and the whole court. New proclamation being made, the emperor advances into the field, and with his own hand on the plough drives it until one acre of soil is upturned. This done, he scatters the seed. Princes of the imperial family and distinguished members of the court follow, and in like manner plough and sow the remainder of the field. After this, the emperor, with his family, court, and ministers, repairs to a platform on the opposite side of the field,



TABLET HALL.

on which is erected a large altar. Here, in the presence of all, he makes a burnt-offering of oxen, sheep, goats, and other animals to the God of Agriculture.

Having surveyed these more prominent places in the area of the Temple of Agriculture, we next visited a great central edifice, on the walls of which are tablets dedicated to the God of the Winds, the God of Thunder, the God of the Green Grass, and the God of the Green Stalks of Grain. We were afterward conducted to a sunken place, paved and walled with stone, in which place the sacrificial animals are kept. We saw here the arched passage through which they are driven, the yard in which they are butchered, the immense platform on which they are prepared for the altar, the huge furnaces and kettles in which the offerings are burned, and finally the oven, as large as a city bakery, in which, after the sacrifice is completed, all the refuse of the animals, and all the garments and vestments of the priests and attendants engaged in the sacrifice, are reduced to ashes.

On our way out of the temple, we stopped before a curious ivy-canopied oratory, within which stand the shrines of three gods, one a dwarf, the others larger, the three differing in complexion as in stature. The right figure, the God of the Sea, bears a trident, and is copper-colored. The left figure is the God of Rain, and is pure white. The central figure is the God of Benevolence, and is African black. The Chinese divinities are always attended by guardians. This singular group rejoices in the protection of a huge, fierce, wooden soldier, armed with a veritable musket, lock, stock, and barrel, complete.

Three thousand three hundred and sixty years ago, the Almighty spake directly to a portion of the human race then residing on the western shore of Asia, "these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow thyself down to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."

The nations which have established themselves between the Mediterranean shore, on which these words were spoken, and the eastern side of the Pacific Ocean, have accepted and obeyed these awful commands, and have built a common system of civilization upon them. But the dwellers here on the eastern coast of China have not accepted either the idea that God is the Creator and Supreme Director of the Universe, or that he is One God, or that he is a jealous God.

It is not to be understood, however, that the national mind of China has made no struggles to lift itself above the dead level of materialism. We proceeded from the Temple of Agriculture to visit one which is a monument of such a struggle. This is the Temple of Buddha. The founder of the Buddhist faith did indeed reach the sublime truths expounded by Moses, that God is spiritual, One, and jealous. But he could not hold fast to that exalted truth pure and simple. That faith, therefore, while it accepts Buddha as the Supreme Creator of the Universe, teaches at the same time that, by various processes, occupying long spaces of time, he becomes and remains incarnate on the earth. This impersonation, bearing the name of the Grand Lama, resides in Thibet, veiled from all mortal eyes but a purified and sacred priesthood, which priesthood has its societies and orders throughout China and all the East. It is a subject of curious reflection that, as, in Europe and America, the nations uniformly derive their revelations and systems of faith from the East, so, on the eastern shores and islands of Asia, they with equal confidence claim to have received their religious revelations from the West.

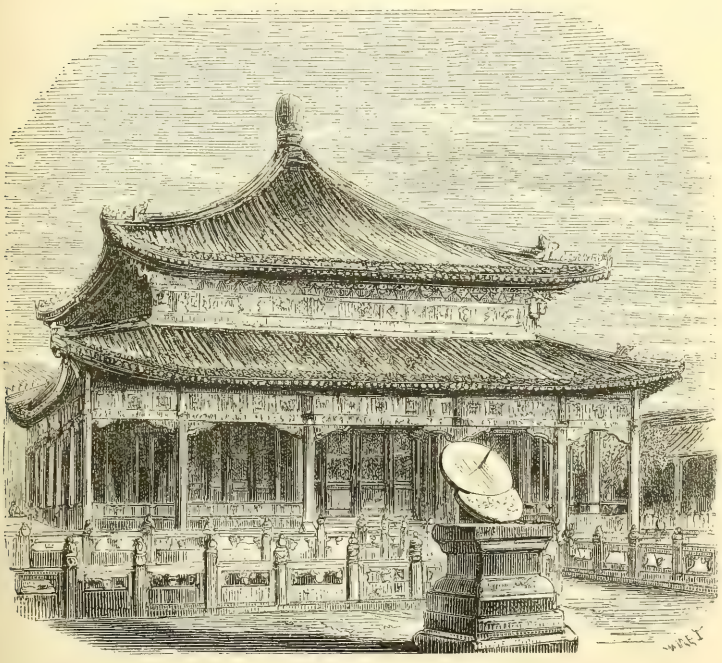
The Buddhists have two great temples at Peking—one in the Tartar city, the other in the Chinese. It was the former which we visited. It consists of several immense edifices, which in the seventeenth century were the residence of an emperor, who becoming an adherent to that religion surrendered his palace to the community of Buddhist bonzes, and dedicated it to that form of worship. The principal structure, built of brick and stone, is capable of holding three thousand persons; the roof is supported with columns of cedar brought from Birmah, eighty feet high. A gigantic wooden statue

of Buddha towers from the floor to the roof. Its carved drapery, while it leaves the form distinct, conceals the entire person except the huge, jet-black face, fingers and toes. According to the tradition of the sect, the living Buddha in Thibet had, at the time of his incarnation, eighteen most saintly apostles who endured all manner of trials and worked all manner of miracles. These eighteen apostles, carved in wood, sit cross-legged in a circle around the great idol, gazing at the soles of their feet, supposed to be an attitude of divine contemplation. Vases of incense stand before the god and each of the saints. The images are so far from having any spiritual expression, that the faces of all, including that of Buddha, are simply inane. All around the temple are shrines, each of which supports a diminutive female figure carved in bronze. Each of these figures represents the virgin mother of the incarnate Buddha. It is not without probability that theologians suppose that this idea, now universally held by the Buddhists, analogous to that of the Madonna, is a modern innovation derived from some early inculcations of the Christian Church. Certainly the similarity is remarkable. One of our fellow-travellers at Shanghai bought a bronze image of the mother of Buddha, with an infant in its arms, which, on examination, we concluded to be an antique figure of the Virgin Mary. These statuettes to-day are carefully draped in bright yellow silk, the thermometer having fallen last night to 32°.

Admiral Rodgers will verify another curious ornament which arrested our attention in this temple. It is a picture which hangs against the inner wall, and presents a view of the Last Judgment —a celestial figure pronouncing sentence, the doomed descending into a fiery abyss, the blessed rising into regions of felicity. It is so like the conceptions of the middle ages, that the picture might have been a study for Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. There are a thousand bonzes in the monastery attached to this temple. They surrounded us on our way through it. Though they wear a yellow uniform, they are ragged and unclean, and appear in the last stage of mendicity. We shrank from too close a contact with them. They are ignorant, idle, and lazy. They seem to have no efficient ecclesiastical superior, and to be amenable to

no public opinion. In these respects they contrast very disadvantageously with the cleanly, neat, and courteous bonzes whom we saw in Japan. Although a daily ritual service is read in the temple, it everywhere exhibits the saddest evidences of neglect and dilapidation.

After so broad a study of the practices of idolatry, we were now prepared for the more pleasing ones of rationalistic institutions. Escaping from the mendicant throng, who followed us to the outer



THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

gate of the Buddhist monastery, we proceeded to the Temple of Confucius. It is about as spacious as the Senate-hall in Washington. After having been so long bedazzled and bewildered by the Buddhist and other pagan temples in China, it was not without pleasant surprise that we found the great hall, which we now entered, unique in design and simple in decoration. There is here

neither idol nor image, the likeness of any thing in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, nothing to bow down to or worship. There is neither altar, nor vase, nor candelabra. Instead of all these, there is, in a large niche in the rear wall, a plain pedestal, which bears a modest red tablet, on which is engraved, in letters of gold, the name "Confucius." The architrave of the niche bears seven legends, the homages of the several emperors, of the present dynasty, who have reigned since the temple was built. These legends are as follows:

By Kia-King.

"The holy one combined the great perfections."

By Kang-Hi.

"The leader and patron of all nations."

By Yung-Ching.

"Mankind has seen none like him."

By Kien-Ling.

"The equal of Heaven and Earth."

By Tai-Kwang.

"The holy one who assists in harmonizing the seasons."

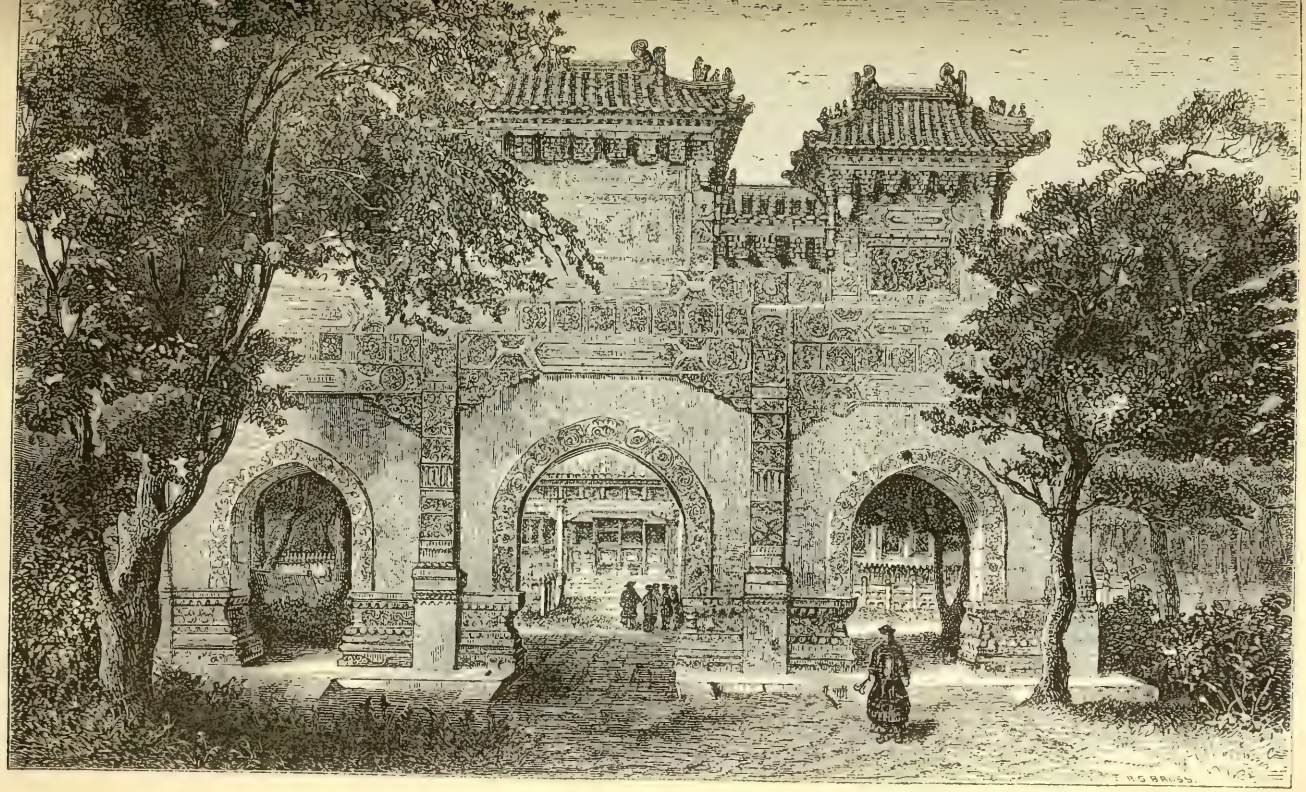
By Hien-Fung.

"His virtue is all the virtue which can exist between the canopy of Heaven above and the Earth below."

Fung-Chi, the present boy-emperor, contributes this:

"His holiness is divine; Heaven cannot circumscribe it."

Around the sides of the room are arranged tablets dedicated to eminent disciples of Confucius. Near the temple is the great Palace Hall, where the annual competitive examination of pupils, from all parts of the empire, is held. The construction of the Examination Chamber is at once convenient and elegant. We are



GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS, PEKING.

not sure that it would be thought exceptional for Lyceum or Examination Hall at Yale or Harvard. It has a raised platform, with a plain throne, for the emperor, who annually attends here for the purpose of conferring the degrees, and has chairs for the examiners, with benches, raised in semicircular rows, for the candidates. The studies are confined to the writings of Confucius, which are regarded as the classics of China, and every word of which is labo-

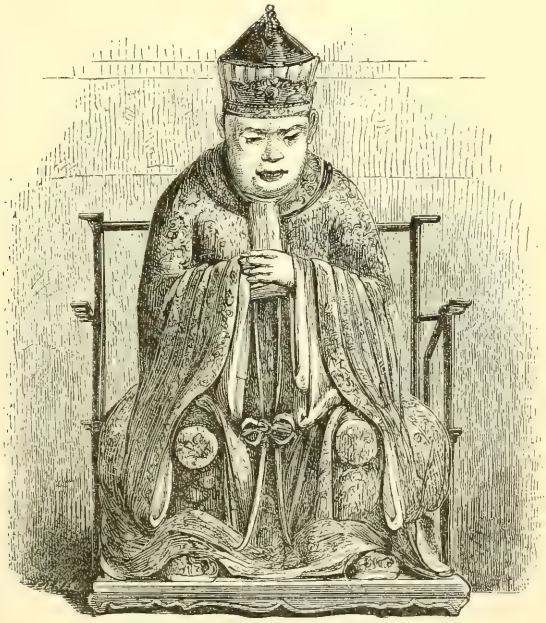


IMAGE OF CONFUCIUS.

riously committed to memory. A long, covered corridor connects this hall with the temple last described. This corridor has a row of massive granite columns. We could not stop to count them. The square monoliths are completely covered with the writings of Confucius, the text being the prescribed standard for all republications within the empire. The grounds contain twelve thousand apartments for professors and scholars. The entire institution bears, in government language, the name of "academy." We

were sorry to find all parts of the academy covered with dust and sand, and exhibiting evidence of much neglect, though not dilapidated like the temples.

Open any Chinese book, ask any Chinese statesman or scholar, and you will learn that Confucius is worshipped. Push the inquiry further, and you will learn that he is worshipped not as a deity, but as a person of divine perfection. The absence of the customary symbols of worship in the Temple of Confucius confirms this view. The Chinese ambassadors at Washington refused to recognize one of their young countrymen who had been educated at Fairfax Theological Seminary for the Christian ministry. He pleaded, as an excuse for his conversion, the divinity of Christ. They replied: "Why do we want another Christ? We have a Christ of our own, Confucius." A Chinaman, whom we met here, when pressed by one of our missionaries to accept the gospel of Jesus Christ as the gift of God to man, replied: "Why is not a Christ born in China as good as a Christ born in the United States?"

This national habit of comparing Confucius with the Saviour undoubtedly results from the similarity, in many respects, between the teachings of Confucius and the Christian morals. The Chinese reformer teaches no dogmatic theology, either of materialism or mysticism. He tolerates all such, however, while his code of morals and manners is adapted to all classes and conditions of society, and to all forms of religious faith. The worshippers of heaven and earth, the sun, moon, and stars, can accept the system of Confucius, because it does not interfere with any principles of their own. The Buddhists entertain no jealousy of it. It fails, however, to regenerate the empire; it is "of the earth, earthy." "As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy, and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly." The motive of duty to our fellow-men must have its most effective spring in the sense of duty to God. No human being can have that sense, unless he has accepted the truth that God is one, and that he is a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

The day closed with an excursion through the imperial city, and under the walls of the "prohibited" city. The grounds at-

tached to the imperial palaces have an exquisite arrangement of lawn and grove, of hill and lake. These grounds are cultivated with due care, and gave us the only scene we have found in Peking, or indeed in China, exempt from the ravages of decay and desolation.

November 11*th.*—We met, last evening, the diplomatic society, and all the foreigners residing in Peking, in a pleasant reunion at the British legation.

The imperial parks and gardens, the groves around the temples, the waste places made by sieges and fires, not to speak of the multitude of canals, fit Peking to be a paradise of birds, and the taste of the Chinese people favors their preservation. We are awakened every morning by the cawing of the foraging army of crows going out on their march to the cornfields outside the city. The sky is blackened at sunset with the regiments returning to bivouac. The crow is not here, however, as among us, regarded with dislike. He is taught solemn exercises, cunning acts, and winning ways. Thrushes, as large as our robins, and sparrows especially beautiful, abound, and game is more plentiful than poultry at home. The pigeon, everywhere a favorite of man, is especially so here. Flocks, whirling through the air at all hours of the day, arrest notice by shrill and varied notes, which they never utter elsewhere. We were a long time perplexed as to what particular species these birds belonged, and in what way they produced these not unmusical sounds. They are reared in dovecotes, and a light reed-whistle is delicately fastened on the back of the bird, at the root of the tail-feathers. Many reasons are assigned for this invention. The most common one is, that it frightens the crows in their depredations. Another, that they protect the flocks against the birds of prey. However this may be, the music produced on these Æolian harps is sufficient to account for the practice, without looking for any economical reason.

We have frequently recognized the pigeon in his office of letter-carrier. He is the only postman employed in China, except the swift-footed Government courier, whose toil is so great while his reward is so small. What a change must come over the empire,

when this postman gives place to the railroad, the express, and the electric telegraph! We have not seen the magpie domesticated, but he keeps perpetual ward in the palaces, castles, and gates.

While we have been studying the birds of Peking, some members of our party were making a new advance upon the Temple of Heaven. What they saw must be recorded, less for the forbidden knowledge which was gained than for the moral reflections which it suggests. Mr. Coles, a pupil in the American legation, conducted a party of four, two of whom were ladies, along the high, paved road in the direction of the temple. At a distance from the gate he left them and threw himself into a mean, closely-covered mule-cart, in which he made his way unsuspected along the base of the wall, until he reached the central gate, from which we had before been repulsed. Emerging from the cart, he rushed into the open gate-way, and planted himself by the side of the stern janitor, who requested the unwelcome visitor to retire, and attempted to close the gate. But the visitor stood firm, all the while beckoning to the distant party to come up. The custodian now betrayed a consciousness that he did "perceive here a divided duty." In any case it was a duty to save the great altar from profanation by native or foreigner, especially the latter. Secondly, since the Tien-Tsin massacre the Government has strenuously commanded that in no case shall offence be given to Christians. The custodian made the best he could of the dilemma, and yielding to the resistance which he could not overcome without violence, he piteously implored from the intruder a *douceur*, by way of indemnity for the bastinado which the Government was sure to inflict as a punishment for infidelity at his post. Terms were liberally adjusted, and the party went successfully through the temple, penetrating even the holiest of its holies. The janitor hurried them forward, his fears of the bastinado increasing with every minute of delay. His terror became so great that, when they had completed the examination and returned to the gate, he demanded a larger sum for letting them out than he had before received for letting them in.

To what a humiliating condition has the empire of Kublai-Khan fallen, when its sovereign dare not suffer the foreigner to enter the

great national temple, through fear of domestic insurrection, nor to forbid him from entering, through fear of foreign war !

While the visitors confirm the descriptions of the magnificence of the temple which we have before mentioned, they assure us also that even in the Temple of Heaven, as in all the other edifices and places we have visited, neglect and decay are indescribable.

Wan-Siang is president of the Board of Rites, and principal Minister of Foreign Affairs. Acting in concert with the regent Prince Kung, Wan-Siang was the master-spirit who led the Chinese Government up to the resolution of entering into diplomatic relations with the Western powers. It was he who solicited and procured from Mr. Seward at Washington a copy of Wheaton's "Law of Nations," and caused it to be translated and adopted by the imperial Government. He, more than any other, was efficient in instituting the Burlingame mission. As has been before intimated, when we arrived he was under a leave of absence from official duties for one year, on the double ground of his ill-health and the duty of mourning for that period the death of his mother. Under these circumstances Mr. Seward, the day after his audience with the cabinet, addressed a note to Wan-Siang, sympathizing with him in his illness, and proposing to visit the minister at his own house. This note brought an autograph letter, beautifully written on rose-colored Chinese official paper, as follows:

"I have long heard of your excellency's great fame, which for many years has been cherished by all nations, and I myself have exceedingly respected you and longed for a better acquaintance. Since you have come to our country, its high authorities will be still more desirous of seeing and conversing with you. But, as for myself, an old malady having returned, I have been obliged to ask a leave of absence, and it was an occasion of regret and disappointment that I was unable to meet you on the 7th instant, when you visited the foreign office. I have had the honor to receive your note of yesterday, in which you propose to yourself the great trouble of coming to see me, an honor which I shall engrave in my heart, and write on my bones. But my dwelling is mean and small, and its condition would, I fear, be offensive to you, which

would be a matter of deep regret to me. I have, therefore, set apart the 11th instant to go and call on you at one o'clock in the afternoon, if my health will in anywise enable me to do so. We can then converse at length. I shall be pleased to receive a reply, and I avail myself of this occasion to wish that happiness may every day be yours."

The letter bore no signature, but enclosed within was the written card of Wan-Siang.

At twelve another autograph card of Wan-Siang was delivered to Mr. Seward, as an announcement of the minister's approach. He arrived at the moment, in a green sedan-chair, with two mounted attendants and four footmen. He is a dignified and grave person, and he went through the ceremony of introduction to Mr. Seward with ease and politeness. He wore a rich dress of silks and furs, and a mandarin's hat with a peacock's feather and a coral ball on the top. Mr. Seward and Mr. Low sat down with Wan-Siang, Dr. Williams acting as interpreter. Wan-Siang said:

"I have been detained at my home one whole year by ill-health. I should not have come out from it now, and perhaps I should never have come out from it again, but for my desire to make your acquaintance. I have always known you as a firm and constant friend of a just and liberal policy, on the part of the Western nations toward China. I am surprised to see you so vigorous after so laborious a public service. What may be your honorable age?"

Mr. Seward answered: "Sixty-nine."

Wan-Siang exclaimed: "Sixteen years older than I, and yet so much stronger and more elastic! You are going from your own country around the world, while I, alas! am unable to keep about my own proper business at home."

Mr. Seward said: "Mr. Burlingame's letters and conversations made me well acquainted with your character and your sagacious and effective statesmanship."

Wan-Siang: "We deplore the death of Mr. Burlingame. It is a loss to China that he died before accomplishing his mission.

Mr. Burlingame wrote to us from the United States how much the embassy was indebted to you for its great success."

Mr. Seward: "Before the treaty was signed at Washington, its provisions were confidentially submitted to the European courts. They gave us assurances that they would accept them. I met Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen at Shanghai. They told me that the treaty had been virtually accepted by the European states. Mr. Burlingame's mission was therefore a success. He has brought China and the West into relations of mutual friendship and accord. In this view his death was not premature. He has raised an honorable fame on a firm foundation."

Wan-Siang: "Does any subject occur to you which is of common interest to China and the United States, on which you would be free to speak?"

Mr. Seward: "I think China ought to reciprocate with the Western nations by sending to them permanent resident ministers and consuls, who should be of equal rank with those which the foreign nations accredit here. They ought, moreover, in all cases, to be not foreigners, but native Chinese."

Wan-Siang: "We shall send such agents so soon as they can be educated here in the Western sciences and languages, so as to be qualified for their trusts."

Mr. Seward: "Better that they go unqualified than wait too long. Chinese experts will learn Western sciences, languages, laws, and customs, in the United States or in Europe, much faster than they can acquire them here. Moreover, Chinese immigration is already largely flowing into the United States. The rights and interests of Chinese immigrants are likely to suffer neglect there for want of Chinese diplomatic and consular agents, who, according to the customs of nations, are expected to invoke the attention and protection of the Government, in cases of injustice or oppression. Again, there is no accord nor friendship where there is no reciprocity. China is now regarded, by all the Western nations, as not merely unsocial, but hostile, because she neglects the exchange of international courtesies abroad as well as at home."

WAN-SIANG: "These are my own opinions. I have always endeavored to bring them into practice."

MR. SEWARD: "There is another point upon which I would like to speak freely, if I should not be thought speaking in an unfriendly way. I think I know the temper of the European states. Chinese ministers are accorded a personal reception by the sovereigns of those nations. The Chinese emperor refuses a personal reception to the foreign ministers here. Thus, the Chinese minister is admitted to a direct acquaintance with the President of the United States, with the Queen of England, and with the Emperor of Russia. A minister from either of those countries, on arriving here, learns that the Emperor of China is too sacred a person to be looked upon. This, to be sure, is only a question of ceremony and etiquette; but, my dear sir, questions of ceremony and etiquette between nations often become the most serious and dangerous of all international complications."

WAN-SIANG bowed courteously, but made no reply.

Mr. Low, interposing, said: "The subject is a delicate one just now, but we are sure that Wan-Siang is the last statesman in China to overlook it."

MR. SEWARD: "Are the students, such as I saw yesterday at the Temple of Confucius, and who are the only allowed candidates for official employments in China, instructed in modern Chinese sciences, or are they taught the ancient classics only?"

WAN-SIANG: "Only the latter. I have attempted to procure the establishment of an imperial college, in which modern sciences and languages shall be taught by foreign professors. For a while I thought that I should succeed. But the effort has failed, and has brought me under deep reproach and general suspicion."

MR. SEWARD: "This ought not to discourage you. Every wise minister at some time falls under temporary reproach and unjust suspicion. Public opinion, in every country, is a capricious sea. Whoever attempts to navigate it is liable to be tossed about by storms."

WAN-SIANG: "It is, as you say, indeed unavoidable. A statesman stands on a hill. He looks farther in all directions than the

people, who are standing at the base, can see. When he points out the course they ought to take for safety, they are suspicious that he is misdirecting them. When they have at last gained the summit from which he pointed the way, they then correct their misjudgment. But this, although it may be sufficient for them, comes too late for the statesman."

Wan-Siang seemed to avoid contested questions, like a sick man who is warned against excitement. He turned the conversation upon Prince Kung's admiration for Mr. Seward, and disappointment in failing to meet him at the foreign office, and his purpose still to do so when recovered from his illness. Wan-Siang then fell into lamentations over his own prostrate health, and expressed himself despondingly concerning the future of China. After an exchange of courtesies he withdrew, leaving on Mr. Seward's mind the painful impression that Wan-Siang would die, before many years, of a broken heart.

On inquiring the cause of Wan-Siang's mental depression, Mr. Seward learned that it is due to the defeat of his plans for the college which he had mentioned. It is only just, however, to say that a more hopeful view of that great and beneficent project is entertained, not only by intelligent foreigners residing here, but by Wan-Siang's associates in the Government.

If we have exhausted the sights and wonders of Peking during our stay, certainly the city seems unconscious of it. The wretched streets have become a little less muddy, and the general aspect more cheerful, than when we came here ten days ago.

CHAPTER IX.

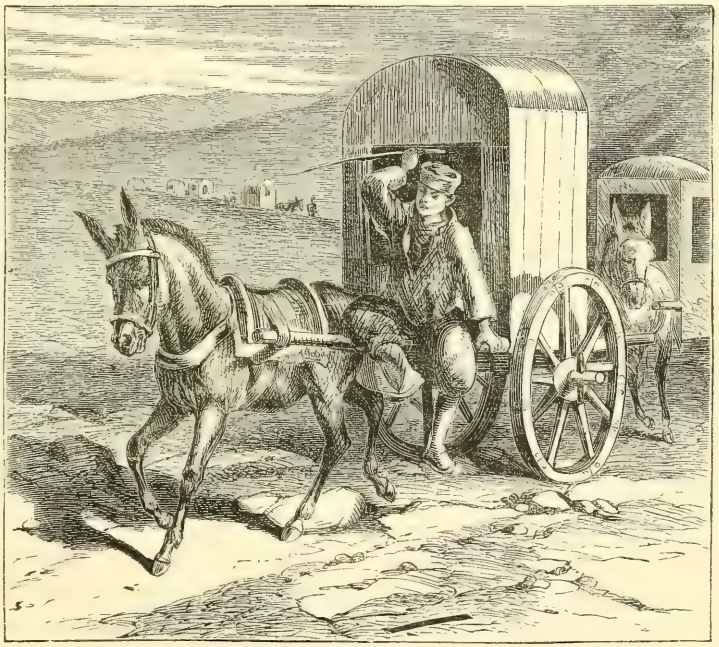
VISIT TO THE GREAT WALL.

Preparations for the Trip.—Our Vehicles.—The Summer Palace.—Pagodas.—First Night under a Chinese Roof.—A Chinese Tavern.—Approach to the Great Wall.—The Mongolians.—The Cost of the Wall.—Inquisitive Chinese.—The Second Wall.—The Ming Tombs.—A Misguided Mule.

Hyden, November 12th.—Peking is on the parallel of 39° 54′. The point of the Great Wall which we propose to visit is in a direct north line about forty miles distant, on an elevation of two thousand feet above the city. This altitude has a climatic effect of nearly seven degrees of latitude. The climate there may therefore be understood to be about the same in relation to Peking as the climate of Lake Superior is to that of New York. We provided against inclemency by a supply of furs and braziers. What with our strange catskin caps, long foxskin coats, and high white felt boots, we scarcely claimed to know each other. The obstacles to the excursion have not been over-estimated. They were not, however, of a political nature, like those which opposed our journey to Peking. They are chiefly material and local. Our arrangements were made several days in advance, with Chinese common carriers, for the necessary litters, carts, mules, donkeys, drivers, and attendants. On the afternoon of the tenth, we saw with our own eyes a combined force of men and beasts enter the court ready to be caparisoned and packed during the night to start on the next day, just as soon as Wan-Siang's expected visit should be over. It was not, how-

ever, until eight o'clock last night that it was announced to us, not only that the necessary complement of litters had not been obtained, but also that they could not be procured in the city that day. We acquiesced with such grace as we could, and appointed a new hour for departure, namely, six o'clock this morning.

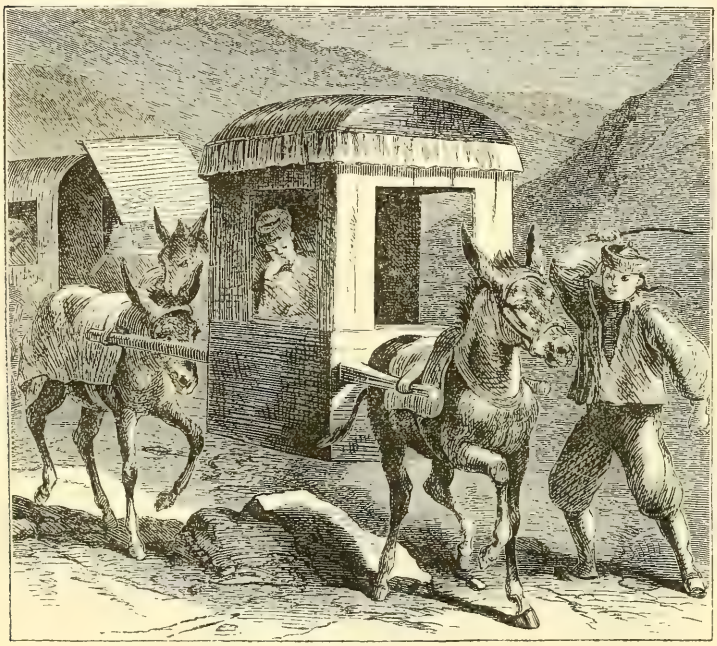
We determined to retire early, Mrs. Low's ball to the contrary notwithstanding. In vain was that "net spread in sight of these birds." We rose at five o'clock. All the mules that had been gathered the day before had been taken away during the night to their customary stables. There was not one animal in the court-yard. At eight o'clock two mules were lacking, but they had been



CHINESE CART.

sent for. At nine, one of the mules which remained was taken sick and was sent away to the hospital. At ten, it was replaced. At half-past ten, the driver fell suddenly ill, and was sent home

unfit for duty. At noon, after we had been sitting three hours closely packed in our litters, the great gate opened, and the long procession, which, though a motley one, was completely organized, moved out. The roads we are to travel do not allow the use of sedan-chairs. Only mandarins are allowed the privilege of travelling in mule-litters. Inferior persons are by the Board of Rites



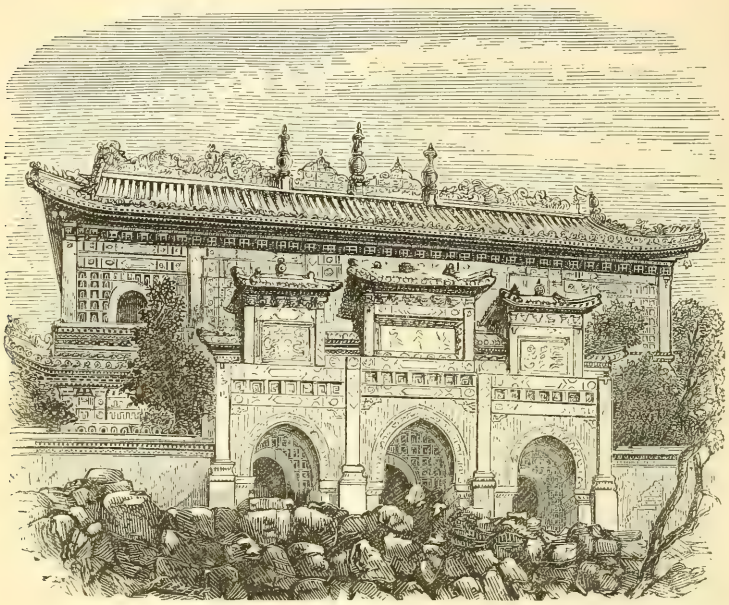
THE LITTER.

confined to the use of the heavy, two-wheeled, close-covered mule-cart, indulgently called by Mr. Pumpelly "a carriage." The caravan consists of eight covered litters for the less vigorous members of the party. Each litter is borne by two mules harnessed between the shafts, one before and one behind the litter. Each litter has an extra mule for occasional service. It has also a driver on foot and a muleteer on a donkey. Then there are six carts, each drawn by one mule, and attended by a driver who walks. All the animals

wear tinkling bells, which give warning to all camel-drivers and whomsoever else it may concern, that a wide berth is required by the ostentatious occupants of the litters. Our way out of the city was through the North Gate. It brought in review, as we passed, the wayside traffic and street amusements of this singular people. Every thing to eat, to drink, and to wear, is prepared and sold in booths, and every thing needful in daily life and death, including coffins, is made and mended there. These booths are interspersed at short distances with theatres, show-rooms, and gambling-dens. You see an hourly performance of Punch with a pigtail, and Judy with cramped feet, thimblerig, harlequin, cards, dice, and magic. Occasionally we meet a lady "of the better sort," closely cushioned in a sedan-chair, more frequently "other women," with or without children, heaped and packed in horrible carts. Only virtuous and respectable people are allowed this indulgence. These women are gayly dressed, painted white and red, and wear large chrysanthemums, or rosettes, in their hair. The very few women whom we pass in the streets are accounted both vulgar and vicious. The booths and theatre were not the only obstacles in our line of march. We jostled against long camel-caravans; funeral-processions, which, by the affectation of solemnity, made a mockery of death; and wedding-processions, which, without a pretence to refinement or delicacy, make the marriage ceremony a vulgar spectacle. At Ta-tsoon-tsa, a dull and cheerless suburb, two miles beyond the gate, we halted for refreshments, at the Buddhist temple of the Great Bell.

In China, temples and Buddhist monasteries are freely opened for the entertainment of travellers. Two monks assisted our servants in preparing lunch. The Temple of the Great Bell is humble compared with those in the city, but, although much dilapidated, is in a more cleanly condition than any we have seen in China. It rejoices in one of eight immense bronze bells which were cast at Peking in the year 1400 of our era, by the Emperor Yung-Lo. It is of the ordinary bell-shape, eighteen feet high, with a mouth thirty-six feet in circumference. It has a small, circular aperture at the top, adapted to the apparatus for suspending the bell. It is

literally covered inside and out with raised texts in very small Chinese characters, in all numbering, it is claimed, eighty-four

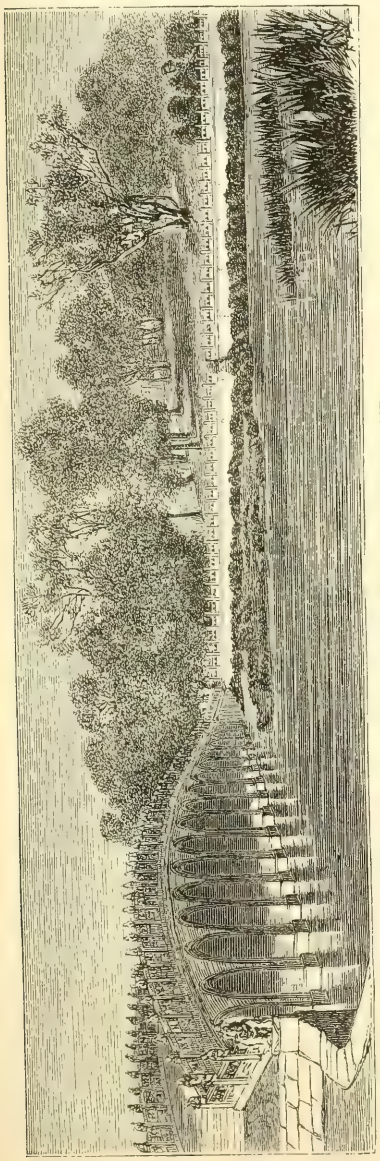


SUMMER PALACE.

thousand. The bell is made to sound by being beaten with a heavy wooden club.

A further drive of six miles brought us to the Yuen-Min-Yuen, familiarly called the Emperor's Summer Palace. Since the time of the Ming dynasty, Yuen-Min-Yuen was the Versailles of China until 1860, when it was sacked, plundered, and destroyed, by the British and French allied armies in their advance on Peking. It is not in our way now to describe its former glory, or to relate the story of its catastrophe. We must be content in writing what we see and how we see it. The grounds of Yuen-Min-Yuen are an area of twelve square miles. It once contained thirty extensive and costly palaces used by the emperor and court. The invaders related that the architecture, furniture, and embellishments of

Yuen-Min-Yuen, as they found it, were a happy and effective combination of Oriental and Western luxury and elegance. Many streams, gathered on adjacent mountain-slopes, are brought into large artificial lakes, and thence distributed by deep and clear canals through the grounds, and then used equally for pleasure, navigation, and irrigation. The canals, after performing these services, unite and flow through a broad and deep canal into Peking, where they constitute the great and picturesque lake which we have before mentioned as the finest ornament of the imperial city. While the canals have been built with excellent masonry, they are crossed with graceful marble bridges in various directions. The fields, meadows, and lawns, are fertile, but now in a condition of complete neglect and waste. At the centre of the plain a circular rocky islet rises abruptly to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. This artificial hill is traced with spiral terraces which fascinate the visitor by continually bringing into view palaces, pavilions, pagodas, temples, all half concealed by hanging



BRIDGE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

gardens and groves, which are embellished with fountains, statuary, and shrines. The summit is crowned with an imperial summer-house in the Italian style, its wall richly frescoed, and its roof glistening with blue and yellow porcelain. One of the delights of Yuen-Min-Yuen was a unique temple, wrought of polished bronze, standing on the acclivity of this islet. We shall never weary of the Chinese pagoda. One of those at Yuen-Min-Yuen, which, with the temple last mentioned, preserves much of its form and beauty, is a gem of that sort of structures. It is of slender proportions, and built entirely of porcelain of variegated colors. There must have been a time when the sculptor of China, while he disdained to copy foreign models, had learned how to bring Greek and Roman taste and art to give effect to national designs. Although the lions, the sphinxes, and the dragons, which are profusely displayed here, are imaginative conceptions, any one of them would, by its exquisite execution, excite admiration in Europe.

The destruction of this magnificent palace by the allies presents one of those painful subjects concerning which agreement can never be expected between the generous and the unsympathetic portions of mankind. The allies say that the demolition was a just and even necessary retaliation against the emperor for the cruelty practised by the Chinese Government toward Sir Harry Parkes. The friends of art throughout the world will agree with the Chinese scholars and statesmen, who complain that the destruction of these ancient and ornamental palaces, with the plunder of their stores of art, was useless to the invaders, and therefore indefensible. For our own part, we have always thought that the British army might have spared the Capitol and the presidential mansion in 1814; and we now think that the allies might have spared Yuen-Min-Yuen. However this may be, the fact remains that the Emperor of China, ruler of the oldest monarchy in the world, is the only sovereign who is confined to a single residence, and that in the heart of a crowded and walled city. The ruins are now without tenants, as the temples are without priests or worshippers. Speculators and adventurers boldly barter for the disfigured statuary and for the polished capitals, shafts, and pedestals, of the bronze temple. The

roads are impassable, the marble bridges broken down, the canals choked, the gardens, groves, and walks, have become devastated, and the plain itself is fast becoming a stagnant marsh. Washington, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, have repaired the disasters they have respectively suffered, but the Chinese Government has no resources or spirit for renovation. The decay of Yuen-Min-Yuen must, therefore, continue until these "round and splendid" gardens shall become a maze as unintelligible to the traveller as the palace of the Cæsars at Rome.

It remains to be said that these imperial pleasure-resorts were surrounded by populous cities and villages, whose inhabitants derived their living from ministering to the needs and pleasures of the court. These cities and villages are now abandoned to bats and vermin.

Arriving here after dark, we brought our long and *bizarre* procession to a halt in the open streets, because the court-yard of the inn would not hold litters and carts with the teams attached. It is hard to say how either Mr. Seward or the ladies could have been able to alight and thread their way among the busy, curious crowd which thronged the narrow, crooked streets, but for the assistance of Admiral Rodgers and the consul-general. We came in safely, however, to have our first experience of lodging under a Chinese roof.

Nan-Kow, November 13th.—The mule litter is comfortable, and its movement easy, but it makes only two miles an hour. The "cribbed, cabined, and confined," solitary occupant finds the travel tedious. We have learned, however, to relieve the weariness by occasional changes with the muleteer and the donkey-driver.

The first part of our journey to-day was over a level table-land. The road has been only a narrow, uneven, stony path, impassable with any vehicle other than those we have chosen. During the last two hours, we have climbed six hundred feet of the mountain slope, and have reached the foot of the Nan-Kow Pass, up which we must go to reach the Great Wall. With the usual ruggedness

of mountain scenery, no part of the country affords any relief to the general aspect of desolation. Fahrenheit 32°.

NAN-KOW PASS.

With few exceptions, the houses here are built of adobe, with thatched roofs, and only one story high. Our inn is of this sort, and consists of a low range of very small apartments, built against the wall on the four inner sides of a large, unpaved square. We have to-night, as last night, secured the entire inn. Entering from the street, we have on that side of the square a row of apartments which are divided by the gate. On the right of the gate are the rooms, or offices, occupied by the manager or keeper of the inn, where orders are received. On the left, a kitchen, or a series of immense cooking-houses, where victuals are cooked after the Chinese

fashion, sufficient, we should think, to supply the whole town. It is marvellous what economy of fuel, labor, and provisions, this kitchen exhibits. The guest at the inn may supply himself from it or not, as he pleases. Perhaps, it is needless to say that foreigners never do. Proceeding through the square, we have on one side a row of apartments just like the others, which are promiscuously used, according to the exigencies of the occasion, for stables or lodging-rooms. At the farther side of the square are four rooms of the same sort, which we have appropriated for parlor, dining-room, and sleeping-apartments. On the other side of the square, a similar series of accommodations for man and beast. The animals, drivers, and attendants are disposed of in their lodgings and stables, according to their tastes. The litters and carts with their clumsy, ragged harness block up the court-yard, so that there is no getting across it or through it, without a guide and a lantern. Our own apartments, though we have called them by names which designate the uses to which we have appropriated them, are all alike. There is no corridor or veranda within or without, and so no communication between them except through the open court-yard. The rooms are about ten feet square and seven feet high; the floors of uneven, disjointed flat stones, and they seem to have been never washed or swept. The doors are rude, full of crevices, and without fastenings. One small window in each room has a sash, covered, or meant to be covered, with dingy, torn, oiled paper. We do not know how nor where the manager of the inn procured the one table and chair with which he has furnished our chosen dining-room. Our servants have hired utensils in the kitchen to prepare our supper. Our bags and cloaks supply the deficiency of chairs. Across one entire end of each apartment is a brick platform, raised eighteen inches above the stone floor. Under this platform is a sunken furnace with reverberatory flues, so placed as to heat every part of the surface. The platform thus heated, and called the *kang*, is the common bedstead of the apartment, and the bamboo-mat spread over it is the common bed. A good fire being built in the kang in the evening, it retains its heat generally during the night. You may, however, replenish it at your pleasure. The bedstead accommodates, if neces-

sary, ten persons, who stretch themselves out upon it side by side, without making any change of clothing, wrapping themselves in their sheep-skin jackets.

We, of course, have a separate room for each of our party. Our servants have brought in the cushions, blankets, and furs, from our litters, and with these, by the aid of our dressing-cases, we are able to make a pretence of toilets. We have even extemporized curtains, which are close, though not of damask. The kang is throwing out a genial heat through the room. We lie down upon it, with the stars twinkling brightly through the broken paper panes of the only window.

November 14*th*, *Morning.*—Our mules are not reliable for the part of our journey which remains. We have ordered mountain-chairs and coolies, and while they are coming we have made a complete tour of the inn. In the East, the travellers are generally merchants or government agents. As there are no carriage-roads, every one uses one, two, three, or more beasts. Forage is cumbrous, and therefore becomes the most serious care of the inn-keeper. Dwellers in the East invariably live in close intimacy with their beasts; hence cleanliness is a virtue scarcely known. The inn, which last night seemed to us not absolutely destitute of comfort, this morning is offensive and disgusting.

Nan-Kow, *November* 14*th*, *Evening.*—We have done it! We have seen the Great Wall. We have scaled its rampart, walked through its gates, examined its bastions, trodden its parapet, looked off from its battlements, and rested under its shade. Regarding this as the greatest achievement of our journey thus far, we should desire to set down minutely and deliberately each one of its incidents; but, hurried as we are by threatening winter, we have only time to describe the prominent features, and record an occasional thought.

China might be designated as a country of fortifications and walls. Without being aware of this, we have already mentioned the walls of Shanghai, Tien-Tsin, Tung-Chow, and the triple walls

THE GREAT WALL.

of the city of Peking. This little city of Nan-Kow has fortifications adequate to the largest garrison. Inscriptions on the gate-ways and arches in four different dialects, Mongolian, Mantchoorian, Chinese, and Thibetian, besides another dialect which is no longer extant, prove the great antiquity of these structures. Besides these fortifications, Nan-Kow is encircled by a wall which stretches over hill and valley in such a way that, while it is no longer useful for any purpose of defence, one cannot but hope that it may be preserved

GATE AT NAN-KOW.

for picturesque effect. Thus we seem here not to be seeing the present China, but the China of the past.

From the very gate of Nan-Kow, we found neither regular road, nor marked nor beaten track, but a ravine, which, in the

lapse of ages, a torrent has excavated down the mountain, falling a thousand feet in a distance of twelve miles. Our upward way lay in the rugged furrow of this torrent. Each passenger was lashed tightly in his "mountain" chair, which is simply an arm-chair mounted on two shafts, and borne by four coolies, his safety depending on the tenacity with which his feet press against a swinging board suspended before him from the shafts. The coolies pick their way by crossing from one side to the other over uneven, broken bowlders and rocks, and through deep gullies. The passenger at one moment is in danger of slipping out backward from his chair, at another of being thrown out one side or the other, and again of being dashed headlong on the rocks before him. In some places the torrent is dry, in others the coolies are slipping over treacherous ice, or splashing through pools of water among rounded pebbles and sharp rocks; in short, over every thing but dry earth. Steep mountains exclude the sun's light and heat at nearly all hours of the day. Those mountains are timberless, tenantless, dry, and brown. The geological formation of the pass is an alternation of granite, gneiss, red and yellow sandstone, porphyry, and marble.

Having said that our road has none of the qualities and conditions of a thoroughfare, it will seem strange when we now say that at intervals we encounter, through the whole pass, blocks of hewn and polished marble, with other *débris* of pavements, culverts, bridges, arches, and gates, indicating that it was once a military road superior to the Appian Way of Rome.

Only Love, that "laughs at locksmiths," could maintain his sway in this dreary region. We met, in one of the most fearful gorges, a magnificent crimson wedding-car, which was coming down from Kiakhta, to receive a bride at Peking. We encounter on the way a class of travellers that we have not before met. They come not in sedan-chairs, mule-litters, or carts, but on horses, camels, and donkeys; and of these there is an endless procession. The beasts are loaded with wheat, barley, hemp, flax, and wool. Thirty camels make up a single train. One man leads each six of the beasts by means of a cord to which the halter of each is attached. Rocking from side to side, and unceasingly chewing their cuds

as they move slowly along, they excite interest by their patience, docility, and perseverance. Rough and vehement as the camel-driver seems, we have not seen him inflict a blow, or utter a word of impatience toward the gentle beasts.

Another class of travellers are herdsmen. Mongolia and Mantchooria, beyond the Great Wall, are pasturages, and the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle which are raised there are brought chiefly through this pass, to be spread over the great plain of North China.

The Mongolians dress altogether in furs and skins. They have an air of independence and intelligence not observable in China proper. The women are particularly strong, and, as we judge from their manner, entirely free. Their furs are richer than those of the men, and they wear a profusion of silver ornaments on the forehead, wrist, and ankle, as well as suspended from their ears and nose. They travel with their husbands, who divide with them the care of the children. If it is discouraging to some at home to wait for the restoration of woman's rights, it is pleasant to find her in the full enjoyment of them here, in spite of Oriental prejudices and superstitions. The mountain-cliffs are ornamented at convenient and prominent points with pretty temples and unique shrines, and pious devices and legends are carved on what seem to be inaccessible basaltic rocks. But the temples and shrines, no longer attended by votaries, are falling into ruin.

Reaching at length the source of the mountain-torrent which has made such fearful devastation, we found ourselves in a dell surrounded by mountains, and from their crests the Great Wall encircling and frowning down upon us. Our chairmen at once, with renewed vigor and elasticity, carried us up a rugged declivity of a quarter of a mile, clambering over shivered and shattered rocks, and set us down within a redoubt at the very base of the wall, three hundred feet above the dell which we had left. The wall varies in height from twenty-five to fifty feet. The base here, twenty feet high, is built of solid, hewn granite.

We were not long in ascending the well-preserved flight of stone steps which led to the parapet. The top of the wall is

wide enough for two carriages to pass. From the parapet we contemplated the conquered China of the past, which was below us, and the conquering Tartary of the past, which was above us, both now under one *régime*, and constituting one vast, but crumbling empire. In the embrasures of the parapet we found, here and there, a cast-iron grooved cannon of four-pound calibre. It passed our comprehension to conceive when it was put there, or for what purpose. We entered a watch-tower on our left, and saw, at a distance of forty miles, murky Peking.

The Great Wall crosses twenty-one degrees of longitude from the Pacific coast to the desert border of Thibet, and with its windings has a length of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred miles. It seems almost incredible that this gigantic structure, the greatest fortification that has been built by human hands, could have been raised in the short space of about twenty years. Yet history assures us that Chin-Wangti began the work in the year 240 B. C., and finished it in 220 B. C. Nor is the perfection of the work less wonderful than the dispatch with which it was built. Although it here and there exhibits crumbling arches and falling ramparts, it nevertheless stands more firmly and in better preservation than any ancient structure, except perhaps the Pyramids. Very slight repairs would restore it to its original state.

"Admiral Rodgers," said Mr. Seward, as we leaned against the immovable parapet, "will you take your pencil and make an estimate of the comparative cost of constructing a mile of this wall, at the present day, with that of a mile of the Pacific Railroad?"

The two gentlemen went through the process together, and agreed in the result that the cost of building such a wall as this, in the United States to-day, would exceed the entire cost of all the railroads in that country.

"I never before," said Mr. Seward, "found myself in a position so suggestive of reflection. This great monument tells, in brief, the history of China. Aboriginal tribes of the Mongolian race, forty or fifty centuries ago, left cold and sterile homes in the north, spread themselves over the southeastern portion of the continent of Asia, established there a kingdom, and built up a prosperous and

highly-refined state. They were annoyed by incursions and depredations from the same northern steppes which they had left behind them, just as England was so long annoyed by incursions and depredations of the Picts and Scots, Danes and Saxons. Chin-Wangti, king of civilized China, built this great wall to protect the country against those nomadic tribes. The completion of so great a work justified him in laying aside the modest title of king, and assuming the more ambitious one of emperor—the first emperor of China. It is not an unimportant consideration that the culmination of the Chinese Empire, marked by the construction of the Great Wall, was coincident with the decline of Grecian arts and arms and with the establishment of Roman empire on the western shores of Asia. The Great Wall served its purpose through the period of fourteen hundred years. But, during this time, wealth and luxury increased in China, while moral vigor declined. An enervated state provoked the rapacity of its neighbors. Kublai-Khan effected a combination of all the Tartar and Mongolian hordes of the north. They forced the wall, conquered and enslaved China. Chinese morals and manners, however, subdued and modified the character of their conquerors. The wall ceased to be needful, because the Chinese and Tartars became reconciled, assimilated, and contented, under the sway of the Mantchoorian dynasty. How little can human foresight ever penetrate the remote future! How little Chin-Wangti understood of the fate of the Great Wall. Is it not well that human power cannot bind or control for an indefinite future the destinies of any nation?"

Occupied with such reflections as these, we took no note of the hours until the shadows began to fall, and the wind became cold and bleak. We descended and sat at the base of the rampart, where we found a dinner spread upon an uneven table of broken granite blocks.

"Admiral," said Mr. Seward, "our Government informed me, when I was coming abroad, that you were instructed to show me courteous attentions, if I should be so fortunate as to meet you in Asiatic waters. You have executed these instructions in a manner equally considerate and kind. You not only received me at

Shanghai with the usual naval demonstrations of respect, but, with your official staff, you have accompanied me, in the character of a protector as well as a friend, through the stormy Yellow Sea, the agitated political scenes of Tien-Tsin, up the tedious Pei-ho, over the desolate plains of Tung-Chow to Peking, and from there to the Great Wall, where we can look back together on the declining power of China, and forward to the coming of Western civilization from the shores of our own country to the Asiatic coast."

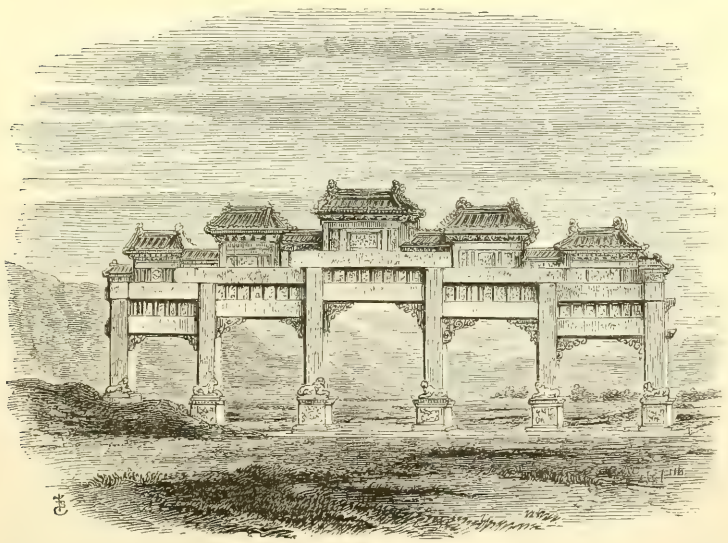
The admiral replied: "I have esteemed myself fortunate, as well as happy, in having had an opportunity of attending you to Peking and the Great Wall—fortunate in having your ripe and varied experience to assist me in forming opinions, and in drawing deductions from what I have seen; happy in the continual familiar intercourse with me whom it is not only a duty, but a pleasure, to honor. Truly do I hope that your health may continue no less robust, and your endurance no less marked, than in our rough experience together, and that your personal observations in other climes, of other peoples, may not be of less interest and benefit to mankind than those you make here."

Our party broke into detachments and all communications between its members ceased. What a lonely tramp did we now have! At length we reached the half-way coolie station. There the bearers set us down outside, while they went into the huts to refresh. Half a dozen men and boys came around the ladies' chairs, and proceeded to examine their dresses, unable to determine whether the habiliments were those of man or woman. Well they might be perplexed. The Astrakhan cap might be worn by either. The long, heavy fox-skin coat and white mandarin boots were equally perplexing. They drew the gloves from off the fingers. These rudenesses were disturbing enough, but at last became unendurable when they thrust their fingers into the hair, and offered their filthy pipes, inviting a general smoke. Just then, when the ladies seemed to have passed completely beyond the society of their own race, they heard the shrill voice of a baby within the hut, crying not especially in the Chinese language, but in the universal dialect of infancy, with the response of the soothing lullaby of the mother,

equally natural. These incidents reassured the ladies, and showed them that the Chinese are yet human, and they gave over all thoughts of fear and torment.

After a march of three more tedious hours, we have reached the same wretched inn which we left this morning. We conclude the notes of our journey by mentioning that, a thousand years, more or less, after the wall was built by Chin-Wangti, a second one was built for greater security, at the eastern end, forty miles south of the original one, both of which remain standing. It is this second wall last built, but similar to and constituting a part of the original system of defence, that we have visited.

Ming Tombs, November 15th.—Resuming our litter, and moving early this morning, we came down from the mountain terrace, and entered a smooth, level, circular plain, seeming more like a bay which indents a high, rocky coast, than the amphitheatre of landscape and mountain which it is. The terrace which surrounds the plain was chosen by the emperors of the Ming dynasty for an



GATEWAY AT MING TOMBS.

imperial cemetery. It is divided into thirteen areas, seemingly of equal extent. Each of these areas is covered with luxuriant gardens, out of the midst of which rises a magnificent mausoleum, called here a temple, but which is in fact a tomb. Dr. Williams tells us that "Ming" means "bright." The "Bright" dynasty flourished from the close of the fourteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. Nanking, for a time the capital, has a cemetery of the earlier rulers of that dynasty. But we understand that it is not so well preserved as this.

All the tombs are of one type. We visited that of Yung Lo, one of the most distinguished of the emperors of China. His decrees of laws and manners, grounded on the writings of Confucius, with some alteration, constitute even now the code of the Chinese Empire. We sat down here to rest in an ancient grove of persimmons, live-oaks, acacias, and cypresses.

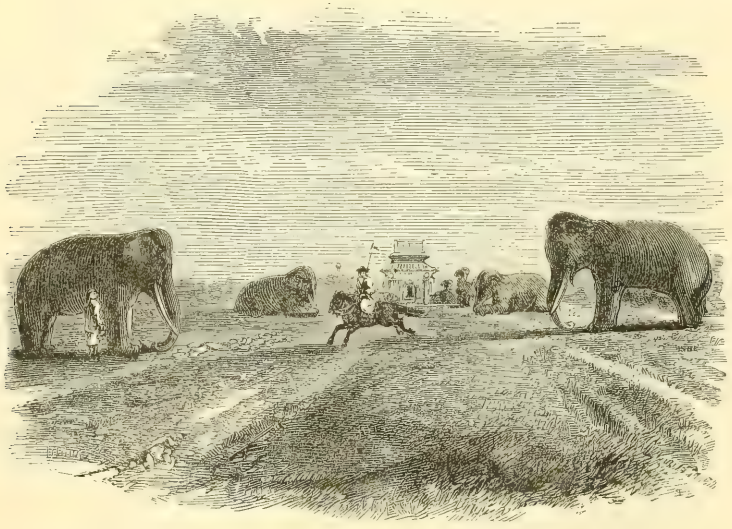
"It seems," said Mr. Seward, "that it is not until society reaches a high state of civilization in any country that it learns the absurdity of sepulchral monuments. Great achievements and rare virtues leave an impression upon mankind so deep, that they need no monumental reminder, while the attempt to supply the want of that impression by extravagant art is a mockery." But let us see how the Chinese of the past ages honored their illustrious dead. It is manifest that the device of a series of concentric structures, rising one above the other, is a favorite form of Chinese architecture. This vast monument contains five courts, one within the other. The structures are two temples, disconnected and distant from each other, but essentially alike in design and construction—the outer one serving as a vestibule to the inner or principal one. This inner temple, with its red walls and its plain balustrades and railings, is in form and style quite like the great Temple of Confucius at Peking. Its proportions are equally grand, tasteful, and simple. Its massive yellow-porcelain roof, with its bright green-and-gold ceiling, rests upon two rows of wooden columns, of which there are thirty in each — the columns fifty feet high, with a diameter of four feet at the base. Behind the temple and in the fourth court stands an uncovered altar, the top of which is a mono-

lith measuring twenty-two feet by five feet. Directly behind the altar is a pagoda of three stories. Entering this pagoda through an arched door, you confront a large tablet of red and gold, which covers the remains of Yung Lo. You then ascend not a staircase, but a long and winding inclined plane, some sixty feet, to the second story. This second story rises seventy feet; in the centre of this is a smaller tablet, like the one in the first story. The third story, reached in the same way, is an open space under the roof.

Although we observe, in these buildings and grounds, marks of care and attention not elsewhere seen in China, there is nevertheless painful evidence that the work of dilapidation has begun even here.

The path by which we reached the cemetery was an indirect one. Contrary to usage, therefore, we made our exit instead of our entrance by the avenue designed for approach from Peking. This avenue is twenty-two miles long, well graded, and originally was paved in the most substantial manner. This road descends from the tomb-covered terrace upon the level plain, at a distance of one mile from the tomb of Yung Lo. Here it crosses a stream or canal by a noble marble bridge, not wholly ruined. This bridge is graced with what is here called the honorary arch, a majestic gateway, built not for use but for effect, like the triumphal arches of Rome or Paris. A mile farther the road leaves the level plain under a similar arch. Having passed these gates, we found the avenue adorned, for the length of a whole mile, by a row, on either side, of gigantic granite figures. Whoever may read these notes will remember that the proper order of these colossal figures is the reverse of that in which we passed them. First, we came between two rows of statues representing philosophers and moralists, four on each side of the way. Then four generals, arranged in like manner on each side, then four priests, then four ministers or statesmen. These figures are about twelve feet high, their costume Chinese. By their attitude and expression they seem to point with silent homage to the tombs of the great beyond. Next we pass in review a double row of equally colossal horses, four on each side, two of them resting on their haunches, and two erect; next ele-

phants erect, and elephants in a sitting posture; then camels standing and camels couchant; then lions rampant and lions asleep; then buffaloes standing and at rest; then asses, and at the end rhinoceroses. Here two arches of honor, like those at the other end of the avenue, open on unconsecrated ground. Though the sculpture must have been executed three hundred years ago, it excels much of the statuary found in the public grounds at Washington, and is very effective. Of this we have evidence so strong that we should be afraid to produce it, if there were not a cloud of



AVENUE TO THE MING TOMBS.

witnesses to verify it. We give their names—the Admiral, the Consul-General, John Middleton, Esq., Alfred Rodman, Esq., and William Freeman. Here is the evidence: The lean lead mule of Mr. Seward's litter is a large, strong, spirited beast. Although he had given proofs of this many times by stentorian braying, expressive of discontent and obstinacy, yet he made the journey from Peking to Nan-Kow, and through the sacred groves of the Ming tombs, without any especial fractiousness. But he was only reserving himself for a display on the grand avenue. Even here

he made no demonstration at the magnificent marble bridge. He passed meekly under the double arches of honor. He turned neither to the right nor to the left, to pay homages to either colossal philosophers, generals, priests, or statesmen. He even passed the recumbent horses on both sides of him without turning his head or pricking up his ears. But the first great stone horse standing erect, on the left, proved too much for the equanimity of the mule. Perceiving that statue at a distance of three or four rods, he broke all of a sudden from his lazy walk into a sharp trot, discarding his driver and dragging the rear mule behind him; regardless that, in the litter which he bore, was seated the venerated chief of our party, he dashed furiously forward to the granite horse, and, throwing his head upward, presented his broad, graceless mouth to the more stubborn jaw of the statue. The muleteers, alarmed by this strange performance, cried out with dismay, and the gentlemen hastened to rescue Mr. Seward from being dashed against the figure. Happily, at this moment, the muleteers seized the brute by the head, in the act of saluting his ancient and unappreciative distant relation, and buffeted him away. He yielded, but not without a shaking of the ears, and an unearthly complaint from the lungs, which left no one in doubt that the animal thought he was unreasonably deprived of a just and rational pleasure.

Though not yet qualified for comparing the Imperial Cemetery of China with the sepulchral architecture of other countries, we may nevertheless venture to say that the impressive and suggestive avenue of approach, the spaciousness of the grounds, the severe exclusion of all foreign or incongruous objects, the drawing into contrast mountain and plain with ancient groves, and natural rivulets with arched bridges, the magnificence and elegance of the temples, and the simplicity and durability of the memorial tablets, constitute an extraordinary and masterly combination. Whatever may be the historical merit of the Ming emperors whose ashes are deposited in those tombs, no one can leave the place doubting that the honors they have received here are such as are due to benefactors of mankind.

CHAPTER X.

LAST DAYS IN PEKING.

Cham-Ping-Chow.—A Chinese Inn.—The Roman Catholics in China.—The Cathedral.—The Tien-Tsin Massacre.—Christian Policy.—Interview with Robert Hart.—A Letter from Sun-Tajen and Chi-Tajen.—Letter from Prince Kung.—Interview with the Prince.—The Prince's Present.—Departure from Peking.

Peking, November 16th.—We passed the night at Cham-Ping-Chow, a town of considerable activity. Our inn was such a one as we could procure exclusively without giving previous notice. Our guides say there are some that are better. We are quite sure there are none which can be worse. But, if we fare badly in Chinese inns, we have the consolation of knowing that we fare cheaply. We do not know what were the bills of our coolies for man and beast. They could not have been extravagant, for the entire compensation which we have paid to them for the journey to Peking to the wall and back again is only ten dollars for each litter and cart. The expenses of our party of ten at the inn was three Mexican dollars for all, of which seventy-five cents was paid for extra fuel for the kang. The impression made on us, by the conduct of the people who came under our observation, does not go to confirm the belief that they are either hostile or prejudiced against foreigners, while it does satisfy us that they are punctual and exact in the fulfilment of their contracts. The mercury has fallen to 26°.

November 17th.—By the laws of China, the Roman Catholic religion is tolerated here. That Church has on paper divided the

empire into bishopries and vicarates. It counts eight bishopries or more, sixty foreign priests, one hundred and twenty native priests, and four hundred thousand native converts.

We visited, to-day, the Cathedral at Peking. It is a fine, large, stone edifice, with an adjoining nunnery. The sisters are French and Irish. There is a large number of native servants. It seems quite apparent that converts are obtained as fast as the missionaries are able to furnish them employment and support, which is an indispensable condition. Native jealousy feeds on a tradition that the spacious grounds occupied by those institutions were obtained without equivalent. Nor does the same jealousy fail to take notice that the Church arrogates a right denied even to foreign embassies, of using the imperial yellow color in the ornamentation of its portals and walls. Sister Louise, lamented as the noblest and best beloved of the martyrs at Tien-Tsin, had arrived there just before the massacre. The sisters gave us relics of her. What shall we say concerning that terrible transaction?

It is right, just, and wise, that all the Christian nations shall mourn together over the victims, sympathize with the survivors, and unite in demanding such satisfaction from the Chinese Government as would afford security against a recurrence of persecution. But this has been already done as fully, it seems to us, as is possible. The Chinese Government has beheaded eighteen of the murderers, has provided for repairing and restoring the demolished buildings, and paid an indemnity of six hundred thousand taels for distribution to the families of the victims. It has, moreover sent one of the most eminent statesmen of China, who is fully conversant with the details of the tragedy, to make such further explanations and give such further guarantees as the French Government may reasonably demand. The French minister here, under high excitement and with threats of war, demanded, besides those concessions, the heads of the two chief mandarins who were in authority at the time the massacre occurred. The Chinese Government brought those mandarins to trial. The charge of complicity was not sustained. Nevertheless the Government banished them for life, as a punishment for their imbecility.

We know that here, as well as throughout Europe and the United States, it is alleged that these proceedings of the Chinese Government are fraudulent and evasive; but we fail to find evidence of fraud, nor can we divine a motive for it. It is not to be forgotten that persecution of Christian missionaries, and especially persecution of Roman Catholic, is not exclusively confined to the Chinese. The Roman Catholic Church, with its high ecclesiastical pretensions, its monastical institutions, and its denial of the right of judgment by individual conscience, has come into conflict not only with the pagan systems of Asia, but with the enlightened civilization of the age. Here, as in Europe and the United States, it has fallen, however undeservedly, under popular suspicion in two forms: first, a suspicion of political usurpation, that is to say, of an attempt to establish *imperium in imperio*; second, the suspicion of impurity of morals in celibate life.

In which of the Western nations has the conflict between that Church and those who dissent from it been carried on without occasional riot, massacre, and martyrdom—not to speak of the religious wars which attended the Protestant Reformation? In what Western nation did a government ever offer more effective or liberal reparation than that which the Chinese Government has given in this case? It is not to be expected that the Protestant countries in the West, which have suppressed monastic institutions, and sequestered ecclesiastical estates, will sympathize with demands of France that shall go beyond a guarantee of rights and privileges for all Christians in China. Missionaries of all sects ought to remember that, where the Gospel comes, there "it must needs be that offences come," nor should they forget that the command, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations," was accompanied by the warning injunction, not less sublime than the command itself, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

November 18*th*.—One of the most important incidents of our sojourn here was reserved for this morning. This was an interview with Mr. Robert Hart. Can any thing be more capricious than

international politics? The British and French allies, after having pressed the empire to the verge, found it necessary all of a sudden to strike hands with the Government in its war with the rebels, in order to prevent a complete dissolution of society. With their aid, the Government effectually suppressed the rebellion. Then came the question of reimbursements and indemnities to be paid to the allies. The revenue system of China had become corrupt and effete. The Imperial Government could guarantee nothing. In this difficult conjuncture, a happy expedient was hit upon. The Government, with assurances of protection by Great Britain and France, consented to reorganize its customs revenue upon a European basis, and confide it to the management of a European skilled in finance, who, with a staff of his appointment, half Chinese and half European, should fix a uniform rate of duties on foreign imports, collect them, pay the stipulated indemnities to the allies, and the surplus into the imperial treasury. That functionary, under the official title of inspector-general, is Mr. Robert Hart. While the internal revenue system of China remains in a distracted and dilapidated state, he has brought the customs department into a flourishing condition. He returned only to-day from a journey of inspection of the open ports in distant parts of the empire. We found him a far-seeing and able statesman, having in finance, at least, something of the scope and capacity of Alexander Hamilton. But we reserve further remark on this system until we shall have studied its workings in the central and southern ports of the empire.

A letter from our old friends Chi-Tajen and Sun-Tajen. If there is a discrepancy between their names as known to us and their autograph cards, it will be understood that the word "Tajen," which is affixed to their names, is a designation of rank, and not a proper name. Mr. Seward is here addressed, not by that name, but as Sew-Tajen.

"To William H. Seward—

"Sir: We arrived in Peking yesterday, from Tien-Tsin, and had earnestly desired to hasten to you, in order to express to you

our great pleasure. But the trip up from Shanghai has been exceedingly boisterous, making us very sick and giddy, so that we are altogether exhausted. Furthermore, we have not yet been able to submit a note requesting that we may be permitted to prostrate ourselves before the throne, and inquire for his Majesty's health, and procure a short leave of absence from the foreign office, which must be done through Prince Kung. It would be contrary to court usage to make a visit to you before having complied with that ceremony, even if we were not so completely prostrated that we could hardly do so, in a proper manner.

"We sincerely wish to repair to your residence to thank you for all your generous and loving acts, which were so great and troublesome to you. But they are indelibly graven on our hearts, where they will remain forever. And how can we forget them?

"We wish that your happiness may never cease.

(Cards) "Chih-Kang,
"Sun-Chia-Kuh."

November 19th.—On the 17th, international dinner and ball at the legation; on the 18th, received visits from the foreign ladies residing in Peking, and, our time here growing short, we took sedan-chairs and returned the visits on the same day. This evening a letter was received from Prince Kung.

"To William H. Seward, etc.

"Sir: I have just heard that you and your party have returned from your trip to the country, and I have, with the officers of the foreign office, arranged to visit you to-morrow, at one o'clock, at the United States legation.

"I hope this hour will be agreeable to you all.

"I beg to wish you daily peace."

Autograph cards enclosed:

"Prince Kung,
"Yung-Suin,
"Was-Chang-hi,
"Pasyun,
"Chin-Kiosifaw,
"Ysung-lun."

November 20th.—At one o'clock, Prince Kung, with the ministers of the foreign office, came, having previously sent in their cards according to the book of rites. They came in chairs, and were received by the band at the entrance of the court, with a Chinese national air which they had learned for the occasion. The music, although by no means inspiring to us, seemed to please them. Mrs. Low, having first provided a table, half American, half Chinese, retired with the other ladies to an inner room, where they could observe, unobserved. The prince is the brother of the last emperor, and uncle of the present emperor, who is yet in his minority. The government of the empire is in the hands of the regency, consisting of the young emperor's mother and aunt, and Prince Kung. The two ladies take charge of the boy's person and education, while the prince exercises the sovereign political authority. All edicts, however, run in the name of the emperor, without any notice of the regency except the form of attestation. The female regents maintain strictly the reserve required of their sex, being never seen even by any minister of the government. When a decree is to be made, Prince Kung proceeds with the draught to the palace, and announces his presence before a curtain. The ladies then come behind the curtain, and receive and read the decree. They impress it with their seals. A eunuch delivers it to the prince, who, affixing his own seal, hands it to the "state-printer" in an outer chamber. Before he reaches his department, the decree is published and in circulation.

The prince is tall and well-made, but does not impress one as especially intellectual. His manner is self-possessed and brusque, and he seems, even when practising the highest courtesy, like a person who is not accustomed to contradiction or dissent. He saluted Mr. Seward first in the Tartar fashion, by taking that gentleman's arms and hands into his own, with a friendly embrace. Our learned countryman, Dr. Martin, who acted as interpreter, mentioned to Mr. Seward that this treatment was in striking contrast with the customary Chinese "touch-me-not" form of salutation of foreigners. The prince then earnestly expressed his satisfaction in the accomplishment of a wish he had long entertained, to see the

face of his distinguished visitor. Mr. Seward requested him to sit, but he immediately rose, and apologized for his failure in keeping his previous appointment at the foreign office. He said that he had been, on that occasion, seized with a sudden illness, which had entirely disabled him from business for many days.

Mr. Seward: "The anxiety I felt about you is happily relieved by seeing and knowing that you are well again."

Prince Kung: "My acquaintance with your Excellency began with our embassy to the United States and Europe, and I have many acknowledgments to make for the kindness and assistance our ministers received at your hands."

Mr. Seward: "Not at all, your Highness. Our Government welcomed that embassy as a harbinger of closer and more friendly relations between the United States and China."

Prince Kung: "The relations of the two countries have always been amicable. I trust they will become still more intimate in future. As to our ministers on that occasion, their instructions were, to put themselves very much under the directions of your Excellency."

Mr. Seward: "On the arrival of the embassy, I conferred with them concerning the objects of their mission and their powers. I then prepared a draught of a treaty, which they amended. When the draught, as amended, had been approved by the President, I submitted it by telegraph to Great Britain, France, and Germany. When those nations had signified that such a treaty would be acceptable to them, it was then signed by your ambassadors and by myself. This is the story of the 'Burlingame Treaty.'"

Prince Kung made a profound bow, and exclaimed:

"What a pity that Mr. Burlingame was cut off by so untimely a fate, leaving his work unfinished!"

Mr. Seward: "Mr. Burlingame's work was so far accomplished that he exerted an influence which will never cease to be felt in the mutual intercourse of China and the Western nations. The termination at any time of a life which had already become so successful and so useful, cannot be called premature."

Prince Kung: "Ah! if others would adopt the principles

which are practised by your Government, it would be a great advantage to us."

Here, at Mr. Low's invitation, the party took seats at the table—the prince at the left, with Mr. Seward next his Highness; Ysung-Lun, senior Minister of the Board of Foreign Affairs, on his right; next to him, Admiral Rodgers. Not much attention, however, was paid to the elegant repast. The conversation was immediately resumed, and continued an hour:

PRINCE KUNG: "How many are your venerable years?"

MR. SEWARD: "Sixty-nine. May I ask your Highness's age?"

PRINCE KUNG: "Thirty-five. Are you now in the exercise of public functions? or have you laid down the cares of office, while you continue to wear its honors?"

MR. SEWARD: "I was in active public life thirty years. I have now given up official duties, and am studying in the way of foreign travel—"

The prince did not wait for the end of Mr. Seward's remark, but, misapprehending his gesticulations, said:

"I know, without an interpreter, what you are speaking about. It is your painful experience in your conflict with the Southern rebellion."

At Mr. Seward's request, the interpreter told the prince that his guess was wide of the mark, and then gave Mr. Seward's answer.

"Nevertheless," said the prince, "I desire to hear from you about the rebellion, and especially about your escape from assassination, and about the honorable wounds you have received, the marks of which you still wear."

Mr. Seward, after a few words to satisfy the prince's curiosity on that subject, brought the question back to Chinese politics:

MR. SEWARD: "Your Highness, is it the intention of your Government to establish permanent missions in foreign capitals?"

PRINCE KUNG: "By all means. We expect to have permanent embassies, and we expect to derive great benefit from them."

MR. SEWARD: "The Japanese Government gave me a letter, which they addressed to the minister whom they have recently sent to China. I would like to deliver it."

Prince Kung: "He has not yet come."

Mr. Seward: "Is the Anamite Empire still tributary to China?"

Prince Kung: "It still continues to send tribute."

Mr. Seward: "And does Siam, also?"

Prince Kung: "The Siamese Government sends us tribute once in five years."

Mr. Seward: "What is the diplomatic rank of envoys who come to you from Corea?"

Prince Kung: "That question is not easily answered. The Coreans have grades of rank, and honors, altogether different from our own."

Mr. Seward: "Are the tributes which you receive from those countries merely ceremonial, or do they enter into the revenues of the empire?"

Prince Kung: "We act on the maxim that the envoys of dependent states shall come to us lean, and go out from us fat. They always receive greater presents than they bring."

Mr. Seward: "The King of Siam once sent us a present in regard to which we could not act on that maxim. It was a white elephant."

The prince took out his watch to compare his time with that of the legation, and explained that there is no standard chronometer in Peking.

Admiral Rodgers inquired whether the instruments at the observatory are no longer serviceable.

Prince Kung: "Observations are still made there, but the instruments are somewhat neglected, and they have become obsolete."

Mr. Seward: "It seems so desirable that the sciences of the West should be introduced into China that I regret to learn of the difficulties which the university projected by Wan-Siang encounters. I trust that that institution will revive under its new president, Dr. Martin."

Prince Kung: "It was with that hope that we appointed him, and we have now the utmost confidence in its success. It is bound to succeed."

Dr. Martin, in Mr. Seward's name, asked the prince and his associates to write their names in the ladies' albums.

The prince took up the book, and, seeming to assume that it was Mr. Seward's own, wrote these words:

"Having already attained so much of wealth and honor, may you also attain to great longevity!"

He signed this in the Mantchoo character—"KUNG-CHIEN-WANG."

The aged Minister Chin-Lun, president of the Board of Control for the Colonies, wrote:

"May mankind enjoy universal peace!"

He signed this both in the Chinese and Mantchoo characters.

Tung-Tajen, president of the Board of Revenue, before referred to in these notes as a poet, wrote, in ancient ornamental characters:

"May mild winds and quiet waves,
Tranquil seas and pleasant rivers,
Speed you on your voyage."

Shen-Tajen, member of the Grand Council of State, next took up the pencil, and wrote:

"May the clouds give you lucky omens,
The stars assure you happiness and long life,
The opening flowers presage wealth and honors,
And the bamboo tube [the mail-bag] only
And always bring you tidings of peace!"

Repeating and rehearsing these several kindly sentiments, they rose, took the hands of Mr. Seward and the admiral into their own, bade them farewell, and retired.

November 21*st*.—General Vlangally again entertained us with a breakfast at his pleasant legation.

This morning four mandarin chairs and six carts, with an unusual retinue of coolies, appeared at the legation. A messenger delivered to Mr. Seward the cards of the several Ministers of State, including one of Wan-Siang, together with a present, of which they left the following inventory:

One pair of vases.
One pair of enamelled eagles.
One pair of double-enamelled vases.
One pair of carved scarlet lacquer boxes.
One pair of enamelled fish-jars.
Eight pieces of silk, of various colors.

Mr. Seward inquired of Mr. Low what would be a proper form of acknowledgment. He replied: "You cannot decline the present. You can only send your card in return, and pay a Mexican dollar to each coolie. Less than this you would be unwilling to do. It would be thought disrespectful to do more."

The American and British missionaries, residing at Peking, passed the afternoon with Mr. Seward. They leave on the minds of our whole party an impression that they are earnest, true, and good men and women. The labor which they are performing in this benighted land fully justifies the Christian charity which has sent them hither.

Ever since we came here, Mr. Seward and Admiral Rodgers have been diligently laboring to ascertain the feasibility of a return of our party by way of the Imperial Canal. The Government has caused a report to be made to them on that subject. This paper describes many breaches of the canal, but represents them as undergoing repair. The Government would provide for our security in the journey, but no shorter period than three weeks would suffice to make it in boats, while there would be many and long land portages. It is almost certain that, within that time, it will be rendered impassable by ice. The canal-voyage is therefore given up, though not without much reluctance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN TO SHANGHAI.

Once more on the Pei-ho.—The Ladies at Tien-Tsin.—The Shan Tung.—Pigeon English.—Tempestuous Weather.—Visit to the Flag-ship Colorado.—Departure of Mr. and Mrs. Randall.—On board the Plymouth Rock.

Tung-Chow, November 22*d.*—How could we describe in writing the parting at the legation, which allowed of no utterance!

Time, it seems, is not money in junk-navigation. We find at Tung-Chow that our flotilla of little vessels, without a word of engagement or promise on our part, had waited nineteen days. It has been speedily manned and victualled. Its sails are already spread, our flags are unfurled, and we are once more afloat on the Pei-ho. The weather is very cold, but the downward voyage to Tien-Tsin requires only forty hours.

Tien-Tsin, November 23*d.*—Could anybody ask a safer convoy on a river-voyage than a rear admiral? Could anybody, needing protection on such a voyage, do a wiser thing than trust such a convoy?

"All's well that ends well;" but, could there be a better joke than that which has occurred to us, under the practice of these principles? Boat No. 2, bearing the two ladies, accidentally separating from the fleet during the night, came up to the draw-bridge at Tien-Tsin this morning, not only two hours before No. 4 and the other boats, but even three hours before the flag-ship of our gallant

convoy. There is not only a time for every thing in this world, but there is also a place for it; but, for those timid adventurers, those two hours were not the time; and Tien-Tsin, with its murky atmosphere, stolid crowds, and horrible associations of massacre, was certainly not the place. Fortunately, the officers of the Ashuelot found them, opened the way through the draw-bridge, took them on board their ship, and seated them, shivering as they were, before a fire in their comfortable cabin.

The deck is completely enclosed with bunting—the flags of all nations—and is prepared for a ball in honor of our arrival. The same considerations, which counselled us to self-denial on our upward way, determined us to forego the pleasing compliment.

Thanks to Mr. Beebe, of the house of Russell & Company, for the welcome and comfortable quarters, which we so much needed, after the cold river-voyage. Thanks for his pleasant dinner, and thanks to Mr. Seward and good Admiral Rodgers for lowering their voices after the ladies had left the table, and to the whole party for treading so lightly as they retired for the night. Thanks, more fervent than all others, to the lucky star which has brought our nice, little, rolling Shan Tung, and her spirited Yankee Captain Hawes, back from Shanghai, just in time to meet us here and convey us to that destination. Our last voyage on the Yellow Sea, and her last voyage for the season.

Taku, November 24th.—On board the Shan Tung, waiting to cross the bar. Would anybody care to have an explanation of what is called "pigeon-English?" To the visitor, on his arrival here, it seems an unnecessary and puerile affectation. But this is a mistake. Native agents, servants, and factors, must be employed. They do not understand any foreign language, and foreign residents cannot learn Chinese. A dialect is needed for mutual communication, but it may be limited to the wants of commerce and service.

As "charity shall cover a multitude of sins," so in this dialect, one English word is made to cover a variety of things. "Pigeon," to the Chinese ear, means, not the dove, but "business." "Pigeon-English," therefore, means "business-English." A few generic

names, without number, gender, or case, and a very few active and auxiliary verbs, without variation of mood or tense, constitute the whole vocabulary. "Will this horse kick?" In pigeon-English, "Horse make kick?" "Ask the consul to come here." In pigeon-English it is, "Catchee consul, bring come this side." Report, in pigeon-English, "No can catchee consul." "Bring the breakfast, quickly,"—"Catchee chow-chow, chop-chop."

A similar invention, though not so well perfected, is adapted to facilitate intercourse between foreigners and natives in all newly-discovered regions. The Indian tribes, on the North-American Pacific coast, have a common jargon made up of only two hundred words, a mixture of English, French, Spanish, Indian, etc. The *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean, a jumble of French, Arabic, Turkish, and Italian, is another such dialect. "Pigeon-English" is now regularly taught in Chinese schools. Since it is capable of indefinite expansion, who shall say that, in the progress of time, a complete language may not be built upon that narrow foundation?

Yellow Sea, off Shan Tung Promontory, November 28th.—The Gulf Pe-chee-lee is a vixen, and the Shan Tung, in a gale, is a nuisance. Although the morning was soft and genial when we left Taku, the sky darkened at ten, and in two hours we were rolling and pitching under a severe nor'easter. Unable to land at Che-Foo, we anchored for the night at Hope Sound. Resuming our voyage, we arrived, at six the next morning, in the harbor of Che-Foo. But a high sea would not allow us to disembark. The weather has been intensely cold as well as tempestuous for two days and nights, and there has been no rest or comfort. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon, finding a smooth nook on the lee shore, we came to anchor again, to afford, not passengers, but the exhausted seamen, a night of rest. The storm has abated, and we are now making rapid headway.

Shanghai, November 30th.—Why take pains to say what everybody may imagine—that we have come back to Shanghai weary, or that Mr. and Mrs. Warden seem even kinder than before, or that

William Freeman has laid in a stock of "pigeon-English" which he thinks will enable us to dismiss our Chinese servants, or that Admiral Rodgers has determined that the Colorado shall no longer be denied the pleasure of entertaining us, or that Mr. Seward has pacified impatient friends and countrymen by contradicting rumors which came before us—that the Chinese Government has organized an army for immediate war, and that Prince Kung refused to receive or meet Mr. Seward in any way?

December 5th.—Yesterday, Mr. Seward, attended by many friends, visited the admiral's flag-ship. Arriving in the harbor of Woo-Sung, we proposed to go directly from our little yacht on board the Colorado. No such hasty proceeding as this, however, could be allowed. The whole ship made gorgeous display of national colors. The staff-officers, in brilliant uniforms, were afloat in her steam-launch, and other boats awaiting us. Seamen and marines were ranged on the deck. Six hundred officers and men, in regulation attire, were drawn up in line. Our now familiar acquaintances, the band, with their brass instruments blazing in the burning sun, stood on the quarter-deck; and in front of them all was the admiral, tall, erect, and commanding. He waved us a cordial and graceful welcome. The staff came alongside, and informed us of the admiral's request that Mr. Seward would remain on the yacht until the party should have been conveyed by the launches to the Colorado.

And so it was done. When the party had been assigned proper places, Mr. Seward, coming over the bulwarks, was received by the admiral; the marines presented arms, the seamen saluted, the guns poured forth a salvo, and the band played "Hail to the Chief!"

The officers were then severally presented to Mr. Seward. Then followed an inspection of the ship, which displayed the usual good order of an American man-of-war. A feast was spread in the cabins, to which we all sat down. The band continued playing until the last guest retired from the table.

In taste for articles of *virtu*, the admiral rivals his professional *confrère*, the Duke of Edinburgh. Here we note, by way of

parenthesis, in China, which is the country of porcelain, that his Wedgwood ware is the finest in the world.

A voyage under the soft moonlight brought us to the compound at two o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall, greatly to our regret, being recalled home, we part with them here.[1]

Shanghai, December 7th.—We are preparing for an excursion on the Yang-tse-kiang. The admiral and officers took final leave of us to-day. After a pleasant dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, we repaired, at eleven o'clock, on board the steamer Plymouth Rock.

On board the Plymouth Rock, December 8th.—After all, there is something in a name. Plymouth Rock, a name identified with the civilization of America, now employed to signalize an American regeneration of China!

Laboulaye has written an ingenious book describing Paris in America. Why shall we not, in ours, illustrate the United States in China? The Plymouth Rock was built in our own country, and is owned, managed, and sailed, by our countrymen. Such a promenade-deck can be found on the great rivers and lakes at home; but such a cabin, such a table, such baths, and such beds, can be found nowhere. We knew, when we looked about this morning, that no Chinese steward, nor maid-servant, if there be any such, nor any American or European steward or stewardess, had arranged these homelike comforts. Though we saw no woman, we knew, not only that a woman had been here, but that she lives here. The captain's wife, Mrs. Simmons, is absent for only a day or two.

The Hudson and the Mississippi are the only rivers in the world where steamers carry as heavy freights as on the Yang-tse-kiang. If the monopoly of this navigation by our countrymen serves to extend our national influence in China, it at the same time illustrates the absurdity of the fear that the Chinese interest will become an intrusive or dangerous element in the United States.

[1] *Auburn, July* 26, 1872.—We record with deep sorrow the death of Mr. Randall. He closed a life of eminent public service and private virtue, at his residence in Elmira, yesterday, after his return to that place from a visit to Mr. Seward, here.

CHAPTER XII.

UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

The Mississippi of China.—Ching-Kiang.—Large Freights.—Nanking.—The Porcelain Tower.—A Specimen Brick.—Abundance of Game.—Scenery on the River.—Ku-Kiang.—Conversation with Mr. Drew.—Policy of the United States.—Han-Kow.—Ascent of the Promontory.—Magnificent View.—Cheerful Aspect of Han-Kow.—Excursion to Woo-Chang.—A Disagreeable Adventure.

December 9th.—The Yang-tse-kiang has its sources in the mountains of Thibet, side by side with those of rivers which flow through Siam, Burmah, and Hindostan, into the Bay of Bengal. In reaching the Pacific, it traverses the central region of China, a distance of nineteen hundred miles, which the sinuosities of its course lengthen to three thousand miles. Though this navigation may not be longer than that of the Mississippi River, extended by the Missouri River, the Yang-tse-kiang greatly surpasses the great American river in depth, breadth, and volume. Often, in its course, it spreads into broad bays or lakes, and, losing its own name, takes on local ones, just as the mighty St. Lawrence does.

In a distance of eighty miles from the sea, the river gradually shrinks from a breadth of some thirty miles to that of one mile—the banks level, densely inhabited, and perfectly cultivated.

At midnight we fastened at the wharf of Ching-Kiang, the southern terminus of the Imperial Canal. This populous and important town was nearly destroyed during the Ta-ping rebellion. The mercury had gone down to twenty-eight degrees. A heavy dew was falling. It was no time to go ashore. Our captain

left on the wharf three thousand boxes and bales of merchandise, consisting of sugars from Southern China, and British manufactured goods and opium from India—a large freight, considering that the steamer is one of a daily line, and that the river is at every point crowded with junks. It looks quite like home to see the numerous and immense timber-rafts floating down from native forests in Thibet.

What product does China need to make herself self-sustaining?

The banks above Ching-Kiang rise to a height of one thousand feet. Nanking, on the south side of the river, is in an amphitheatre formed by those hills. This city has historical interest as the capital

BRIDGE AT NANKING, AND PORCELAIN TOWER BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION.

of the empire before the conquest of Kubiai-Khan; afterward it was occasionally the residence of the Ming emperors. Nanking became famous, still later, as a commercial centre, and remained so

until the period of steam-navigation. Last of all, it became memorable as the vantage-ground from which the Ta-ping insurgents carried the civil war to the walls of Peking. The pagoda called the Porcelain Tower, which, with its nine successive roofs of seeming emerald, and the golden apple on its summit, at that time looked upon Nanking, was justly admired, not only as a chief embellishment of the great city, but as one of the wonders of the world. But all this glory has passed away. The Ta-ping rebellion, which ended only in 1864, proved destructive to Nanking.

It seems almost enough to excuse the dread which all nations feel for civil war, when we contemplate the devastation which it invariably produces. Nanking, within its fifteen miles of dilapidated wall, is little else than a desolation. The Porcelain Tower is only recognized by its *débris*. The port is not open to foreign commerce, but the Government permits steamers to receive and land passengers. A friend who came on board presented us with a large brick which he has taken from the ruined pagoda. Mr. Seward, thanking him for it, said:

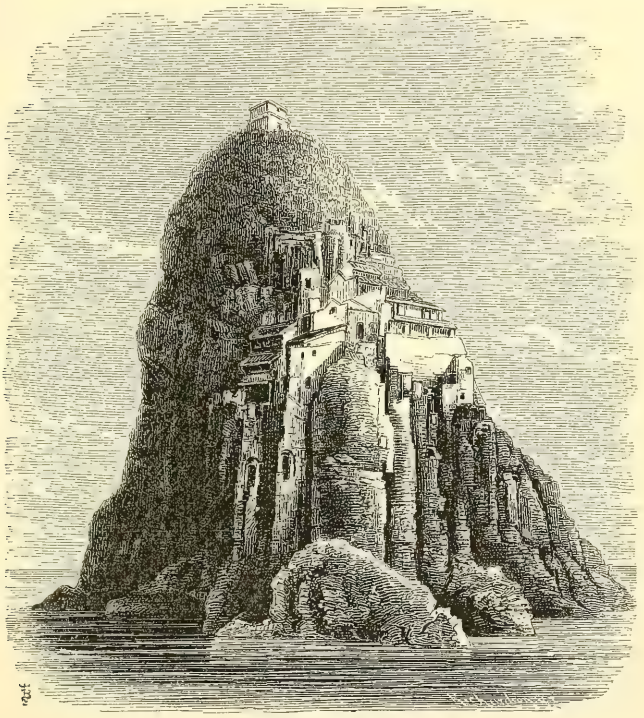
"One of the minor Greek poets ridicules as a simpleton a man who, having a house to sell, went about showing one of its bricks as a sample; but, insomuch as the Porcelain Tower is gone, I am thankful for a relic of it."

Game is one of the marvels of the country. On the river it is over your head and under your feet—everywhere. You may buy a dozen pheasants, ducks, or snipe, for less than the price of a pair of fowls in Washington Market. You pay less for wild-boar, venison, or hare, than for veal or mutton at home. Do these wild animals affect the society of semi-barbarian man, or is the abundance here due to the great productiveness of the soil?

December 10th.—Two hundred and fifty miles above Nanking, the river flows swiftly through a narrow gorge between two mountains, one called the Eastern, the other the Western Pillar. Above this strait the river winds, and is flanked on the right bank by bluffs like those of the Mississippi and Missouri; a hundred miles higher, another gorge; near the left bank, a conical islet, four hun-

THE UPPER YANG-TSE-KIANG.

dred feet high, rocky at the base, but smiling with vegetation at the top, the sides indented with winding terraces bordered with Buddhist cloisters, on the summit a picturesque pagoda. The rock is named, in the chart, "Little Orphan." Opposite it is the pretty little town of Tung-Lu, with a picturesque wall winding over the undulating mountain-crest. Here the river receives the water of



LITTLE ORPHAN ISLAND.

the Po-yang, a lake with a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles, which, in some seasons, is enlarged to an area of two hundred and fifty miles by the overflow of the river.

Four hundred miles from the sea, the river has narrowed to half a mile. The banks on either side are crowded with villages; the depth, at this season of low water, twenty-five feet; swollen by the

winter floods, it is sixty. Farther upward, villages are less conspicuous; but temples and pagodas, at picturesque points, break the monotony. One of these pagodas is a hundred feet high; all are dedicated to the gods of the Winds and the Waves.

At sunset we came to Ku-Kiang, a port open to commerce, on the south side of the river. The foreign settlement, though small, is well arranged and conducted; the Chinese city is contracted and meanly built, but busy. Mr. Rose, of the house of Russell & Co., and Mr. Drew, deputy Chinese revenue commissioner, received us.

Each of the treaty powers nominates to the Chinese Government a certain number of persons to serve as such deputies, under the superintendence of the inspector-general, Mr. Hart. These deputies are expected to learn the Chinese language, laws, and customs. Mr. Drew is an American. While walking in the Bund, he lamented to Mr. Seward that British prestige in China prevails over that of the United States:

Mr. Seward: "To what do you attribute this advantage?"

Mr. Drew: "To the superior policy pursued by Great Britain. That nation, as well as France, maintains a habit of demonstration and menace; the United States a policy of forbearance and conciliation."

Mr. Seward: "These sentiments of yours harmonize with those of most of our countrymen whom I have met in China. How many foreigners of all nations have you in Ku-Kiang?"

Mr. Drew: "Twenty-five."

Mr. Seward: "How many of these are Americans?"

Mr. Drew: "Two or three."

Mr. Seward: "The others, I suppose, are British and French, with perhaps a German or two?"

Mr. Drew: "Yes."

Mr. Seward: "I understand that, while the foreign population at Shanghai is two thousand five hundred, only fifty or sixty of these are Americans?"

Mr. Drew: "Yes."

Mr. Seward: "Have you observed that Great Britain, France,

and Russia, maintain in China diplomatic, consular, military, and naval agents, in numbers as far exceeding those of the United States as their national population resident here exceeds that of citizens from the United States? In short, most of the Americans residing in China are missionaries, are they not?"

MR. DREW: "Yes."

MR. SEWARD: "Is it your opinion that there would have been in China, to-day, any more American citizens than there are now, if the United States had heretofore either waged war against China or menaced her in any way?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "You have been here many years. Do you know of any outrage, or injury, or wrong, that the United States have ever complained of, that the Chinese Government has left unredressed?"

MR. DREW: "I know of none."

MR. SEWARD: "Has Great Britain or France secured to herself in China any political or commercial benefit or advantage which the Chinese Government has not equally extended, by treaty, to the United States?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "The complaints of the superiority of British and French prestige over that of the United States in China are of recent growth. They arose chiefly in the period of our late civil war. You know little of the herculean difficulties of the Government in that conflict. Do you think that the United States Government, under the administration of Abraham Lincoln or of Andrew Johnson, could have wisely made war, or demonstration of war, against China?"

MR. DREW: "No."

MR. SEWARD: "Do you think that the United States ought to provoke China by any act of injustice or wrong? Do you think that it would be wise for the United States, without provocation, to resort to any policy of menace or intimidation? Do you think that the American people would support an administration in such a policy of provocation or menace, now while they are submitting

to such high taxation to discharge the national debt incurred in a civil war?"

Mr. Drew: "I think they would not."

Mr. Seward: "One question more. If the United States, during the last twenty years, had pursued a policy of intimidation toward China, do you think that they would have been able, at the same time, to draw from this empire an emigration of seventy-five thousand laborers to build the Pacific Railroad, and open the mines in the Rocky Mountains?"

Mr. Drew: "I have not thought of that before."

Mr. Seward: "Well, Mr. Drew, I think we are obliged to conclude from all these premises that a policy of justice, moderation, and friendship, is the only one that we have had a choice to pursue, and that it has been as wise as it has been unavoidable."

It is due to Mr. Drew to say that he had received his appointment to his present place from Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, and that he presented the subject to that gentleman chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining how far he had found cause to sympathize, during his sojourn here, with the complaints of our countrymen.

Mr. Seward closed the conversation by saying: "The United States are a republic, an aggregation of thirty-seven republics. Of the thirty-nine millions, which constitute the American people, less than ten thousand dwell in foreign countries, and a smaller proportion in China than in many other countries. The United States cannot be an aggressive nation—least of all can they be aggressive against China."

We reached the steamer and the end of the discussion at the same moment. This was our visit at Ku-Kiang.

Han-Kow, Sunday, December 11th.—At nine o'clock in the morning of this blessed Sunday, our steamer forces her way to the wharf through a fleet of a thousand Chinese vessels. These vessels are coastwise junks, river-trading junks, market-junks, fishing-junks, passage-junks, stationary storehouse-junks, dwelling-junks, and tavern-junks. So, after a travel of four months and two days, we have reached the centre of China. The Han, a large tributary, is

to the Yang-tse what the Missouri is to the Mississippi. The confluence of the two rivers makes the site for three large cities. Two of these, Han-Kow and Han-Yan, are on the opposite banks of the Han. Wu-Chang is on the Yang-tse, opposite the confluence of the two rivers. Practically, the three constitute one city. The foreign settlement, however, is established at Han-Kow.

Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, found, in Central China, a city on the Yang-tse, which he reported by the name of Kiu-sai. He estimated its circuit at a hundred Chinese miles. This is the city in which we now are. The good Abbé Huc, who sojourned here before the dark days of European invasion and domestic rebellion, estimated the population of the city at eight millions. While the European residents say that the abbé exaggerates, they insist that the present population exceeds one million. The site of Han-Kow may be compared to that of St. Louis. Through the attenuated tributaries of the Yang-tse, Han-Kow gathers up agricultural, mineral, forest, and manufactured products, from the western regions of the empire, and distributes them by domestic and foreign exchange through the ports of Tien-Tsin, Shanghai, and Canton. When one has reached this commanding point, it is easily conceived why it is that Shanghai, at the mouth, is so rapidly engrossing the commerce of the empire.

The port of Han-Kow was opened in 1861. The Concession is beautifully laid out, and built up in a rich and costly style. It is spacious enough for ten thousand inhabitants, while the present number of foreigners is only fifty. There are six foreign houses, one of which is American. The high expectations of increase have been disappointed, not because the trade was misestimated, nor yet because it has failed, but, strange to say, only for the reason that the native merchants have learned the respective wants of foreign markets, and the ways of supplying them. They are now, themselves, enjoying the advantages which the European merchants have aimed to secure.

Noon.—We live on shipboard, but we, nevertheless, are enjoying the hospitalities of Mr. Fitz, at the house of Russell & Company.

We attended service, this morning, at the Chapel of St. John the Evangelist. It was built for the Church of England, but, having lost its Government stipend, the congregation is unable to support a pastor. Prayers were read by a Wesleyan missionary, an amateur choir singing the beautiful chants and hymns in an admirable manner.

December 12th.—In our exploration, yesterday afternoon, we found that, although "some things can be done as well as others," there is, nevertheless, a "right way and wrong way" of doing them.

Mr. Fitz inquired whether we would have chairs sent forward for our ascent of the promontory, at the junction of the two rivers. The arguments against it were, that most persons prefer walking to the hazard of being carried up the steep hill by coolies. Mr. Seward advised that chairs should be sent, to be used as we should find need. The younger people promptly decided for themselves to dispense with the luxury. We went up the river to the base of the promontory in a row-boat (*sam-pan*). Thence we made our way, through a dirty and crowded suburb, up a flight of five hundred stone steps. At this elevation, we found neither platform, bench, nor stone, to rest on, but only another flight of two thousand stone steps before us, with an inclination of forty-five degrees. Mr. Seward took the chair which he had so thoughtfully provided for himself, and, though his ascent seemed frightful to us, he was borne quickly and safely to the top by two coolies, who neither stumbled nor stopped to rest. The other members of the party followed slowly, and reached the summit completely exhausted. Here, we availed ourselves of the restoratives of tea and rest, in a dingy Buddhist temple. We might confess now that the view which presented itself amply rewarded the painful efforts by which it was obtained, if we could be quite sure that we should recover, in many months, the muscular strength expended. On our right hand, the Yang-tse, a mile wide, flowed with rapid current; on our left was the Han, scarcely eighty feet broad, though its springs are a thousand miles distant. The city of Han-Kow covers the banks of both

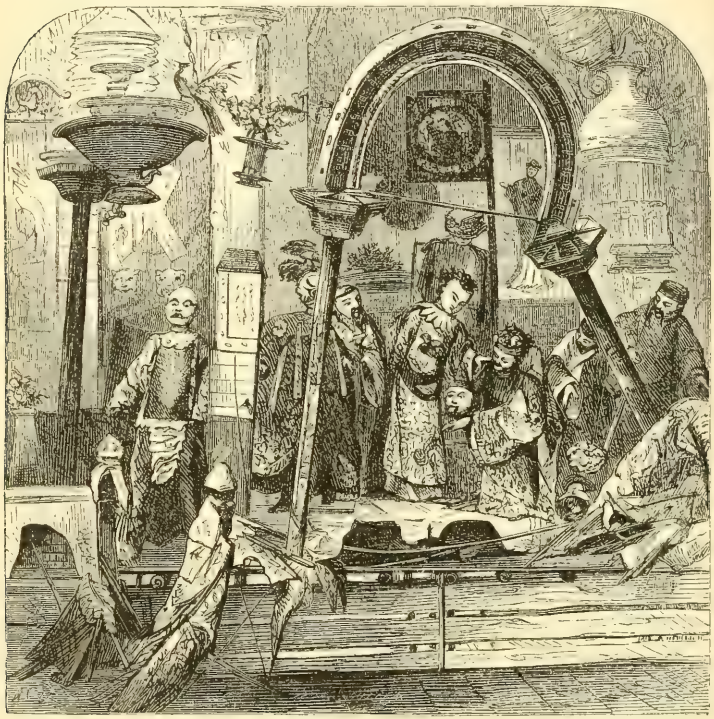
rivers at their junction; behind it spreads a vast, low, green marsh, every year inundated, and often forcing the inhabitants to take refuge in boats. At the base of the promontory on which we stand, looking down the river, is the fresh-looking little city of Han-Yan, enclosed in a neat though not formidable stone-wall; and, on the opposite bank of the Yang-tse, crowded with pagodas, palaces, temples, universities, dwellings, barracks, and camps, is Wu-chang, capital of the province of Hu-peh. A thin, blue haze limits the prospect to an horizon in which a small and lovely lake flows at the base of gently-undulating hills.

In contrast with other Chinese cities, Han-Kow, including the three towns, wears a cheerful aspect. The streets are regular, and the dwellings, of stone or adobe, are whitened with paint or lime. From our commanding position we made an effort to secure a careful estimate of the population. Our conclusion was, that the number of the inhabitants on land within the three cities is one million. But this estimate left us all afloat as to the mass of the dwellers on the water. It would be as easy to look from the high-road on the Owasco Hills into the beech and maple forests, that border it on either side, and count the trees, as it would be here to number the vessels of all sizes which throw a dark shade across the narrow channel of the Han, and over the left bank of the Yang-tse. We venture to set down the population afloat at a hundred thousand. Who will correct our estimate?

We were to dine with Mr. Fitz at seven o'clock, but his house in the Bund is sixty feet above the river. The young people who had so bravely stormed the promontory were only able on their return to climb from the sam-pan to the steamer. Mr. Seward carried with him their reluctant apologies.

December 12*th, evening.*—An excursion to Wu-chang. Sitting in our sam-pan, we fortunately became spectators of a theatrical entertainment on the bank of the river in Han-Kow. We estimated the audience at four thousand, without seats. Standing in rows, one rising above another on the steep declivity, they presented unbroken lines of blue nankeen, yellow faces, and shaven heads.

The stage was without change of scene, or scenery of any kind. There was no orchestra, but frequent rattling of gongs and drums on the stage. The performers were brilliantly dressed in yellow and red. So far as we could see, there was no breaking up of the performance for time or place. The whole ran on without pause. The actors gesticulated much and grotesquely, but they drew out



CHINESE THEATRICALS.

from the patient and delighted audience not one sign of applause. We distinguished frequent battles and dances in the play, but the dialogue was lost in the distance. After looking on for half an hour, we continued our excursion. When we returned three hours afterward, we found the performance still going on, with no perceptible change in either the actors or the audience.

Landing at Wu-chang, we ascended a promontory which divides the city into two equal parts. A bright and variegated pagoda, called the "Little Stork," graces the hill above the landing-place. Its story, though modern, is characteristic: a little golden god took it into his head one night to ride a snow-white stork into the chamber of the dreaming Taou-tai of the province, and demanded of him the erection of a pagoda in this place. The Taou-tai said, "I hear and obey," and, when he wakened, "he went and did it." We climbed the winding staircase of this pagoda. Cakes, tea, and confectionery are served, fortunes told, and "curios" sold in every story. In the upper one is a statue of a little god, about five feet high, with long, slender eyes, smooth black queue, black, waxed mustache, and tunic of blue and gold. He smiles complacently as he sits on the back of a stork, carved in wood and painted white. To speak the truth, he is a merry little god—the only one of that aspect we have met. Leaving the pagoda, we passed through the court of a Confucian temple, thickly crowded with sellers of fruit and provisions, trinket-dealers, vagabonds and idlers, and lame, blind, maimed and loathsome beggars. We looked into the temple, and found its walls covered with texts of the classic books. As we came out, the crowd around us had formidably increased. There is no coin in China but an iron one, of which a thousand pieces go to the dollar. Of course, we had none of these. The beggars, unaccustomed to being refused the pitiful alms they expected, became importunate and impertinent. One of our servants, who had a few English sixpences, emptied his pockets, without other effect than increasing the number of mendicants and their vehemence.

Our view from the summit behind the temple renewed the impressions which we had received on the opposite promontory, the previous day. Resuming our chairs, we were on our return to the landing-place on the river, when a painful adventure occurred, the first of that kind in our travels. Foreigners seldom cross the river to Wu-chang. Our visit was a novelty, there, and excited much curiosity. The town contains a university in which ten thousand students are gathered from the provinces, and it also has

a military school with a large garrison. These provincial schools are distinguished for their bigotry and prejudice against foreigners. Our friends, however, had not apprised us of these facts, nor had they taken into consideration that our party contained two ladies, who would be objects of special curiosity here, as they were on our way to the Great Wall. A section of the crowd, which had been following us, stopped on the brink of the hill, from which they could look down on the winding path we were descending. One of the ladies had left her chair, and was walking in advance. Mr. Seward was in an elegant green chair with glass windows; the other lady in a covered bamboo-chair behind. A stone six inches thick struck the back window of Mr. Seward's chair and shivered it to pieces. A second, as large, entered the same window, and fell within the chair. A third stone struck the top of the last chair, and crushed the frail top. The coolie bearers of the two chairs stopped in a fright, and raised an outcry, directed toward persons on the top of the cliff. Well they might, for, if either of those missiles had fallen on one of their naked heads, it would have proved fatal. Happily the silken curtains of Mr. Seward's chair saved him from injury. He instantly alighted and turned to find the assailant. The enemy had, however, fled in consternation from the hill, and it remained to us only to exchange congratulations upon our escape from a common danger. Though the people surrounded us in masses, which rendered our passage through the narrow streets tedious and difficult, they made no expression or sign of unkindness or disrespect. Mr. Seward regards the assault not as one of design or deliberation, but as the unpremeditated and wanton act of rude and mischievous idlers. Nevertheless, the gentlemen at Han-Kow have addressed the Taou-tai on the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO SHANGHAI.

Departure from Han-Kow.—Chinese Military Art.—A Marvellous Echo.—The Imperial Canal.—Approach to Chin-Kiang.—The United States Steamer Alaska.—Running down a Junk.—An Apology from the Viceroy.—The Comprador.—Chinese Ladies.—Embark on an English Steamer.

Steamer Plymouth Rock, Yang-tse-kiang, December 13th.—We left the wharf at Han-Kow at daylight this morning, and in returning to Shanghai we are expecting to enjoy, by daylight, the scenes lost to us by night in ascending the river. The banks below Han-Kow are low and flat, with a city at almost every bend, but the mountains crowd closely on the plain.

December 14th.—Night and rain came down upon us as we approached Ku-Kiang, but with only this pleasant consequence, that we gathered at the dinner-table in our cabin the merry party which we were to have met on the Bund. When they had retired, certain tall natives of the country, of course olive-colored, with glazed crowns and smoothly-braided queues, brought two garden-vases and two baskets, each of the latter containing what our gentle friends at home would pronounce "a love" of a tea-set—one vermilion, the other blue. Thanks to Mr. Rose.

At Zuaking is a gleaming white pagoda, one hundred feet high, with a cupola of burnished brass. It has seven verandas, the roof of each ornamented with bright, tinkling bells. At its base is a military school.

Certainly military art, the world over, delights in fine colors, loud noises, and much demonstration. In the West, however, we are abating color and noise, while we study to increase force. In China, they reverse this. They do not improve their engines and weapons; they make greater noise with their gongs and a more dazzling display of yellow and red in their uniforms and flags than ever. Naval junks meet us everywhere on the river. Though diminutive in size, and carrying ordnance of the smallest calibre, their bunting surpasses that of a Hudson River steamer going to celebrate the Schützenfest.

We have just passed a mountain-gorge which has a marvellous echo. When we entered the pass, the reverberations were single. Passing on, the shrill notes of the steam-whistle came back to us prolonged and louder. Farther on, the mountains gave us back two distinct sounds for each one they received; afterward three, four, five for one. It was the perfection of ventriloquism. The sounds were articulate; they seemed to come through the earth; sometimes sonorous, at others soft and plaintive, always impressive and mournful.

Chin-Kiang, December 15*th.*—Anchoring off the left bank of the river in very deep water, and taking the ship's boats, we made an entrance, not without difficulty, into the Imperial Canal.

Take its story briefly, to understand better what little we saw: Built in the thirteenth century, it is a monument equally of the greatness and of the wisdom of Kublai-Khan. Its length is six hundred and fifty miles, nearly twice that of the Erie Canal. Designed for irrigation as well as navigation, it varies in width from two hundred feet to two thousand feet. It is not, like our canals, built by excavation, but with artificial dikes raised on an alluvial soil, its banks and bottom paved and cemented. Instead of locks, there are inclined planes. Every abutment, flood-gate, and bridge, is of solid granite masonry. The Imperial Canal, like the Erie Canal, is not an isolated channel, but only the main artery of a system of artificial navigation, the aggregate length of whose parts is four thousand miles, while they penetrate every one

SILVER ISLAND, ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

of the eighteen provinces of the empire. The canal is compactly crowded with junks. We could not make our way into it a yard's length, without waiting for a movement of the vessels for our accommodation. Our appeals to the boatmen for this courtesy were not unkindly received, though the result was a scene of wild and noisy disturbance. We soon became convinced that, in our small boats, we were in danger of being crushed between junks, even though nothing should occur to produce misunderstanding or disturbance. We returned, therefore, to the ship's deck, as cautiously as possible. In that position we traced the course of the canal "high," though not "dry," above ground four miles. The shipping through that distance was as dense as at the mouth. The offices of the managers and toll-collectors cover the banks, while an armed fleet rides at the mouth of the canal to prevent piracy and smuggling. We learn here that obstructions render the canal impassable for the aggregate extent of one hundred and fifty miles. Even the navigable portions are so much injured as to float only small vessels. The largest we saw are of one hundred and fifty tons burden.

Three months ago, when a foreign war was apprehended, an engineer submitted to the Government a project for restoring the navigation, but elicited no reply. There is little doubt that the canals of China, the most successful and magnificent system of inland navigation the world has ever seen, are falling into decay and ruin.

The approach to Chin-Kiang is very picturesque. It stands on a semicircular bay—the western entrance guarded by Golden Island, on which stand a Buddhist temple and a pagoda—the eastern entrance by Silver Island, its undulating surface embellished with tea-houses and villas.

December 16th, 4 o'clock.—We are passing from the broad estuary into the Woosung. Farewell, Yang-tse, worthy, from thy length and breadth, to be called "Son of the Sea," though the critics learned in the Chinese language deny thee that significant appellation, and mention that Yang-tse means something else.

Shanghai, December 16th, night.—Quite to our surprise, we passed the Colorado, still at her anchorage. As we approached Shanghai, the Plymouth Rock took a berth far out in the stream among the foreign shipping, busy junks and sam-pans darting around her in all directions. While standing on the steamer's deck awaiting a launch to convey us to the bank, the United States steamship-of-war Alaska came rapidly down the river. As we were in the act of exchanging compliments with the officers on her deck, she rode over a Chinese junk which was madly attempting to cross her bow. An instant afterward the two parts of the junk appeared on either side of the iron-clad. With how many lives the junk was freighted we could not know, but we saw living men clinging to the sundered parts of the wreck, and other living men struggling in the water. The Alaska promptly reversed her engines, threw out life-preservers and lowered her boats. Fortunately, at that moment, a steam-launch from the Colorado, reënforced by Chinese sam-pans, went to the rescue, but we were unable to discover with what success. The painful incident has saddened our return to Shanghai.

December 17th.—We learn from the consul-general that the survivors of the wrecked junk hastened to the consulate with complaints against the Alaska, and that he, as well as Admiral Rodgers, is engaged in examining the circumstances of the collision. The captain of the Alaska represents that he was hastening to get over the bar before ebb-tide; that the junk was crossing his bows, and had time to clear herself, but that, as her crew advanced on their track, they espied the Plymouth Rock coming up, and, taking alarm lest they should come under her wheels, they stopped in their course and fell under the keel of the Alaska.

We have arranged to sail for Hong-Kong on the 22d.

Shanghai, December 19th.—Le-ming-Che, Taou-tai of Han-Kow, to H. E. Hobson, assistant in charge Han-Kow customs:

"I am in receipt of your note informing me of your having visited Wu-Chang, with a party among whom was his Excellency

William H. Seward, on which occasion you were assailed by a disorderly mob of boys, and your sedan-chairs broken. The proceeding was most indecorous. I am intensely grieved that his Excellency, the American Secretary, should have met with such an insult on the occasion of his visit. I respectfully request you to convey to his Excellency my profound regret for what has taken place. I have duly instructed the Wu-Chang magistrate to issue proclamations to prosecute the offenders.

"Intercalang, tenth moon, twenty-first day."

Shanghai, December 20th.—The *comprador*, in China, is a character as incomprehensible as important. He is a native trained in accounts and trade. Employed by the foreign *hongs* (mercantile houses) as book-keeper and accountant, he adds to these functions that of the broker, who buys for the firm, and makes all its sales. In these transactions, he receives commissions from both parties. What is more singular is, that he maintains this duplicity of relations without suspicion of dishonesty. The *comprador* does not confine himself to mere trade, he is indispensable in all domestic and social transactions. He negotiates marriages between parties who never know nor see each other until the contract is completed. Russell & Company's *comprador*, to-day, paid his annual visit to Mr. Warden at the Compound. He brought his wife and her two handmaidens, presenting the latter, however, as his wives, numbers three and four; apologizing for number two, who remained at home. Also, two daughters-in-law, one child, and six attendants. The women, of course, came to pay their respects to Mrs. Warden. The *comprador* desired to make his homage to Mr. Seward, and the women requested an introduction to the ladies of his party. There was difficulty, at first, about the women coming into Mr. Seward's presence, but it was overcome. The wives and the boy shook hands with us quite in the American way, but evidently not without concern for their finger-nails, some of which were quite as long as the fingers that bore them. They were elegantly dressed, wearing a profusion of jewels, and were very timid. As they spoke no English, and we no Chinese, nothing remained for them but to

study our dresses and ornaments, as well as the furniture and articles of *vertu* in the drawing-room. When they had exhausted those on the first-floor, they desired to explore the second story. The grand stairway is broad and easy, but, as all these women have tiny feet, each required a strong arm in making the ascent, but that must not be a man's arm. The ladies, therefore, offered theirs, and "such a getting up-stairs, you never did see!" It would have been amusing, if it had not been really dangerous. After a thorough and minute inspection of the upper part of the house, they descended the staircase with much nervous apprehension. They then listened wonderingly to our music on the piano-forte. Calling, then, for their gorgeous sedan-chairs, they retired, doubtless to describe, to their small-footed and long-fingered friends, the mysteries and absurdities of Western fashions. During their entire visit, the *comprador* had directed the movements of his wives and children with all the vigilance and conscious superiority of a turkey-cock. As we assisted the women, or rather carried them in our arms, up and down the staircase, bright-eyed, gentle, and sweet-voiced indeed, but dwarfed, distorted, and enslaved, their dependence was touching. We had not before realized the depth of the abasement of women in China.

Steamer Travancore, China Sea, December 22d.—Many friends attended us to the steamer, and kindly signals were made to us from balconies, the consulate, and the shipping in the harbor.

For the first time in our travels, we are on a foreign deck. The Travancore, named from a province in British India, on the coast of Malabar, belongs to the "Peninsular and Oriental" line of steamers, usually abbreviated the "P. and O."

The familiar berth of the Colorado, at Wusung, was vacant. She had sailed, an hour before, for Nagasaki. We were still expressing our regret that we were to see her no more, when we passed the bar. Standing southerly, however, we saw the majestic flag-ship before us, at rest in the open sea, with all her flags and streamers flying, the admiral and officers on the quarter-deck, and every yard fully manned. Three hearty cheers greeted us from her

six hundred seamen, her colors dropped, officers and men saluted us, and the faithful band gave us for farewell the same old national air with which it had greeted us on coming into Chinese waters. The Travancore lowered her flags, and every officer and passenger joined us in acknowledging the kind and loyal demonstration of the Colorado.

SCENE ON THE IMPERIAL CANAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM SHANGHAI TO HONG-KONG.

Bad Weather.—Cold Weather.—Variety of Seamen.—The Ship's Accommodations.—Hong-Kong.—Beautiful Scenery.—Old Acquaintances renewed.—Native and Foreign Population.

On board the Travancore, Christmas-Day, 1870.—Give us no more of the China Sea; give us, instead, the Pacific Ocean, the Sea of Japan, the Yellow Sea; give us any water, if it be not the Bay of Yeddo, and any Gulf, but the Gulf of Pe-chee-lee.

A bleak northeaster, with rain, wind, and darkness, drove us to the cabin as soon as we had parted with the Colorado. When, during the day, the decks dried, the winds grew higher and the seas rougher, and we have remained prisoners below, until the morning. This cold weather, on the verge of the tropics, is a surprise; the high winds compel the native shipping to hug the coast, and equally oblige foreign vessels to keep away from it. Thus, it has happened that we have seen neither ship nor coast, although a narrow sea divides the great island of Formosa on our left from the continent. Now that we are approaching Hong-Kong, we are surrounded with native craft.

We mark a new phase in this navigation. We found the seamen, on the Pacific mail-steamer China, chiefly Chinese; so they are in the coastwise trade of the Yellow Sea. This Chinese monopoly is broken here. At the ship's muster this morning, the ranks showed many variations of physiognomy, with all shades of dark

HONG-KONG.

complexion. Of Europeans there are none; besides the light-yellow Chinese, there are the darker Malays; small but active Hindoos, almost black, with perfect Caucasian features and curling hair; and strongly-built, heavy-featured, coal-black negroes from South Africa. The languages and religions of the crew are not less diverse. There are Bramins, Buddhists, Confucians, and Mohammedans. While uniform discipline is enforced, difference of faith, as well as of diet and costume, is tolerated. The Chinese dress as on shore. The Hindoos wear a gay cotton blouse, on week-days, which they exchange on holidays for tightly-fitting cotton trousers and blouses of the same material, scarlet or crimson sashes, and turbans. The Hindoo boatswain adds to this a gilt-embroidered, scarlet vest. The Malays wear calico pantaloons, with white shirts, and the negroes, here as everywhere else, indulge in the gayest of colors.

The ship's accommodations do not compare favorably with those of the Pacific Mail Line, but here disparaging criticism must end. Though the table is frugal, the wines and provisions are of the best, and the linen is unimpeachable. The service is punctual, and the officers and seamen are courteous and watchful.

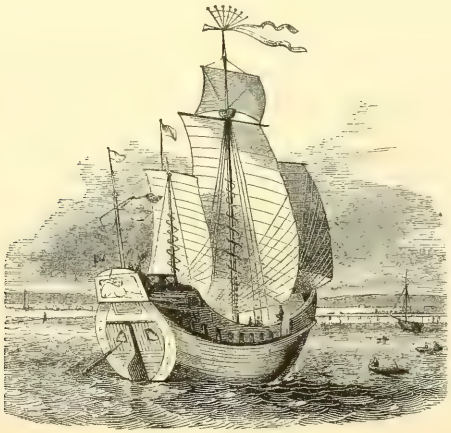
Hong-Kong, December 26th.—Hong-Kong is an island, which Great Britain has conquered, and commands the entrance of Canton. It rises more abruptly from the water than the island of St. Thomas in the West Indies.

We anchored at three o'clock yesterday. There is far less shipping here than at Shanghai. The terraces which wind around the hill-sides show distinctly in bold outline every dwelling and structure of the European town, which, as well as the foreign ships in the harbor, was yesterday gayly decorated with flags and Christmas-greens. We were received by Mr. Murray Forbes, representative here of Russell & Company, at Kee-Chung, the name of their princely house. We found fire on the hearth, the first which has been kindled this season, and the people here are rejoicing in having escaped at last the intense heat of summer. We make these memoranda, sitting in a deep window of this great, old-fashioned

dwelling, shadowed by the mountain-summit, while an unclouded morning sun brings the town below into broad relief, and beyond it the deep, blue bay dotted with diverse shipping. A high, red, rocky coast bounds the prospect. Imagine such a picture as we have tried to present, seen as we are seeing it through a framework of palmetto, banyan, camphor, and acacia trees, and you have Hong-Kong.

December 27th.—Resting, Mr. Seward has exchanged visits with the Governor of Hong-Kong, and the United States consul, Mr. Bailey. We are renewing old acquaintances with countrymen and countrywomen. Our departure for Singapore is fixed for the 3d of January. We need, therefore to improve our few remaining days in China.

The British found five thousand natives on the north end of the island. Under the rule of Great Britain, they are now a busy and prosperous community, numbering forty thousand engaged in trade and the fisheries. The foreign population is perhaps one thousand.



TRADING-JUNK.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM HONG-KONG TO CANTON.

The Chinese Coasting-Trade.—Chinese Smugglers.—Canton River-Banks.—Aspect of Canton.—The British Concession.—The American Hongs.—The Consul and the Taou-tai.—The Diet of the Cantonese.—Manufactures of Canton.—The Temples of Canton.

Canton, December 28th; Steamer Kin-San.—American side-wheel steamers carry the foreign coasting-trade between Hong-Kong and Macao westward, Hong-Kong and Canton northward, and Hong-Kong, Swatow, Amoy, Ning-po, and Foo-Choo, on the eastern coast.

We occupied, with two friends, the saloon and upper cabins of the Kin-San, while the lower deck bore four hundred Chinese, chiefly traders, who pay a fare of a Mexican dollar for a voyage of ninety miles. The purser brought us the box which contained the collection of dollars for this voyage. Many were rejected. The coins were genuine, but almost every piece had been clipped. The deficiency was made up in "cash." From the deck, we noticed a native trader, who at intervals advanced to the bulwark, and threw into the water small bunches of hay and straw. We observed that, in every case, natives rowed from the shore in small boats, and picked up this refuse. Our friends, who knew the trick, informed us that the bundles of hay and straw contained packages of opium. Another trader dropped a sealed bottle into the river. A partner, who was waiting on the bank, took it up and found in it the prices

current of opium at London. Smuggling wears only this thin covering in China.

Our course for forty-five miles—half our voyage—lay among sea-islands, giving us only occasional glimpses of the main-land. We then entered the narrow channel of the deep river, promiscuously called the North and the Canton. The banks are lined with the "Bogue" forts, before the "Opium War" regarded by the Chinese as a reliable defence. The victors stipulated that these forts shall not again be garrisoned. They are now falling into ruin. Thus Canton, the southern capital of China, is absolutely defenceless, with a British naval and military station at its very door. Might not Christian merchants in the East be content with this? Whampoa, some fifteen miles down the river, is the outpost of the foreign trade carried on at Canton. The river-banks below Whampoa are dull and monotonous. Above that place they present scenes of tropical luxuriance and beauty. The valley expands, and is covered with sugar-plantations, banana and orange groves, and the surrounding hills are crowned with pagodas. Canton stands on the right bank of the river, but projects in long suburbs over the opposite shore. Neither Nagasaki, nor Yokohama, nor Osaka, nor Han-Kow, nor Tien-Tsin, nor Shanghai, nor Hong-Kong, nor Peking, gives the stranger so effective an impression of a great city.

We moored at the wharf in the midst of a floating city of three hundred thousand souls. Canton, like the surrounding provinces, is traversed by canals, which bring to its wharves passengers in immense numbers from all parts of the empire. The inventive talent, as well as the frugality of the Chinese, is in nothing more conspicuous than in the provision which is made for these wayside travellers. There are blocks and streets of gayly-painted and decorated floating inns or taverns, shops for supplying all wants without the delay and cost of going ashore. Our passage through these winding streets and alleys gave us some odd revelations of marine life. All manner of domestic occupations are carried on without fear of annoyance, or affectation of privacy. Chins are shaven, queues are plaited, dinners are cooked and served, clothes are made, washed, and mended, children are dressed, whipped, and put to

bed, that is to say, laid on a mat and fastened with a cord around their waists, and tied to a mast to keep them from falling overboard. Even "field-sports" are not wanting. A favorite exercise of this kind is the chase of the wharf-rat. We saw one caught, skinned, spitted, and put on charcoal. This amusement is pursued chiefly by women and children. The fishing with cormorants is a vocation of a large class.

Our party had no sooner reached shore, than it broke into factions. The younger members extemporized a guide and boat, crossed the river, and were soon lost in studying carved ivory, shell, and sandal-wood boxes, pagodas and toilet-cases, and ornaments of gold, silver, jasper, and jade. Mr. Seward, more politic, visited the British Concession. If they found the fabrics of Canton more exquisite than they had imagined, he found the foreign settlement more spacious and elegant than the people of Shanghai and Hong-Kong allow it to be. There are thirty or forty spacious foreign hongs, an Episcopal church, built of white marble, and a club-house with a good library and billiard-room; on the bank, a promenade, handsomely-ornamented with gardens, which rejoices in the name of Cha-min (Sand-face).

The American houses, Russell & Company and Smith, Archer & Company, finding that the acquisition of title by Americans within the British Concession was attended with some uncertainty, have rebuilt their old factories in the Chinese city outside the Concession, and we are here the guests of those well-known hongs.

December 29th.—Archdeacon Grey is a philo-Chinese. He has resided here nineteen years, and he kindly offers us his invaluable assistance in the exploration of Canton.

Meantime, the United States consul, anticipating that Mr. Seward would esteem it an act of becoming courtesy to call on the Taou-tai of the province, addressed a note to that functionary. He remitted to the consul the following well-argued and most conclusive answer:

"In answer to your note stating that the Honorable William H. Seward, formerly Secretary of State, having visited Peking, and

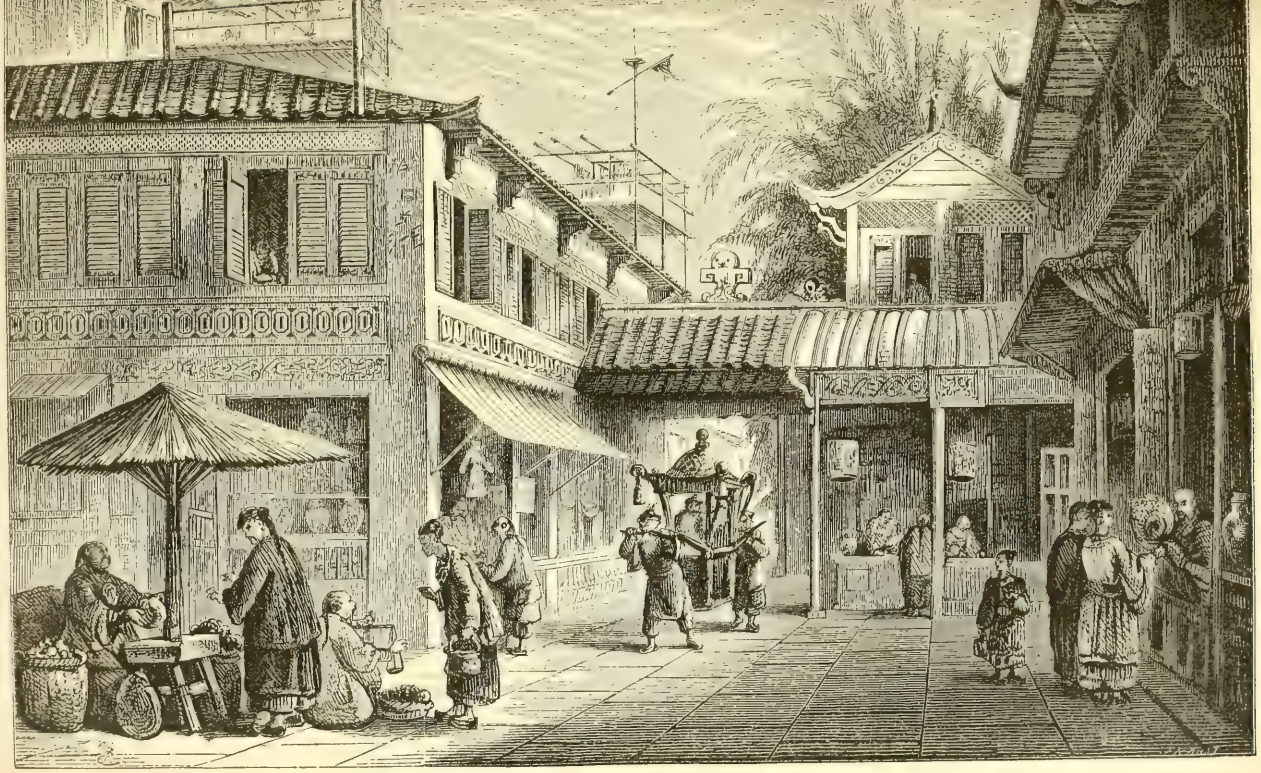
called at the foreign office there, had arrived in Canton, and proposed to appoint a time to call, etc., I have to say that, considering his Honor Seward has laid aside his office, and therefore there can be no consulting upon public business, and as the foreign office has sent no notice of his coming, it is not convenient for us to see and look each other in the face.

"Please inform his Honor Seward, the great officer, that it will be of no use to come to my office. This reply with my best compliments, my name and my card."

The consul, we know not how justly, attributes this decision of the Taou-tai to a public misunderstanding between himself and that officer, which had arisen before our arrival—the Taou-tai fearing that an interview with Mr. Seward might produce some popular jealousy.

Canton is a sphinx, serenely indulging in calm recollections, and seeming to smile with equal contentment on time and change. We have interrogated it. How shall we be able to record its responses.

The city covers a very large plain. Some of the streets are ten feet wide, they average seven; all irregular and without a plan. They are travelled chiefly on foot, but almost everywhere sedan-chairs can be used. Paved with flat granite blocks, the sewerage is concealed, and in this one Chinese city there is no want of public cleanliness. An untidy person is as rarely seen in the streets here, as a tidy one in the streets of Peking or Han-Kow. Occasionally, we passed a dwelling, palatial in its dimensions and embellishment, but, generally speaking, the city presents merely a mass of shops. The floors are on a level with the streets, the houses without verandas or porches, and entirely open in front. The buildings are narrow, usually of one story, often twenty feet high, and each has an attic. It is a Chinese proverb that "ill-luck follows ridge-beams which connect with each other in a continuous line." Hence the roofs are of unequal height, and the boards which project from them over the streets, to protect travellers from the sun and rain, are irregularly placed. The material of the fragile walls is dark-brown brick. Every one knows that the Chinese write from right to left, and in downward columns. The sign-boards, painted



STREET IN CANTON.

in rich vermilion or gilded on dark blue, instead of being horizontal, hang perpendicularly, everywhere obstructing the passenger. The shops are gorgeously ornamented. Helmbold's patent-medicine shop on Broadway would not be out of place here. There are no street monuments. The streets are often short and curved, they branch at all angles, and sometimes are continued through very narrow gates or mere door-ways. It thus happens that there is no long vista, and Canton is a labyrinth, which only one who is practised therein can thread. It is divided into quarters for the accommodation of divers kinds of business more completely than any European city. Bankers have their exclusive Wall Streets; the mercantile shops are in districts removed from manufactories; embroiderers, silk-weavers, cotton-weavers, lapidaries, jewellers, and carvers, have separately their own quarters. Only vegetables, fruits, fish, meat, poultry, and game, are displayed everywhere.

The dwellers in Canton are epicureans. They have fish from the rivers and fish from the sea—veal, mutton, venison, pigs, kids, ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, quails, and ortolans. Whatever they can serve you at the Astor-House, you can command here—ay, more than can be found on the Astor-House *carte;* for, in the midst of the tempting display in the provision-shops, are seen the carefully-dressed carcasses of infinite rats and unmistakable saddles of dogs, while here and there you notice in the shop-windows a placard which announces that "black cat is served hot, at all hours." A decoction of snakes is sold as a medicine. As we were passing a small lake, a boy in our train waded waist-deep and brought out a water-snake. We urged him to throw the unfortunate reptile back, but he declined, and, bruising its head, he put his finger to his mouth by way of informing us that it was to be his supper.

Rope is made here by the same process as among us, but a greater variety of materials is used. Besides hemp, they work bamboo, ratan, and tanned and untanned hides.

A primitive process is resorted to in bleaching. The operator takes clean water by the mouthful and spurts it over the fabric. Calendering is done as it was in Europe before the invention of

modern machinery. The cloth is passed under a stone roller which the operative rocks with his feet. The gloss produced is unequalled. We entered a flouring-mill—a blinded cow, at the end of a shaft, moves each of the seven pairs of stones. The operation is perfect, and the animals seem sound and healthy. The human foot moves the winnowing and bolting processes.

No stranger could conceive the excellence or the cheapness of artistic production. Mr. Seward, fancying a carving of sandal-wood suitable for a door-way, valued it at three hundred dollars. It was offered him at sixteen!

It can hardly be believed that the extensive manufacture of silks in China is carried on without the use of the "Jacquard" loom. The workshop is without a floor. The primitive hand-loom, with the operator's bench, is placed in an excavation. They insist here that the moisture of the ground imparts a porcelain gloss to the silk. Silk-embroidery is the most important manufacture. This toilsome and exhausting labor is performed exclusively by men, instead of being devolved on delicate women, as in European countries. We bought, at nominal prices, articles which would have a fabulous value at home.

Lacquer-ware is made, though less extensively than in Japan. This is the process: A frame of the required article is made of thin wood or veneering perfectly seasoned. This frame is covered inside and out with soft silk-paper, made to adhere smoothly by use of a glutinous solution. When the paper has perfectly dried, a coating of pulverized granite, mixed in a fine oil, is spread over the surface. This granite paste hardens in its turn, and now the process of lacquering begins. The lacquer is a vegetable juice imported from India in earthen jars, and, when fresh, is milk-white; when exposed to the air, it thickens and becomes black. It is applied with a brush and left to dry. No less than eight successive coats are put on, sometimes more. The Chinese, in speaking of a fool, use the proverb that "he wants the ninth coating of lacquer." After the lacquering is completed, the ornamentation, usually in vermilion and gold, takes place. Professional artists make the designs in perforated paper.

A large district in the city is devoted to the manufacture and sale of ornaments in jade. A Chinese gallant, speaking of a lady, says she is "as beautiful as jade." We failed to understand the secret of its value until informed of the firmness of its texture. A piece of this stone, weighing five pounds, has the dull appearance of a common pebble. It is sawed into plates of the required thickness by the use of a fine wire moved by hand. After this, turning-lathes and lapidaries' instruments are employed. With these it is shaped into finger-rings, ear-rings, bracelets, bangles, buckles, cups, vases, and the like. The best jade is that which shades from milky white to clear green.

We notice that women of the higher class wear a kind of ornament peculiar to Canton. It consists of a head-dress or cap, bracelets or finger-rings, made of filagree gold, delicately enamelled with the blue kingfisher's feathers, and heavily studded with pearls and gems.

Among temples, we visited first that of Pak-tai (the Dragon), a Taouistic deity. The dragon is one of the sacred emblems of China. Before that emblem stands a shrine, and below this a living representative of the monster in the shape of a pretty little bright-green snake, which coils in the branches of a dwarfed tree, cultivated in a small garden-vase. Incense is offered equally on the shrine of the carved dragon, and before the living representation in the tree. The offerings are such as the snake does not disdain, but such as the fabled dragon perhaps might not thank his votaries for. They consist of tea and eggs. When merchants contract partnerships, or masters and apprentices execute indentures, they bring engrossed copies of the covenants, and burn them with incense under the tree. In this way they bring the contents of the articles to the notice of the god for his approval and blessing. When the contracts have been fully performed, the parties come again to the presence of the sacred snake, and with solemn religious ceremony declare mutual acquittal and satisfaction. "Holy water" is constantly kept in vases, from which it is carried away in phials for the curing of diseases. When a second affliction falls on a bereaved family, it indicates that the grave of the deceased relation is an

unlucky one. In that case the bones are exhumed and washed in this water, and then removed to a more hospitable sepulchre. From this temple we passed into a long street in which every shop-window is filled with bars of bullion, fans, hats, shoes, and garments of every pattern cut from fancy-colored paper, and put up in packages with a prayer impressed on each packet. These parcels are sold to mourners, who burn them in incense before the shrine, believing that in this way they convey to the departed friends the material substances of which the paper articles are the imitation.

Of the Buddhist temples, the most celebrated is the Honan. It is, with its extensive monastery, called also the Temple of the "Ocean Banner;" but why the "Ocean Banner," we cannot conjecture. Spacious areas here are occupied by "sacred" pigs, goats,

ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF HONAN.

sheep, chickens, ducks, and geese. Notwithstanding the reverential devotion which the monks show to these animals, the idle boys who followed us into the temple took a wicked delight in "stirring up" the fat, holy swine with pike-staves, and making them grunt for our entertainment. The monks have separate cloisters, and, besides these, one spacious and common hall, which, having undergone some special form of consecration, is regarded as an auspicious chamber for the departure of the soul in death. When a brother's last hour is supposed to be near, he is brought to this chamber, possibly with the unintentional effect of hastening his entrance to anticipated bliss. Not far from this happy death-chamber is a sanctified and auspicious charnel-house. The body deposited in this lucky vault remains here in waiting until Buddha, being consulted, indicates a lucky day for the ceremony of cremation. Beyond the charnel-house is a furnace in which the process is conducted. The ashes are gathered in a vase, and are deposited with others in a temporary mausoleum. When the fulness of time has arrived, and an auspicious day has come, the vase is emptied into a common sarcophagus, and so the funeral-rites are at last ended.

Leaving the "Ocean Banner," we visited the Temple of the "Flowery Forest." Its pantheon contains images not only of gods of whom the Grecks or Romans never dreamed, but of more gods than they ever worshipped. Think of five hundred colossal wooden figures, of all complexions, black, white, and red, with distorted features and limbs, and dressed in purple, crimson, and gold, sitting in close order around the walls of a saloon, equal to the largest in the British Museum. These are the guardian genii of China. Each is a deified apostle or saint of the religion. These figures were presented to the monastery by one of the emperors, and perhaps all were carved by one artist. If he failed to impart a natural human expression to any among them, it must be admitted in his favor that, in their hideous distortions, no two are alike. We were kindly received by the monks. The abbot, a man of reverend mien, wears purple, a cap which might be mistaken for a mitre, and a staff in the shape of a crozier. As we came in advance of the evening service, they entertained us in the spacious court with

delicious tea and dried fruits. The brethren showed by their conversation a vague knowledge of foreign countries. They feared that the disasters which have befallen France may encourage Russian aggression against China. They understand something of the great civil war in the United States, and rejoice in its results. While we were thus engaged, a group of ladies exquisitely dressed, and having the least of all feet, came into the court accompanied by many children. This party was followed by a retinue of well-dressed servants, bearing large ornamented paper boxes, filled with votive offerings, paper shoes, fans, and hats, as before described. They were waiting until the midnight hour, to burn these offerings in incense for the repose and cheer of deceased ancestors. Although the women made no mirthful demonstration, they were animated and cheerful, seeming to regard the ceremony in which they were engaged rather as a festal than a funereal one. They made no advances to us, but showed much delight with the caresses we bestowed on their pretty children.

At the service, the monks kindly seated Mr. Seward on a wooden bench, the only thing of the kind in the temple, in a good position to see the ceremony. The hall of worship is sixty feet square, with a lofty ceiling. In its centre, a gigantic, triple-carved statue, in a sitting posture, representing Buddha in his three "states"—the face looking to the left, symbolic of oblivion, or the *past;* that looking forward, expressive of activity, the *present;* the third, looking to the right, contemplation, or the *future.* The "Flowery Forest," then, is a temple dedicated to a religion, older than our own, which presents, in a vague, misty way, two of the principles of the Christian Church: one, the incarnation of the Supreme; the other, His presentation in three persons, one and indivisible. Are these analogies merely accidental coincidences, or are they different outgrowths of the same innate ideas, or are they shadowy forms of a common revelation? The service consisted in a solemn, measured, and devotional intonation of a long and varied liturgy. Occasionally, a bell tinkled, to indicate a change in the order of the prayers. At this sound, the monks prostrated themselves, and brought their foreheads to the ground. At other times, they changed their pos-

tures toward the triune image, or walked in solemn procession around it, keeping time to a muffled drum and gong. Offerings are made of wheat, rice, and millet. These being deemed now consecrated, they were, at the conclusion of the ceremony, conveyed in a tripod, and scattered over the paved court of the temple, that they might be gathered by the fowls of the air, and so be saved from human profanation. The temple contains a very fine dagoba of white marble, built over a relic of a former incarnate Buddha. Its pedestal, a lower story, is ornamented with various allegorical tablets, on which Buddha is represented riding here on a dragon, there on a lion, and elsewhere on other animals. Heathen deities, as we come among them, seem to us to be rather impersonations of ideal conditions of human existence, than spiritual conceptions of a superior order of beings.

There is a temple dedicated to "Longevity." The idol, a colossal figure, badly carved in wood, and painted very red and very brown, represents an obese, contented, and lazy old man. This temple has a monastery of extraordinary character. Instead of cloisters of masonry, the cells are trees; and, instead of shaven monks, the brotherhood is a family of storks, which, daily fed by the attendants, live out their long-appointed days, objects of reverence and affection. The stork which has the luck to be dedicated to "Longevity" is a happy bird. What a contrast is his to the case of the gold-fish, only bred and fattened, in the ponds of the temple of the same god, to become the food of the "holy" stork!

Whatever doubts there may be about the justice of the Chinese claim to the invention of printing, it is pleasant to record that they have done honor to the art of arts by dedicating to it shrines, tablets, and vases of incense.

Our survey of the religious institutions closed with a visit to a convent of Buddhist nuns, devoted to the care of the sick. The superior and the sisterhood received us kindly. Although illiterate, they are industrious, tidy, gentle, and prepossessing. They showed us not only the meagre hospital wards, but their own very humble cells. After all, charity is an essential element of every religion, and woman is its truest minister throughout the world.

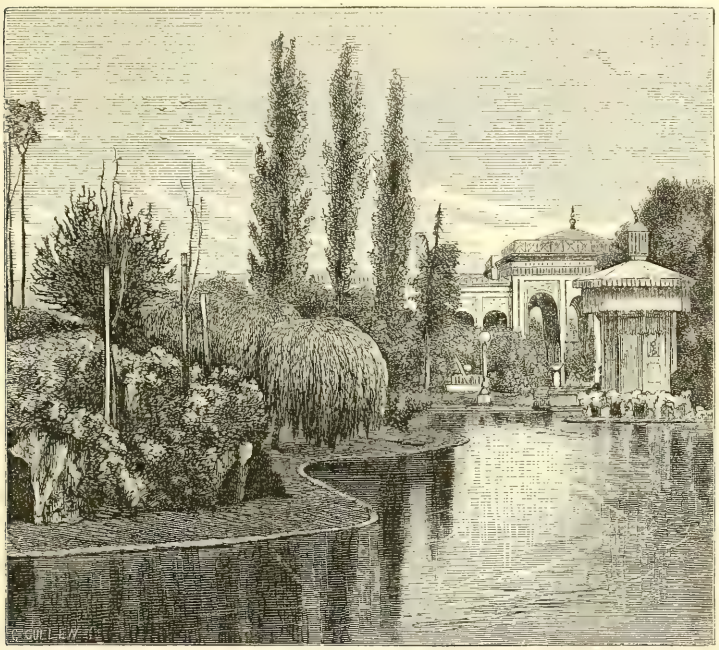
CHAPTER XVI.

CANTON (*Continued*).

A Chinese Villa.—The Hall of Ancestors.—A Chinese School-Room.—Another Villa.—An Opium-Den.—Extent of Opium-Smoking.—The Chinese Chronometer.—The Street of Malefactors.—The Place of Execution.—A City of the Dead.—Canton at Night.

Canton, December 30th.—This morning, without previous invitation or notice, our reverend guide ushered us into the villa of a Chinese gentleman, Poon-ting-gua. It covers several acres, enclosed with a solid granite wall. Chinese ladies with their children received us graciously. The mansion has a spacious theatre, tastefully arranged, for private entertainments, many pretty boudoirs, and a spacious banqueting-hall. After this, we visited the still more ambitious dwelling of the mandarin Lee, now exercising the office of Taou-tai in the province of Chin-Kiang. This residence contains a noble Hall of Ancestors, which, although it opens on one side to the sky, resembles very much the old Representative Hall in the Capitol at Washington. The Ancestral Hall is the chapel used for daily family worship of the gods, as well as of the ancestors. The hall is purely Confucian in idea. A shrine in the centre supports a tablet on which the names of the ancestors are inscribed. Large crimson banners are suspended from the walls, which contain, in embroidery, their likenesses, as well as those of the family, with heraldic insignia or emblems. The Ancestral Hall, moreover, is the judgment-chamber or tribunal in which family courts are held. At these courts all births are recorded,

marriage-contracts celebrated, and all disputes are adjusted. In anticipation of his last hour, the head of the house is brought to the Ancestral Hall to die, expecting an unobstructed passage thence



POON-TING-GUA'S VILLA.

to the realms above. After his death, his will is published in the same chamber. This hall is brilliantly furnished with European lamps, clocks, and mirrors. On the present occasion, the altar or tablet was graced with a porcelain salver, on which rested a cold roast-pig, weighing fifteen or twenty pounds. The dish was flanked with conserves, cakes, and flowers. A daughter of the house, married three days ago, comes in procession to-day, to pay her parting visit to her family, and these were the offerings to ancestors provided for the celebration of this important domestic event. At the conclusion of the ceremony, in such cases, the oblations are distributed among the servants of the family.

We were particularly interested in the school-room, where the boys are educated; the girls are not educated at all. With its arrangement of tables, desks, black-board, books, and slates, the apartment might be mistaken for a school-room at home. All the pupils read the lessons of every sort aloud, and all at once, and commit them to memory. The pedagogue differs but little, except in dress, from the school-master the world over. The master in this present school is an ingenuous as well as a spirited man. The instrument of his discipline laid on his desk, and he did not hesitate to admit that he frequently employs it, believing probably in Solomon's instruction, "he that spareth his rod, hateth his son." The Chinese boys have all the natural manner and modesty of well-bred children. One bright-eyed little lad of eight years, with great reverence, asked Mr. Seward's "honorable age."

We were received by another family, in a very spacious villa near the Honan. We noticed, with some surprise, here, the *impluvium*, rendered so famous by the descriptions of Pompeii. Is it likely that the Chinese have preserved a feature of villa architecture which the Western nations have lost? The proprietor and the ladies of his family conducted us through their sumptuous abode, with perfect refinement of manner, betraying not the least shyness or curiosity.

The tea-house in Canton holds the place of the ale-house, *café*, or restaurant, in European cities. Rich and poor promiscuously gather there, and are served without respect of persons.

In returning from the villa, we opened a narrow door and made our way through a dark passage to a suite of small rooms, faintly lighted from the roof. The seclusion, darkness, and silence of the place, indicated that something furtive was going on there. On either side of a long chamber was a dais divided into sections, in each section two men reclining *vis-à-vis*—between them a miniature table six inches high. We were in an opium-den, and these persons were the victims. Before each of the smokers, on the table, rested a pipe, a tiny opium-pot, and a burning lamp. Here, as in the tea-house, there is no respect of rank or wealth. The poor and the rich lie down together. Each assists the other in the

delicate task of igniting the opium, and filling the bowl of the pipe. We spoke to two or three of the smokers, who were only at the beginning of the siesta, and received from them respectful and gentle answers. We tried in vain to rouse others to consciousness, who were in the stage of blissful revery, although their eyes were

OPIUM-SMOKERS.

open, and they were sadly smiling. When the smoker recovers from the inebriation, if he has sufficient strength he repairs home; otherwise, he is removed to another apartment, and remains there perhaps twenty-four hours, recovering strength to depart. Was it

an imagination of ours that the keeper of this hell wore a base and sinister look as he stood behind his counter in a dark closet, surrounded by packages of the pernicious drug, which he weighed out to his customers a pennyweight of opium against a pennyweight of silver?

The books we have read at home, and the discussions we have heard here as well as there, have prepared us to see the disastrous effect of opium-smoking on every side in China. The denunciation of the practice is justified by all-sufficient proof that it is destructive of physical and intellectual energy. Statistics show a vast increase of the consumption of the drug, since its free importation has been allowed. The Chinese Government has given its sanction to the wide-spread denunciation by its persistent and earnest opposition to the opium-trade. We are agreeably disappointed, however, by the absence of evidence of the evil fruits of the practice which we had anticipated. Except in this den where we purposely went to seek the vice and its victims, we have not met, in any part of the country, a person of either sex, or of any age, whose appearance, conversation or conduct, indicated an excessive indulgence. Europeans and Americans here agree in representing the practice as wide-spread and pernicious, but, when interrogated concerning their observation, they assure you that they know of a coolie, a house-servant, a mechanic, a clerk, perhaps a trader, who has become inefficient or unreliable by the indulgence. But the best-informed persons agree that cases of this kind are neither more frequent nor more extensive than those of habitual alcoholic intemperance in the United States. Moreover, we are inclined to think that the cost of the drug, when balanced against the low wages of labor, lifts the abuse beyond the reach of the working-classes.

In the matter of the regulation of time, the Chinese do not keep up with Western science. There is a tower here devoted to that purpose. Each hour is announced in a printed placard posted on the outer wall. The chronometer, however, which is used in the tower, is a water-clock, the clumsy *clepsydra* of ancient Greece.

A branch staircase from the Time-Tower brought us to the government printing-office, which publishes all official documents,

including a copy of the *Peking Gazette*. None of our modern improvements are used. The carving of the wooden type, the spreading of the India-ink over them, the taking of the impression, all are done by hand.

The Chinese Government is based on two fictions: first, that the emperor is the Son of Heaven; second, that he is the parent of the Chinese people. In harmony with these principles, loyalty to the state is inculcated not only as a religious but as a filial duty. But all sentimental fictions are liable to abuse, equally in politics and religion. The code of Draco was not more cruel than the parental discipline of the Chinese empire. Passing by the palace of the Taou-tai, with its ostentatious imperial banners, we turned a sharp corner, and entered a long, narrow, cheerless street. Here, no gay sign-boards or banners relieved the night. The shops are sombre, and there are few travellers. It is the malefactor road—the street through which the condemned convicts pass, from the palace to the place of execution. It was almost night when we were admitted, under a strong but low gateway, to a close area a hundred feet long, scarcely more than twenty feet wide; on one side low stone-buildings; on the other a high blind wall; a walk paved with large flat stones in the middle of the court. A potter was noiselessly at work shaping vessels, some to be used for receiving the blood, others the hands and feet, and others the heads of the victims. Sometimes only a single execution takes place, but usually short delays are made for the convenience of bringing several executions together. They vary in number from two to fifty, and, in times of political disturbance or flagrant piracy, fifty and even a hundred executions take place at once. Dr. Grey, who has studied Chinese history carefully, is of opinion that no field of battle ancient or modern has witnessed so much violent destruction of human life as this Aceldama. The customary form is decapitation. When the condemned come within the gate, they march up the paved walk and take their places, kneeling inward on either side. An imperial officer at the upper end of the court reads, in a distinct voice, a rescript of their names, crimes, and sentences. A practised executioner, with a long sword which he wields with both

hands, proceeds down the line. The culprits stretching their necks forward, the executioner, swinging the instrument in continued circles, completely severs a head at every blow. The heads fall into vases filled with lime; nevertheless the pavement is besmeared with blood, and the effluvia rising from this horrible place taint the atmosphere of the most distant parts of the city. We saw crosses leaning against the wall, prepared for inflicting punishment in that form, and many baskets, each of which contained a head ready to be transported to the city gates, and to distant parts of the empire.

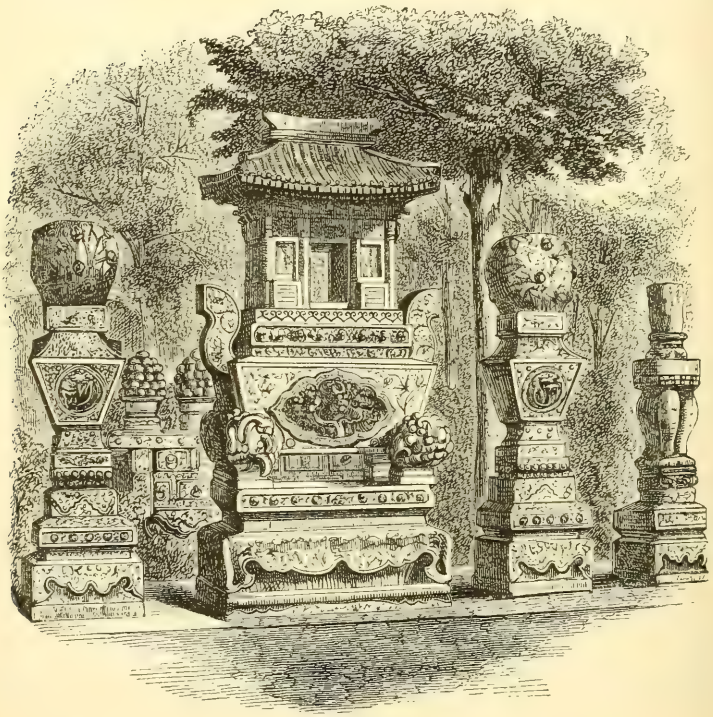
The scene we next visited is one which, although sad and solemn, is touching and beautiful. This is an extensive plain, ornamented with gardens and lakes, fragrant with flowers, and musical with the songs of birds. It is the temporary resting-place of the dead while awaiting—a day or many days, a month or many months, a year or many years—an auspicious time and place for final interment. This city of the dead is divided into blocks, and traversed by rectilinear paved streets. Instead of dwellings, the squares are covered with charnel-houses, and these are already numbered by thousands. They are built of stone, and kept with perfect cleanliness and order. The charnel-houses, one story high, are divided into two apartments—the front, a reception-hall with tablets and an altar, before which a lamp continually burns, and on which offerings of tea, fruit, and flowers are daily renewed. This room is occupied by the relations of the deceased, generally sons or daughters, who console the dead not only by day, but through the long watches of the night. A couch or divan along the wall serves for their repose. In the inner chamber rest the unburied, or the exhumed remains enclosed in a costly carved coffin, covered with a magnificent purple or scarlet pall. Around the coffin are figures or statues, either carved, or of porcelain, which, gayly dressed and bearings fans or cups, are ministering to the wants of the sleeping dead. When a stranger dies in Canton, information is conveyed to his friends, however distant. His remains rest here until preparations for his interment have been made, in the part of the empire where he lived. The "city of the dead," like our cemeteries,

is under the care of an association, and its expenses are defrayed by charges regulated by tariff.

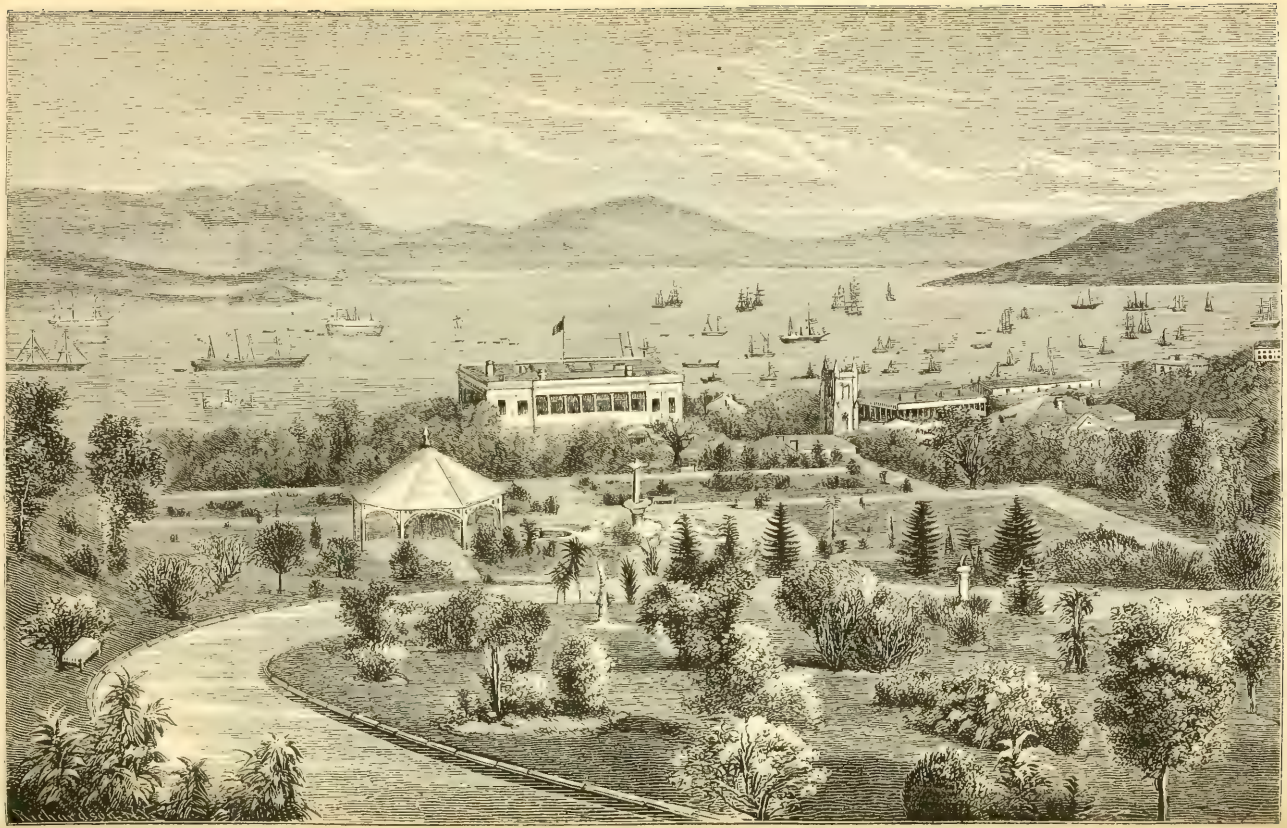
It was quite nine o'clock, a star-lit night, when we emerged from this silent, mysterious place—the only one we have ever seen in which, though it is devoted to the dead, cheerfulness and hope prevail over gloom and despondency. We passed through a series of graves which surround it, starting a thousand storks, which kept watch and ward over the cemetery. These birds have a peculiar adaptation to sacred places. They rest always on one leg, the head turned backward under the wing. Their utterances are made by clapping their mandibles together like a pair of castanets. Our coolies bore burning lamps. They carried us very quickly across a rude, uninhabited plain, which, by reason of its vicinity to the city, we expected to find a scene of disorder and peril. Our experience is that neither assassin nor robber of any kind, by night or by day, awaits the sojourner in Canton. We occasionally stopped to inquire the significance of a candle burning in the grass near the roadside, and before which lay offerings of tea, wheat, fruit, or millet. The explanation was, that some person, passing the place, had stumbled or met with other accident, the mischievous work of some discontented spirit or demon. The light and the offerings are designed to propitiate him.

The night aspect of Canton is one of quiet and peace. All shops, stores, and manufactories, are closely shut; only here and there a paper lantern dangles from the eaves, before the house of a mandarin or a wealthy denizen. The tread of the foot-passenger is only occasionally heard, and there are no processions, groups, or crowds. Light streams through the crevices of the dwellings, and often the clink of the anvil and the sound of the hammer indicate that the inhabitants have only withdrawn from the operations of sale in which they were engaged during the day, to manufacture new articles to sell to-morrow. Rarely, very rarely, one may hear the mellow tones of a flute, but never in any part of the city does there arise the sound of debauch or revelry. A gentle rap by our conductor brought to the postern the keeper of each of the numerous gates through which we had to pass. A kind word assured us

that he was prepared for our coming, and was interested for our safety. Moving on so quietly in our chairs, we had fallen into the dreamy state of contemplation ascribed to Buddha, when the last of the city-gates, the gate of "Everlasting Peace," lifted its head and allowed us to pass under the door of hospitable "Kee-Chung."



CHINESE TOMBS.



VIEW IN HONG-KONG.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT HONG-KONG AGAIN.

Chinese Emigration to the United States.—The Canton Fisheries.—American Houses in China.—A Combination of Gamblers.—A Dinner at the United States Consulate.—Mr. Seward's Speech.—Oriental and Eastern Civilization.—Policy of China.—Prospects of China.

Hong-Kong, January 1, 1871.—The Kin-San, on her return-voyage, besides ourselves, had three cabin-passengers, all merchants of Macao. She had four hundred in the steerage: one hundred and fifty of them Chinese traders between Canton and Hong-Kong; the others, voluntary Chinese emigrants going to ship at Hong-Kong for San Francisco. The Chinese emigration to the United States goes exclusively from the province of Quan-Tong (Canton) through the port of Canton. The Chinese emigration to other American countries, the West Indies, and South America, goes from the same province, but through the Portuguese port of Macao. The laws of the United States, which require consular examination and a certificate in each case that the emigration is voluntary, and made on sufficient guarantee, have proved entirely effective in preventing abduction, fraud, and violence. The emigrant to the United States is contented and cheerful. It is not so, however, with the emigrant who embarks at Macao. The system of abduction prevailing there is an abomination scarcely less execrable than the African slave-trade. The emigrants are promiscuously taken by fraud and force; ignorant of their destination, and without secu-

rity for their labor or their freedom, they are hurried on board sailing-craft. These vessels are built in the United States, and they appear at Macao under the United States flag, promising to convey the emigrants to our country. So soon as they have cleared the port, they hoist the colors of Peru, San Salvador, or some other Spanish-American state. It is when this fraud is discovered that scenes of mutiny and murder occur, of which we have such frequent and frightful accounts. It shall not be our fault if, in the cause of humanity, the United States Government is not informed of this great outrage against our national honor.

Chinese versatility has a fine illustration in the Canton fisheries. On either side of our steamer, as we came down the river, was a tub or cistern holding five hundred gallons of water. The water contained great quantities of living fish produced in ponds in the vicinity of Canton. Arriving at the wharf here, a sluice was opened at the bottom of each cistern, and the fish, rushing out with the rapid current, dropped into smaller tubs, and were conveyed either to market, or to ships going to sea.

January 2d.—We are pleased with the reassurance we receive here from home, that a semi-monthly line of steamers is to be established by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. This line is a development of enterprise which, though noiseless, is extending the American name and influence in the East.

The American houses in China are as follows:

Russell & Company, with establishments at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, Foo-Choo, Kiu-Kiang, Han-Kow, and Tien-Tsin.
Augustine Heard & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Oliphant & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Bull, Pardon & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Foo-Choo.
Smith, Archer, & Company, at Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Canton.
Silas E. Burrows & Company, at Hong-Kong.
E. J. Sage & Company, at Hong-Kong.
H. Fogg & Company, at Shanghai.
A. C. Farnham & Company, at Shanghai.

To all these houses our grateful acknowlegments—to Russell

& Company, the most full, because they have claimed us as their guests, in their several agencies throughout the empire.

Hong-Kong has a social grievance unknown in the United States, except in the new States and Territories—a villanous combination of gamblers, like the pests of the same kind whose atrocities stain the history of Vicksburg and San Francisco. The judicial officers confess themselves powerless to suppress these criminals.

To-day the United States consul, Mr. Bailey, entertained Mr. Seward, with the large party gathered to meet him, at the consulate. To Mr. Bailey's speech of welcome, Mr. Seward replied as follows:

"The questions which engaged the American people, in the period to which you have so kindly referred, were, the elimination of slavery from the United States, and the saving of the republic from dissolution. Both these questions were at last decided for the right, in a fearful civil war. I think there is not now living, on this round earth, a man who, even though he was then a sympathizer with the rebellion, now regrets that beneficent adjustment.

"Our distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, foresaw only the struggle. His utmost confidence in the happy end was in the expression of his earnest hope that his dying eyes might not close on a dismembered, a disunited, a belligerent republic. On us, however, who have survived both him and the convulsion, there opens a bright and glorious prospect—it is the spread of republican institutions over the whole American Continent, involving by absolute necessity a regeneration of civilization in the East. The United States have assumed the lead in this great work, happily with the free consent and approbation of all the European nations.

"The first Emperor of the French, copying from Julius Cæsar, introduced, in our time, the military empire, as an agency for conquest. The second emperor dedicated it to peace and progress. Fortunately for mankind, the innovation has failed for both purposes. The world is coming to realize, on the contrary, that 'the *republic*,' that is to say, not the republic of former ages, but the modern republic of our own experience, is always favorable to prosperity and progress, and is everywhere 'on earth peace, good-will toward men.'

"I have been long engaged studying the great problem of modern civilization. In doing so, I have travelled largely on the North American Continent, and, with the same object, I am now observing Asiatic countries. In this connection, I may make two or three observations, without disloyalty to my own country, or to China, and without offence to any foreign nation represented here. I do not undervalue missionary labors in the East, but the Christian religion, for its acceptance, involves some intellectual and social advancement which can only be effected through international commerce. I look, therefore, chiefly to commerce for the regeneration of China—that commerce to come across the American Continent and the Pacific Ocean. I lament to find, in every part of China that I visit, despondency concerning that commerce, which, I am sure, is not entertained in the United States, or in any other of the Western nations. I think that despondency without foundation. On the other hand, a foreign commerce, which penetrates the northern, the central, and the southern regions of China, is firmly established and secured. Not one of the footholds which have been gained can ever be lost. The continuance and increase of that commerce are guaranteed by the material, moral, social, and political necessities of both continents.

"Say what men may, human progress is compelled by the laws of Providence. Obstacles, indeed, must occur, and will multiply resistance here, and discussions and jealousies in the West; but there is a subtle moral opinion which pervades mankind, before which, sooner or later, all such obstacles disappear. There is no assignable measure to the future expansions of this intercontinental and regenerating commerce. Although its movements seem to us very slow, yet there are abundant evidences that it is neither dying out nor retrograding. The daily increasing emigration from southern China to America, and to the Malay Peninsula, and the Oriental Archipelago, is a guarantee of its continuance. That emigration works beneficially in three ways: the navigation employed in it sustains commerce; it relieves an overcrowded population of surplus labor; returning emigrants bring back not only wealth, but arts, knowledge, and morals, to renovate their native country. Let

it be our task, therefore, to stimulate this emigration. It is essential to the growth of international commerce, that the Western states practise equal justice toward China. True commerce involves reciprocity, not exclusive gain on either side, and it flourishes just in proportion to the good faith and equality with which it is conducted.

"Six or seven years ago, the Western nations, relinquishing individual designs of aggrandizement or advantage in China, were represented by enlightened men, among whom were the late Mr. Burlingame, Sir Frederick Bruce, and M. Berthémy. They agreed in recommending to their several states the policy of bringing China into equal political relations with all the Western states. The 'Burlingame' treaty was the fruit of these counsels. They have only to be pursued in good faith, to work the best results. No one now doubts of the renovation of Japan; but China, with its four hundred millions, exhibits more signs of progress to-day than Japan, with its thirty or forty millions, did twenty years ago. I am often asked: 'But what of this ancient Chinese Imperial Government, its extortions, its timidity, its effeteness, and of this national prejudice, the fruit of thousands of years of isolation?' I answer: 'I do not know—no one knows. I only know that imbecility and effeteness always give way before vigor and energy, and that dotage and prejudice must give way to truth, justice, and reason. I know not what political changes may occur here, but, on the other hand, I know it is an error to suppose that revolutions, with whatever design they are inaugurated, retard human progress.' I used all the influence I had to prevent the late revolution in Japan, because I thought it was a retrograde movement; I little dreamed that the restored Mikado would excel the dethroned Tycoon in emulating Western civilization.

"But I must not enlarge. Gentlemen, you have dedicated your fortunes and your lives to the regeneration of China. I pray God that you may individually enjoy the rich rewards of that devotion!

"This day, with its pleasing incidents, will be forever fresh in my memory."

January 4th.—The Chinese, though not of the Caucasian race, have all its political, moral, and social capabilities. Long ago, they reached a higher plane of civilization than most of the European states attained until a much later period. The Western nations have since risen above that plane. The whole world is anxiously inquiring whether China is to retrieve the advantages she has lost, and if she is to come within the family of modern civilized states. Mr. Burlingame's sanguine temperament and charitable disposition led him to form too favorable an opinion of the present condition of China. In his anxiety to secure a more liberal policy on the part of the Western nations toward the ancient empire, he gave us to understand, especially in his speeches, that, while China has much to learn from the Western nations, she is not without some peculiar institutions which they may advantageously adopt. This is not quite true. Although China is far from being a barbarous state, yet every system and institution there is inferior to its corresponding one in the West. Whether it be the abstract sciences, such as philosophy and psychology, or whether it be the practical forms of natural science, astronomy, geology, geography, natural history, and chemistry, or the concrete ideas of government and laws, morals and manners; whether it be in the æsthetic arts or mechanics, every thing in China is effete. Chinese education rejects science; Chinese industry proscribes invention; Chinese morals appeal not to conscience, but to convenience; Chinese architecture and navigation eschew all improvements; Chinese government maintains itself by extortion and terror; Chinese religion is materialistic—not even mystic, much less spiritual. If we ask how this inferiority has come about, among a people who have achieved so much in the past, and have capacities for greater achievement in the future, we must conclude that, owing to some error in their ancient social system, the faculty of invention has been arrested in its exercise and impaired.

China first became known to the Western world by the discoveries of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century. At that period and until after the explorations of Vasco de Gama, China appears to have been not comparatively great, prosperous, and enlightened,

but absolutely so. An empire extending from the snows of Siberia to the tropics, and from the Pacific to the mountain sources of the great rivers of Continental Asia, its population constituted one-fourth of the human race. Diversified climate and soil afforded all the resources of public and private wealth. Science and art developed those resources. Thus, when European nations came upon the shores of China, in the sixteenth century, they found the empire independent and self-sustaining. The Mantchoos on the north had invaded the empire and substituted a Tartar dynasty at Peking for a native dynasty at Nanking, but the conquerors and the conquered were still Chinese, and the change was a revolution and not a subjugation. China having thus attained all the objects of national life, came to indulge a sentiment of supercilious pride, under the influence of which she isolated herself from all other nations. Her government from its earliest period was in the hands of a scholastic and pedantic class, a class which elsewhere has been found incapable of practical rule. Since the isolation took place, that class has effectively exercised all the powers of the state, in repressing inquiry and stifling invention, through fear that change in any direction would result in their own overthrow. The long isolation of the empire, and the extirpation of native invention, have ended in reversing the position of China. From being self-sustaining and independent, as she was when found by the European states, she has become imbecile, dependent, and helpless. Without military science and art, she is at the mercy of Western nations. Without the science of political economy, the Government is incapable of maintaining an adequate system of revenue; and, without the science of Western laws and morals, it is equally incapable of maintaining an impartial and effective administration of justice. Having refused to adopt Western arts and sciences, the Government is incapable of establishing and maintaining a beneficial domestic administration. Insurrections and revolutions are therefore unavoidable, nor can the Government repress them without the aid of the Western powers. She pays the European nations for making the clothing for her people, and the arms with which they must defend themselves. She imports not only

the precious metals, but coal and iron, instead of allowing her own mines to be opened. She forbids the employment of steam and animal power in mechanics, and so largely excludes her fabrics from foreign markets.

Though China would now willingly leave all the world alone, other nations cannot afford to leave her alone. Great Britain must send her cotton fabrics and iron manufactures. The United States must send her steam-engines and agricultural implements, and bring away her coolies. Italy, France, and Belgium, must have her silks, and all the world must have her teas, and send her their religions. All these operations cannot go on without steam-engines, stationary as well as marine, Hoe's printing-press, and the electric telegraph.

Now for the question of the prospects of China. Before attempting to answer this, it will be best to define intelligently the present political condition of China. Certainly it is no longer an absolutely sovereign and independent empire, nor has it yet become a protectorate of any other empire. It is, in short, a state under the constant and active surveillance of the Western maritime nations. This surveillance is exercised by their diplomatic representatives, and by their naval forces backed by the menace of military intervention. In determining whether this precarious condition of China is likely to continue, and whether its endurance is desirable, it would be well to consider what are the possible alternatives. There are only three: First, absolute subjugation by some foreign state; second, the establishment of a protectorate by some foreign state; third, a complete popular revolution, overthrowing not only the present dynasty, but the present form of government, and establishing one which shall be in harmony with the interests of China and the spirit of the age. The Chinese people, inflated with national pride, and contempt for Western sciences, arts, religions, morals, and manners, are not prepared to accept the latter alternative. The rivalry of the Western nations, with the fluctuations of the balance of their political powers, render it dangerous for any foreign state to assume a protectorate. The second alternative is, therefore, out of the question. We have already expressed the

opinion that mankind have outlived the theory of universal empire, and certainly the absolute subjugation of China by any Western state would be a nearer approach to universal empire than Greek, or Roman, or Corsican, or Cossack, ever dreamed of. The exercise of sovereignty in China by a national dynasty, under the surveillance and protection of the maritime powers, is the condition most favorable to the country and most desirable. The maintenance of it seems practicable so far as it depends upon the consent of the maritime surveillant powers. But how long the four hundred millions of people within the empire will submit to its continuance is a question which baffles all penetration. The present Government favors and does all it can to maintain it. Prince Kung and Wan-Siang are progressive and renovating statesmen, but a year or two hence a new emperor will come to the throne. The *literati*, no less bigoted now than heretofore, have an unshaken prestige among the people, and, for aught any one can judge, the first decree of the new emperor may be the appointment of a reactionary ministry, with the decapitation of the present advisers of the throne. Let it, then, be the policy of the Western nations to encourage and sustain the sagacious reformers of China, and in dealing with that extraordinary people to practise in all things justice, moderation, kindness, and sympathy. Of course, it is not to be expected or desired that the foreign surveillance which is now practised will retain its present obnoxious and oppressive character. The habit of intervention, and the habit of acquiescence in it once fixed, surveillance will assume the forms of protective tutorship. The interests of both parties will require that this tutorship be exercised with leniency; gradual amelioration of the political and social condition of China will produce mutual sympathy and respect between the protectors and the protected, the instructors and the pupil. Something of this kind has already happened in the relations between the Western states and the Ottoman powers.

It has been no easy task to set down these hurried reflections in the midst of festivities, only brought to an end by the parting with so many kind friends. The signal is hoisted, and we go on board the Provence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GLANCE AT COCHIN CHINA.

The Steamer Provence.—Island of Hainan.—Our Fellow-Passengers.—The Mouth of the Saigon River.—The City of Saigon.—French Aptitude for Colonization.—French Photographs.—The Queen of Cambodia.

Steamer Provence, South China Sea, January 6th.—Wearied with our long wanderings over China, which, though interesting, were attended with much fatigue, and with the hospitalities which, however delightful, were nevertheless exhausting, we resumed our onward voyage with a feeling of relief.

We are now running down the coast of the large and prosperous island of Hainan, which is separated from the main-land of China by the Gulf of Tonquin. They speak of aborigines on the island, but, from what we learn of its subdivision into Chinese provinces, and its confessedly great trade, we are inclined to believe that its civilization does not differ materially from that of the province of Quan-Tong.

Our steamer, recently L'Impératrice, of the "Messageries Impériales," is now La Provence, of the "Messageries Nationales," changes of name which illustrate the political versatility of the French people. The *tout ensemble* of passengers and crew is scarcely less indicative of social movements in the East.

There are eleven young men, sons of Japanese daimios, travelling under the care of a Prussian, who has been their tutor for five years. They are now going to finish their studies; some in England, some in France, some in Germany—the larger number in the

SAIGON, AT THE MOUTH.

United States. It was only when they embarked that they changed their native flowing silken dresses, two swords, and wooden shoes, for the Western costume. The tawny lads seem to enjoy the change prodigiously, for they make during the day as many changes of toilet as a Saratoga belle.

There is, next, an intelligent American merchant of Shanghai, on his way to London, as agent of the Chinese Government, to purchase two "American" merchant-steamers, to be built in England, and steam-engines for two "American" ships-of-war, which are now on the stocks at Shanghai. Also a Spanish tobacco-merchant with his family, going from Manila to visit his early home in Catalonia.

Two young Americans, just out of Harvard, are making the tour around the world. They are now going to Bangkok, a journey which we had purposed making, but were obliged to forego. On reaching Saigon, they intend crossing the mountains of Cambodia to Siam by elephant-train.

January 7th.—When you are travelling in a foreign country by road or river, how provoking it is to pass a capital, historic battle-field, ancient university, cathedral, or ruined castle, on the right and on the left, without stopping to examine them! It is just so in going around the world. We are now passing the empire of Anam, and entering the Saigon River, only eight degrees north of the equator. Fahrenheit 83°. The river-water is clear and pure. A white light-house, built by the French, rises above the forest on the high northern promontory; the southern bank is a plain covered with cocoa-nut groves. The luxuriant beauty of the scene is bewildering. While we write, the ocean is left behind us, and the broad, dark river shrinks within the width of forty rods. The banks are covered with impenetrable jungle of mangoes, bananas, bamboos, and a thousand creepers twisting their shrubbery into all manner of entanglement, and covering it with flowers. We are told that the wild-boar takes refuge here from the tiger on the uplands, and we see parrots rearing their chattering broods, while the monkeys hold perpetual revel.

The river below Saigon has a serpentine course, and is navigated chiefly by small native vessels, moving gracefully under light bamboo sails. The banks rise to greater height as we ascend the river, and various kinds of palm grace the different elevations, until all give place to the eagle-wood and the cinnamon on the blue mountains which overlook the lovely valley.

Saigon, January 8th.—We closed our eyes last night wishing that we might remain forever afloat on the dark water of the Saigon. Long before morning, however, swarms of mosquitoes and gnats made us impatient for the shore, where we felt sure that flowers, birds, and butterflies, were awaiting us. The Blue-book bears no name of United States consul at Saigon. From the deck, nevertheless, we espied the United States flag, and learned, on inquiry, that the German who raised it there had left it to the care of some friendly native keeper. We inquired no further, and in this lonely place, the only one thus far in our voyage, no one inquired for us.

The commandant of La Provence put us ashore in his gig. We bargained for the first two carriages we found there, at the rate of one dollar an hour for each, and in these vehicles, called "garries," each drawn by a rough Chinese pony, and having seats for four passengers (a very close fit), a guide, and a servant, we set out on our travels in Cochin China.

Saigon is a native city of from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand inhabitants. The European settlement adjoining it differs from those we have seen in Japan and China, only in being French. This is a matter of no special moment, because all foreigners assimilate in the East. The population is perhaps two hundred and fifty, exclusive of the garrison. There is a public garden filled with plants, but it wears an air of neglect, in consequence, we think, not of declining trade, but of political insecurity growing out of the war in Europe. All Eastern potentates and nobles maintain menageries. The garden at Saigon proclaims itself an appendage to the French republic, by a meagre collection of leopards, tigers, bears, monkeys, birds, and reptiles. The French Government is building

a large palace for the residence of the admiral commanding the forces in Eastern waters.

The native city consists of two towns, standing on two rivers, distant two miles from each other, and connected by a firm road.

NATIVE OF SAIGON.

The population is by no means homogeneous. The merchants and traders are not Cochin Chinese, but chiefly Chinese, and all classes speak, to some extent, the French language. A happy accord seems to exist between them and the French. All show the pleasing impress of French manners. We alighted from our vehicles whenever we found any thing noticeable, and invariably were waited upon by polite and assiduous attendants. We entered and inspected a Buddhist temple. The bonzes, with great courtesy, showed us every thing it contained. Whenever we stopped, tea, fruit, and sherbet, were offered us. The smallest payment was thankfully received, and, when we declined, the refreshments were urged upon us without cost. In short, Saigon is the only place we have found thus far, in the wide world, where everybody seemed

pleased with us, with themselves, and we had reason to be pleased with everybody.

The French have a peculiar facility in effecting colonial assimilation to their national ways and manners. One experiences the same gentle and kind welcome on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence that he finds here on the banks of the Saigon. It is almost enough to make us wish that the French nation might be more successful in extending their foreign dominion. The whole field of French empire in Cochin China, which figures so largely in the ambitious manifestoes of the Government in Paris, is hardly more than forty miles square. But France, by means of that possession, has acquired a protectorate over the province of Cambodia, which is adjacent, and nominally belongs to the empire of Anam. The sovereign of that empire concedes to France this protectorate over Cambodia, in consideration of the French guarantee of the integrity of his empire. This great potentate, like the ostentatious fiddler, has two strings to his bow; for, while he thus enjoys this alliance with France, he at the same time, as titular vassal, claims protection from the Emperor of China. It would be long to tell how, after European discoveries in the East Indies, France energetically attempted to secure positions advantageous for trade and conquest in Madagascar, Ceylon, and Bengal; how unsuccessful and vain those attempts were, until the great Colbert found in the ambitious Louis XIV. a monarch wise enough to accept the project of a French East India Company; how successfully that company established factories at Mauritius, at Surat, and Pondichéry, and other places in India. It would be sad to tell how, in the great war in which France lost nearly all her American possessions, she also lost nearly all her acquisitions in the East; how the French Jesuit missionaries in Cochin China cunningly secured from the native emperor the concession of Saigon to Louis XVI.; how the French nation exulted in a gain of this position in the rear of Hindostan, from which they might hope to assail and overthrow British dominion on the Asiatic Continent; how this ambition of France died, with all ambition of colonial aggrandizement, in the great Revolution of *ninety-three;* how that ambition, in

regard to the East, revived in 1861, in the period of the Second Empire, and Admiral Charner enforced the concession which had so long before been made to Louis XVI.

Saigon is by no means valueless as a seat of commerce. The earth has no more fertile fields than those of Cochin China. Among its products are luxuries the most desired by civilized nations. While rice is an abundant staple, Saigon exports the gum of lacquer, cinnamon, and many useful and precious woods. It is not,

ARTISAN'S HOUSE AT SAIGON.

however, chiefly for local trade that France values Saigon. It is a convenient station for commercial and postal steam-lines, by which she has expected to maintain her prestige as a maritime power of the first rank. Her experience has demonstrated the truth of two political axioms: First, that the possession of extensive foreign colonies adds immeasurably to the credit and prestige of a nation; secondly, that a nation which cannot maintain peace at home, cannot permanently hold foreign possessions.

As our habit is, we take away from Saigon many photographic

illustrations of manners, dress, and scenery. They are French, and admirably executed. We are puzzled, however, in our efforts to determine the truthfulness of one of them, notwithstanding its official verification. It represents the Queen of Cambodia, *protégée* of the French Empire, with naked feet and ankles, encircled by costly gold bangles and jewels, while her head is covered with a Parisian bonnet of the year 1862, presented to her, with other articles of European fashion, by the French emperor.

QUEEN OF CAMBODIA.

PART III.

THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO, STRAITS OF MALACCA, AND CEYLON.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHINA SEA, SINGAPORE, AND THE STRAITS OF SUNDA.

Our Distance from Home.—Calm Seas and Temperate Breezes.—Singapore.—A Dispatch from Boston.—The People of Singapore.—Their Habitations.—Life in the Tropics.—A Dutch Steamer.—Our Crew.—A Question of Races.—Rather Hot.—Banca and Sumatra.—The Straits of Sunda.

China Sea, January 9th.—In the five months since we left home, we reckon in distances made, eighteen thousand miles, an average of one hundred and twenty miles a day, although it seems as if we had been at rest half the time. While we are passing on our right the extreme promontory of Cochin China, we are leaving on our left, at a distance of one hundred miles, the Philippine Islands, the relic of Spanish empire in the East Indies. We continue enjoying calm seas and temperate breezes.

Singapore, January 11th.—Anchored at midnight, and what a night! Stifling cabins and myriads of mosquitoes. Is this our penance for invading the equator?

At sunrise, the United States consul, Mr. Jewell, came on board, with Mr. Young, of the house of Busteed & Company. They drove us, in a well-hung English carriage, behind two fine Australian bays, first to the consulate, where a breakfast awaited us, then to Mr. Young's pretty villa, on the hill, where he is kindly taking care of us. Three months having elapsed since we heard from home, our first inquiry was, whether the telegraph-cable

has been laid from Point de Galles to this place. "Yes," said Mr. Young, "I received to-day a dispatch which came from Boston in twenty-four hours." It is reassuring to come again into instantaneous communication with home and "the rest of mankind." The new wire brings European intelligence of six weeks' later date than we read at Hong-Kong. This intelligence, however, which we so eagerly sought, was contained in a meagre statement. "Nothing important happened since republic proclaimed at Paris. Much speculation. Probably Orleans family. Papers promise expulsion German armies. Perhaps anarchy."

We enter British India from the east at Singapore. It is the chief commercial town of the colony, acquired by purchase and organized by the British Government in 1824, as the Eastern Straits Settlement; the name derived from the straits of Malacca. This jurisdiction extends north by west to the island of Penang, off the Malay Peninsula. Penang is officially regarded as the capital, although the business of the government is carried on here. Singapore is a free port. It has an aggregate population of one hundred and fifty thousand, which is rapidly increasing. There are five hundred Europeans. British subjects, together with less than a dozen citizens of the United States, monopolize Western navigation and commerce. More than half of the population are Chinese, chiefly merchants and bankers engaged in the domestic trade, and that which is carried on with adjacent Asiatic countries—China, Siam, Burmah, Java, and the Eastern Archipelago—others are mechanics and gardeners. It would be an effectual antidote to the California croaking against the pagan Chinese, to see the protection and encouragement which the British authorities extend to the Chinese immigration here. The Jew has not failed to make good his position. He is, as everywhere else, a broker in small and second-hand wares. The residue of the population are chiefly native, perhaps aboriginal Malays, with an accession of indolent and thriftless immigrants from Hindostan. The seamen are of many Oriental races, natives of Goa, Javanese, Hindoos, Malays, Burmese, Siamese, Cingalese, Abyssinians, and negroes. With this conglomerate population, it is not singular that Singapore is a harbor for vagrants

and waifs from all parts of the East. It is almost unnecessary to say that Singapore is a central station of commerce between Europe and the far East, Burmah, China, Japan, the Archipelago, and Australia. India opium, camphor, and lacquer, Java coffee, China silks and teas, Manila tobacco, spices of Sumatra and Borneo, the tin of Banda, etc., are exchanged for British and French manufactures. Ladies will be interested in knowing that Singapore is the mart for articles of jewelry and *vertu* of all sorts, such as civilized people no less than barbarians delight in. Parisian and London imitations of Oriental articles of those sorts are sold by the natives here to curiosity-seeking Europeans, who would reject them at home. But there is also an abundance of native productions, exquisitely beautiful; sea-shell, coral, precious stones, tigers' claws mounted with gold, tigers' skins, and birds-of-paradise, tempt us on every side, while the most delicate Chinese porcelain, and carvings in sandal-wood and eagle-wood for incense, are staples of a large trade.

The European dwellings do not differ from those in the Chinese concessions, while those of the Asiatic immigrants, by greater spaciousness, cleanliness, and comfort, manifest an advance toward Western ideas. This improvement, however, is slow among the Malays. When this race became known to the Europeans, they were found living in buildings raised on stakes four or five feet above the ground, for the desirable purpose of drainage and security against reptiles and wild beasts. The Malays at Singapore retain the architectural habits of their ancestors.

Here, as at Saigon, the foreigners maintain a public garden, but this one exhibits the indescribable luxuriance of tropical vegetation, under the painstaking hand of the Chinese cultivator, directed by European skill.

The jumble of diverse races has produced a strange medley of religions here. There are several Chinese temples, which foreigners contemptuously call, here as in China, "joss-houses;" one Bramin temple, with its sacred cows and goats; half a dozen severe-looking Mohammedan mosques; a Roman Catholic church; and a cathedral of the Church of England. The British Govern-

ment tolerates all these religions, from the same political motive with which the emperors tolerated the various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world. Although these various religions in India are not considered by the people as equally true, or by the philosophers as equally false, the magistrate regards them as equally useful. This toleration produces mutual indulgence, without religious discord.

A secretary waited upon Mr. Seward, with an invitation from the governor, who is now at Penang.

Mr. Young, with a very hurried invitation, gathered around us a large and distinguished company of the official people, merchants and bankers of Singapore, with whom we have passed the evening pleasantly.

January 12th.—It has been a new experience to sleep in chambers, with doors and windows opening on a broad veranda, without the protection of panels or glass. It was an experience equally novel, when, stepping on the veranda, at six o'clock, we found tables spread with tea, delicate tropical fruits, and ices, while the entire family, including ladies and beautiful children, joined us there, having already returned from their customary exhilarating walks and rides. So it seems that life in the tropics is not without pleasant and invigorating excitements and exercise.

Stoomschepen Koningin der Nederlanden, January 12th, Evening.—Having again changed our nationality, we are afloat, this time, under the tricolor flag of the Netherlands, carefully registered, and bound for the island of Java. Our side-wheel steamer is rated at only four hundred and fifty tons, and we think is overrated at that. She is the first steamer which was built on that island, and is thirty-four years old. Though not improved by age, it must be admitted that she has held her own against time and typhoon. Though the smallest craft we have yet sailed in, she flourishes a long if not a great name. Heaven save all persons but penal convicts from being cramped into such contracted berths, with the mercury standing at 99°! We indulge this objurgation by

virtue of the traveller's license to find fault. Although the cabins are small, they are "as neat as a Birmingham pin;" and, while the hatchways are open, the ventilation is perfect. A table stands in the centre of the upper deck, protected by a permanent hurricane awning, and remains covered throughout the whole day with equatorial luxuries. But the peculiar institution of the Dutch Steam Navigation Company is, another table standing across the beam, midships, on which decanters are always kept full of "Kaneel Liker," maraschino, absinthe, curaçoa, Schiedam schnapps, brandy, rum, and we know not what other "appetizers," to which the Dutch passengers resort continually, without a suspicion of singularity, and without expense. The platform of the deck is covered with flowers enough to constitute a conservatory, and with baskets of various and exquisite fruits, thoughtfully brought on board, and arranged for us, by our consul. When we came on board this morning, with many friends, they congratulated us on having "a good cloudy day." It was the first time we ever knew "cloudy weather" at sea the subject of felicitation.

We are already reminded that we have entered on a new geographical and political study—that of the Oriental Archipelago. We are running down the northeastern coast of the rich island of Sumatra, which is of itself almost large enough to be a continent, and which the equator divides, as it divides the whole world, into equal parts. Only one-fourth of it, with a population of a million, has been subjected to Western rule, and this is a Dutch colony. The other three-fourths, with three millions of people, are states ruled by native princes, some of whom are independent, others under Dutch protection. Sumatra has a commercial importance only inferior in the Archipelago to that of Java.

Small islands cluster together so closely on our left hand as to give us for a channel almost an inland sea, a continuation of the straits of Malacca. It is in few places more than ten miles wide, and smooth like a river. Its shores are low and wear a rich green verdure. We noticed a profuse shower of rain, at a distance of two miles, while the sky beyond it, as well as over our heads, was bright and cloudless. Our captain, whose professional career dates

from the building of the stoomschepen Koningin der Nederlanden, assures us that, while rain is frequent in all parts of this equatorial voyage, it is always raining at the place where that particular shower was falling.

Our crew, drawn from Singapore, is a mixture of the Asiatic seamen of that place of which we have spoken. Those of them who come from Western or Southern Asia, wear a light, graceful, and picturesque costume, strongly contrasting with the plain and coarse dress of the Chinese. They evidently make faithful use of the bath. Varying in complexion from tawny to black, they have regular and delicate features. They exhibit nothing of that stolid reserve which causes the Chinese to be regarded as sullen and contemptuous. Their different languages are based on the ancient Sanscrit. Each has an alphabet. Perhaps it is for this reason that they acquire any European language easily, and speak it with much correctness. It will be a curious study for us to inquire how much this greater adaptability of the southern and western Asiatic races to European intercourse is due to their earlier and more intimate acquaintance with foreigners. We are now inclined to think that a closer ethnological affinity exists between the European and the Hindoo and Malay nations than between the Europeans and the Mongolians; and, again, that there is a closer affinity between the Hindoo and the Malay nations than between the Mongolian and the Malay. However it may have happened, there is a contrast quite as perceptible between the rude and vigorous population of Northern China and the gentle and docile natives of Sumatra and Malacca, as there was at the time of the discovery of America between the fierce tribes of New England and New York and the harmless natives of San Salvador and Hispaniola.

Off the Island of Banca, January 13th. Fahrenheit 90°.—Rather hot for January, according to our way of thinking. They say that latitude affects climate, but we do not see it or feel it. Yesterday we left Singapore on the parallel of latitude one degree seventeen minutes north. At one o'clock this morning we cross the equator, and now we are two degrees south of it. Yet, for any

consciousness we have, the weather at the three points admits of no degrees of comparison. It is hot at Singapore—it is hot under the equator—it is just as hot here. Perhaps the maxim "*Ne curat minimis*" applies to the laws of Nature as well as human laws.

We have always read that life on a Dutch sailing-craft is easy and lazy. The Koningin der Nederlanden does not disprove it. While our captain insists that he makes seven and a half knots, our measurement on the chart shows that we are really going only six. Our passengers, however, are the most active people in the world. They show their vigor in two ways—one in changing their dress every hour to get cool, the other in taking schnapps every half-hour to get hot again.

Crossing the line, after all, especially at night, is no great affair. We felt no concussion, and, as the passengers were all in their berths, the customary nautical ceremonies were omitted.

Charts show us high mountains in the interior on either side. Banca seems covered with forests, interrupted here and there by cultivation. Sumatra presents a low, sedgy shore, large pieces of which, covered with jungle, are continually breaking loose, and float about in the forms of pretty green islets on the dark sea. Of course, every one desires to haul up to them and see what are the plants and flowers which cover them. A Dutch skipper yielded to this impulse a short time ago. The captain, alighting on the floating mass, had just set his foot on a cactus-stump, when a huge boa-constrictor reared his glossy head and proclaimed his proprietorship of the island by violent hisses. The invader retreated, leaving the "lord of the isle" to navigate his crazy craft as best he might.

Here we are with the Malay Peninsula just behind us, the Spice Islands, Sumatra, Banca, Borneo, Java, Celebes, Floris, Timor, Booro, Ceram, New Guinea, and a thousand lesser ones all around us. We read and "hear tell" of elephants that break down telegraph-poles in rubbing their hard hides; of tigers, lions, and leopards, always prowling through the jungle; of shiny serpents in coils like cables; of monkeys playing their antics in palm-tree groves; of parrots, paroquets, peacocks, and birds-of-paradise, that

excel the floral vegetation in brilliancy of colors; and yet all that we can see of them is occasionally a captive beast in a menagerie, or a stuffed bird in a curiosity-shop at Singapore—a new illustration of a discovery heretofore announced, that going round the world is not the way to see it. Nevertheless, it is something to learn in the near vicinity the topography of these islands, which are the native homes of the various tribes of the Malay race; to learn something of the character and condition of that gentle race, whose languid energies are now excited to activity and directed by their Dutch conquerors. They possess a wealth peculiarly their own—the metals, invaluable teakwood, and coffee, with spices, dyes, and gums, aromatics, and roots used in art and medicine, brilliant feathers and glossy skins of beasts of prey, which taste and luxury require in every condition. Even this little island on our left regulates, by its production, the market of tin as effectually as the old Almaden mines in Spain and the New Almaden mines in California regulate that of quicksilver throughout the world. Moreover, there are, in various parts of these islands, ruins of cities and temples, which seem to indicate a primeval civilization, which has passed away without leaving either record or tradition. By-and-by, commercial intercourse will render research among these antiquities practicable, perhaps profitable. Meanwhile, we must be satisfied with an inspection of Java, a design which we shall be able to execute if the Koningin der Nederlanden shall live to complete this, the ten hundred and twentieth of her voyages.

Despite our resolution, this equatorial travel is working a change in our habits. The heat becomes insupportable at ten o'clock, and drives us to a *siesta*. At sunset, a breeze springs up, clouds gather, a brilliant display of electricity begins, which is continued until midnight, and brings refreshing rains. So the hot day having become our night, the cool night becomes our day for exercise, writing, and conversation.

January 15*th*.—We crossed, last night, the entrance of the straits of Sunda, the great channel of trade between Europe, China, and Japan. Can any one doubt the unity of the human family,

when he recalls the fact that the civil war which convulsed the United States, five years ago, had its painful episodes in this distant sea? We encountered in the passage one of those monsoons which render it difficult and dangerous. The storm caused the Koningin aforesaid to dance in a manner most undignified and unbecoming this grave and "ancient mariner." The ports were closed, the cabins grew unendurable, and the deck became the common sleeping-room of the passengers.

SINGAPORE.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPITAL OF JAVA.

The City of Batavia.—The Hôtel des Indes.—A New-England Sabbath.—Malay Servants.—The King's Plain.—Population of Java.—The Queen of the East.—Departure for Buitenzorg.—Manner of Travelling.—The Vice-Regal Residence.—The Climate of Java.—The Baths of Buitenzorg.

Batavia, January 16th.—At sunrise we were tossing in the open roadstead, four miles from the shore. The monsoon was past, though the sea had not subsided. The skies cleared at eight o'clock, giving us a view of a long, level, green coast, swelling upward into lofty blue mountains. There is much less shipping here than at Singapore, but the diversity of flags indicates a not less various commerce. The smallest of all steam-tugs was seen bounding over the waves and distributing passengers and freights, among steamers which are going out to neighboring Dutch ports throughout the Archipelago. When she had done this, she rounded up to our steamer, and received us on board. On the way, we passed a steamship-of-war, freighted with troops, going to repress a native rebellion in Borneo.

A pretty stream, which once stagnated in the jungle, has been converted into a broad canal, that now affords navigation from the roadstead to the heart of the city of Batavia. The custom-house officers took our own statement for our number, ages, occupations, luggage, and intentions. Malay drivers, the smallest men we ever saw, with the heaviest sort of European barouches, drawn by mini-

ature ponies, whirled on a gallop over streets smooth as a race-course, bordered by substantial white cottage dwellings, embowered in groves of pine, palmetto, palm, bamboo, India-rubber, and mimosa. These cottages, which might be mistaken for villas, have deep marble porticoes or broad verandas, set off with vases of tropical flowers, and make an effective display of small but tasteful garden statuary. This colonial town, like the cities of the mother-

STREET IN BATAVIA.

country, is traversed by well-built canals. Horse-cars are moving swiftly on smooth street-railways. This enterprise, so novel in the East, belongs to Mr. Pells, who, though a native of the Netherlands, has long been United States banker, trader, and vice-consul. So closely does the city assimilate to Holland, that it seems to us we have gone quite through the East, and are already in Europe.

We drove to the Hôtel des Indes, the first tavern we have had

occasion to seek since we left Salt Lake City, if we except the Chinese inns on the way from Peking to the Great Wall. This hotel is a building of one story, surrounding a circular court, with a higher central edifice, which contains the proper offices, drawing-rooms, and saloons, a veranda surrounding the whole. The outer buildings, occupied as private apartments, are connected by corridors with the centre building. In a scrupulously neat bathing-house attached to our apartment, we enjoyed, for the first time, the full luxury of an Oriental bath, for the bath has not yet been successfully introduced into the European settlements in Japan and China. This bath consists of a marble basin fifteen feet in diameter, the water exactly the temperature of the air, clear, and deep enough for swimming.

It being Sunday, we composed ourselves early for the enjoy-

MARRIED WOMAN OF JAVA.

ment of a New-England Sabbath, a day of absolute rest. But this was not to be. A host of native street-pedlers had followed us to

the hotel. They sat down and chattered on the veranda, they crowded into our parlor, "singly, by pairs, and by the dozen," and, in spite of repulse and remonstrance, forced upon us a display of their cheap but ostentatious wares. For the first time, we have maintained a resolution against the itinerant merchant, yielding only in the case of a blind trader. Even he left us, at last, weary with our delay in finding the guilders required for the purchase. But we called him back and bought a pair of green-velvet gold-embroidered slippers. Breakfast at twelve. Its excellence, contrasting with that of breakfasts at home, was that nothing on the table was hot. On what principle is it that Europeans in the East smother the delicate flavor of rice in thirty or forty piquant condiments? All the servants are Malays. They are meek and unobtrusive, but not servile; willing and diligent, but not quick. Tidy and even tasteful in dress, they make an attractive costume with a guilder's worth of printed muslin.

The Malay is, on an average, two inches shorter than the Europeans or Mongolian, with scarcely any beard, and the sexes are undistinguishable by their dress.

Mr. Pells, advised, from Singapore, of our coming, came at one o'clock and immediately removed us to his pleasant villa on the "King's Plain," which is the Hyde Park of Batavia, a shaded lawn, four miles long, and half a mile wide. Primitive national habits, however, are not relinquished here. The "King's Plain" is the common pasturage of the milch-cows of the city. An artist would find a pretty study in this quiet scene, in which the animals, cropping the rich grass, seem scarcely more at leisure than their Malay attendants, sitting under the trees, in picturesque attitude and costume.

In going to our new residence, we stopped to hear the "King's Band," and lingered there until sunset witnessing the evening promenade of the whole European population, which, including military and naval officers, numbers six thousand. There was a grotesque display of carriages and liveries of fashions now obsolete in Europe. Gentlemen as well as ladies and children disdain to cover their heads after sunset, while all "sorts and conditions of

men" wear white gloves, and all have the staid and gentle Dutch manner. Will our friends consult the tables of population? We think the island of Java is the most densely-populated country in

A JAVANESE GIRL.

the world. There are fourteen millions of people within an area of forty-five thousand square miles. The city of Batavia, with a diameter of eight miles, contains one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—more than half of these are Chinese. The residue, with the exception of the few Europeans, is divided nearly equally between the two native Malay races, Javanese and Sundese. All the Malays are Mohammedans. The Chinese retain their native heathenism. The Europeans, of course, are Christians, but free from religious zeal or fervor.

Batavia challenges the title of "Queen of the East." Certainly it presents a delightful contrast to the towns of Japan and China, while its profusion of equatorial shade-trees and flowers makes it far more pleasing than any place we have at home. The settlement of New York, by the Dutch, and that of Java were contempora-

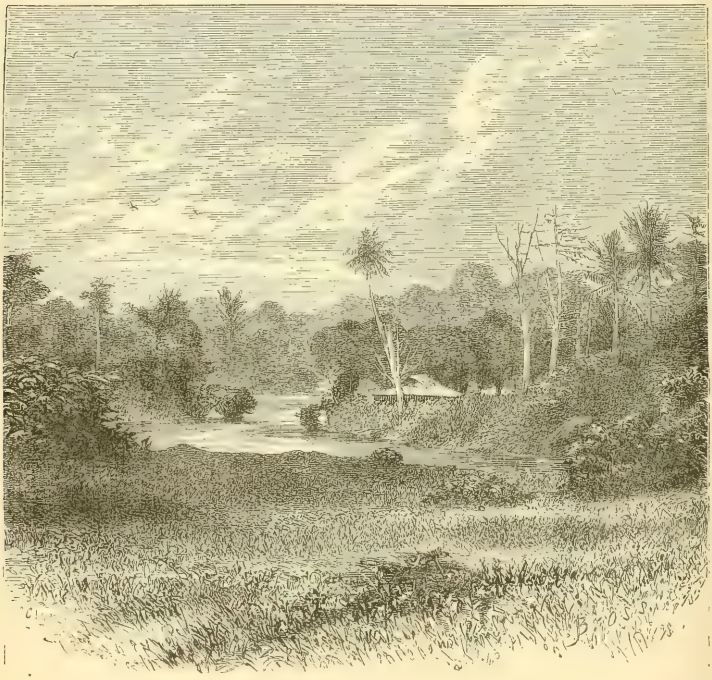
neous. Each was surrounded by aboriginal tribes—those around New York sparse, those around Batavia populous. The aboriginal races around New York have virtually disappeared, and are replaced by millions of European derivation; the aboriginal races around Batavia, on the other hand, remain in even greater force than at the time of the conquest, while the European population is only twenty-seven thousand. Again, neither the Netherlands nor any European state has kept a foothold within the vast territory now covered by the United States; while the Dutch not only retain their first dominion in Java, but have extended it over the whole island and a large portion of the Archipelago. What a contrast there has been in the processes of civilization which have produced results so widely different in the two hemispheres!

The Governor, or, as he is called, the "Residente" of Batavia, visited Mr. Seward to-day, and tendered us the hospitalities of the province. The Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies resides at Buitenzorg, thirty-six miles distant, and has invited us to be his guests there. The intense heat to-day has not only overpowered us, but seems to have overpowered the whole population of Batavia. Our morning rest was protracted until evening, and then deluging rains made us prisoners.

Buitenzorg, January 18th.—We yesterday appointed six for our hour of departure. It was our own fault, or rather that of our luggage, and not the fault of the post-office, that we were delayed until half-past seven. The admiration of Batavia, which we expressed yesterday, was somewhat modified as we came through the city and suburbs this morning. We were, at first, unable to decide by what name we should call the dwellings of Europeans, whether bungalows, cottages, or villas. We now found them, each with its beautiful grove, so exactly like to every other, that, unaided, we shall be quite unable, on our return to the city, to find Mr. Pell's residence, or the street on which it stands. To tell the truth, moreover, the right line in geometry is not the line of beauty, nor is the parallelogram, although a very convenient figure for many uses, especially adapted to landscape-gardening. Nor

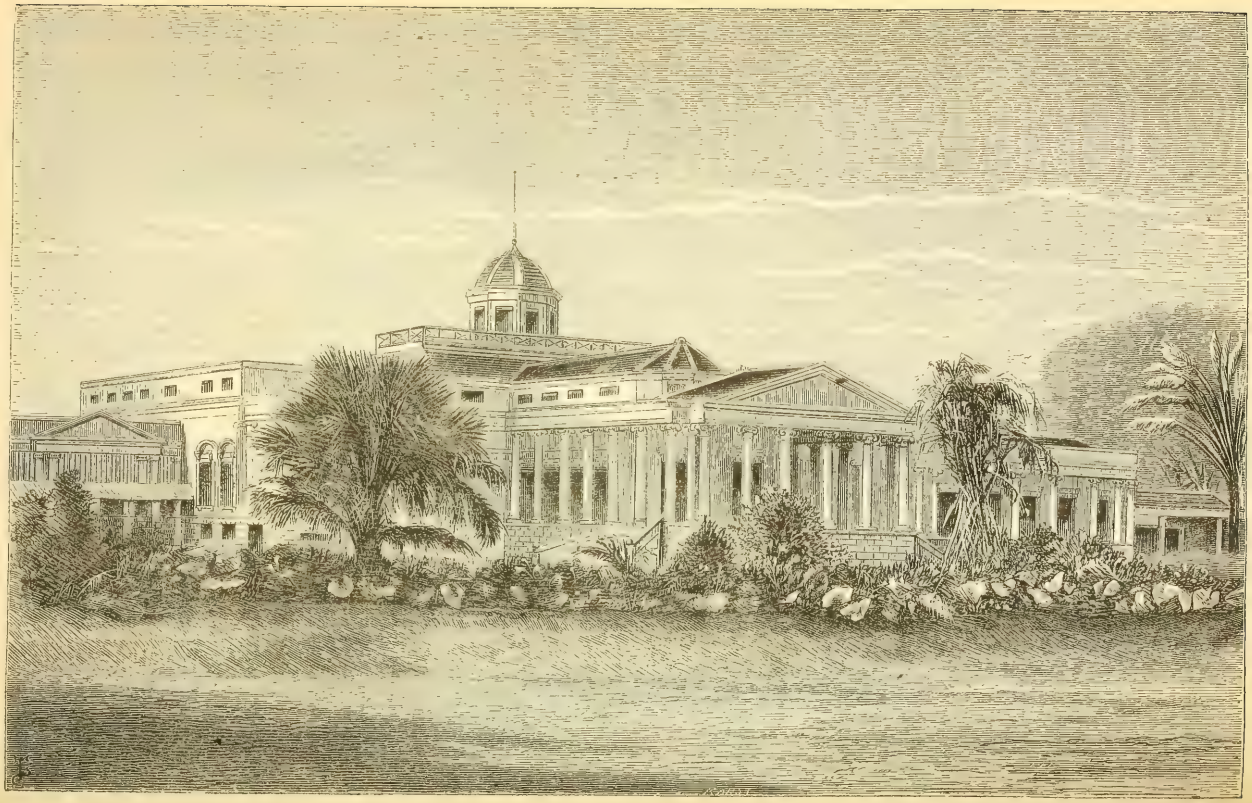
was it altogether gratifying to find the "King's Plain" soaking and miry, much more suitable for a dairy-meadow than a park. These strictures, however, we now think hypercritical; we must still pronounce Batavia the most attractive city we have ever seen.

The road to Buitenzorg is well graded, perfectly macadamized, and, what is better, completely bordered and shaded on either side



SCENE IN JAVA.

by high, thick hedges of heliotrope, cactus, and creepers, all in bloom. Over these hedges, the light bamboo lines the avenue, opening only to reveal the native cottages, peeping from under palm-groves. All the people we see, whether about their humble dwellings, or moving on the high-road, seem busy, contented, and happy. Only two beggars approached us on the way, and these timidly; both were blind.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, JAVA.

The manner of travel here is on the postal system, which was never known in America, and is now superseded by railroads in Europe. We have Mr. Pell's stately old coach, which has seats for six passengers inside, and ample room for four servants outside. We carry no trunks, our wardrobes being stored in the capacious boxes under the seats. Four horses draw us over the level plain; more are added in climbing hills. The driver has two assistants or runners (*lopers*), who, by constantly applying their lashes, keep the ponies up to running-speed. They are whisked off and replaced at stages of seven miles. We made the journey in three hours. At each stage, the traveller pays four cents to each loper, and ten or twenty cents to the driver.

If Batavia is fascinating, this suburban viceregal residence is supremely so. The palace stands at the south side of the native city. The approach is through a park, covered with a greener and smoother sward, we imagine, than even England or Holland can exhibit. Five hundred deer are seen reclining or feeding under the lofty shade-trees. The palace is said to be on the model of Blenheim—however this may be, we recognize the plan of our own Capitol at Washington. Like every thing else in this favorite Dutch colony, it happily combines good taste with elegance and comfort. The governor-general has received us very kindly, although not without something of the stiffness of official ceremony. The ladies seem to regard us as an accession, not unwelcome, to a society circumscribed and somewhat monotonous.

The Dutch East Indies are ruled absolutely by directions from the Hague. Practically, the governor-general is viceroy. At the time of the conquest, two native sovereigns, with the pompous titles of sultan and emperor, divided the island between them, one of the territories being known as Java, the other as Sunda. The descendants of each of these sovereigns being subsidized, though really divested of power, retain certain contracted domains, with titular rank, in subordination to the authority of the Dutch Government. Several other native kings, subsidized in the same way, have a somewhat similar domain and tenure. With these qualifications, the executive government is administered by the governor-

general, with the aid of an executive council appointed by the Home government.

The Dutch, not without severe and frequent contests with the natives, have held sway here since the year 1610, with only an interval of from 1811 to 1816, when among the events of the Napoleonic war in Europe, Holland having passed under the control of France, Java was seized and held for five years by Great Britain.

January 19th.—Shall we note the climatic features of Java? It has no spring and no autumn—only summer and winter. It

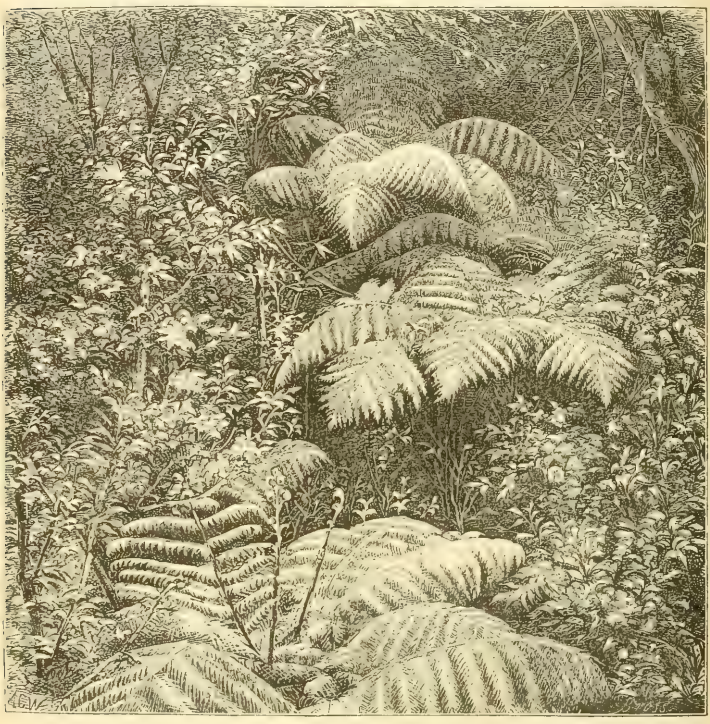
LILY POND, PALACE GROUNDS, JAVA.

rains all summer, and is comparatively dry during the harvest-time in winter. The present season is the summer. It rained so constantly yesterday that we could not enter a carriage, or step on the ground. This morning, Governor-General Myer, with the ladies, gave us a drive in the botanical gardens attached to the palace. All the world knows that they are scientifically planted, but why give them a technical name? They are of princely dimensions, and are inconceivably magnificent, for they contain, or are understood to contain, every attainable tropical tree, plant, or flower. Of the palm alone there are a hundred species. Dense groves of tree-ferns are interlaced with myriads of orchids, covered with what one might well imagine to be the very flowers of paradise, and we were at a loss to say which form of life in the tropics, the vegetable or the animal, excels in color. Man's hand has planted and trained the trees and flowers, but the gorgeous troops of birds which inhabit them are voluntary residents there, making the shade "vocal with their music." These groves are interspersed with lakes, whose waters murmur under the perfumed pressure of the crimson lily and the sacred lotus. These lakes are the homes of some varieties of tropical birds; swans, black and white, are domesticated in them; and the cockatoo, with his creamy plumage, seems unconscious of imprisonment in his spacious gilded cage, so constructed as to afford him ample sunshine and cool bath.

Alighting from our carriages, we took a path which leads through a bamboo-grove so dense that the down which its delicate leaves cast on the smooth gravel takes the form of a tender moss. This moss, taking root, interweaves so closely that it is not deranged by the footstep. The very air of this fairy grove seemed to us to hold a soothing verdure. But it is not alone in the lakes, groves, and lawns, that the feathered race contents itself at Buitenzorg:

> "This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet does approve
> By his loved masonry, that heaven's breath
> Smiles sweet and wooingly here."

At sunset, thousands of martins gather for the night under the eaves of the palace. Sitting closely to each other, they are mistaken by a careless observer for a blackened bead, which extends without break around the cornice of the entire edifice. Perhaps we dilate



TROPICAL FOLIAGE, JAVA.

too much on tropical Nature, but its first effect upon all minds is to excite a wish never to leave it. We almost contracted for at least an occasional home at Nagasaki. We left Hong-Kong and Singapore reluctantly; but Batavia, and more than all Buitenzorg, wins our thoughts irresistibly away from all that is practical in life, to delight in repose and serene contemplation.

The truth, however, is, that the admiration of tropical scenery, though universal, wears off as suddenly as it comes. We have not

thus far found an American or European content with a genial clime. The merchant, mariner, or missionary, even the women and children, stay here against their wills, and wait impatiently for their release this month or the next, or, at farthest, this year or the next.

If we should forget every thing else at Buitenzorg, we are not likely to forget its baths. Leaving the palace-door, and driving through a winding, palm-shaded lane, we came to the bamboo-grove. Dismissing carriage and attendants there, we penetrated

JAVANESE FRUIT.

to its dark centre, by a tangled foot-path. There we found a marble basin, eighty feet across, filled with flowing water. The depth is regulated at will, and a slight bamboo rail is stretched

across the basin for security against accident. Tall palm-trees protect the bather from the sun, while the surrounding grove is an impenetrable screen. Coming out of the bath, we picked up what we thought to be a green walnut. On removing the hard, acrid shell, pungent scarlet mace betrayed itself; breaking through this, and the inner shell, which it covered, a fragrant, white, milky pulp disclosed the incipient nutmeg.

SCENE IN JAVA.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR.

A Balking Horse.—Cultivation of Rice.—Tropical Flowers.—Surabaya.—The Regent Prawiro.—Dutch Colonization.—How Java is governed.—Bandong.—The Regent and the Interpreter.—A Gouty Monarch.—The Regent's Income.—How he spends it.

Surabaya, January 21st.—The governor-general and his estimable family dismissed us, after a very early breakfast, on an excursion which is affording us an opportunity to see something of the mountains, and more of the simple people of this beautiful island.

Still travelling in Mr. Pell's spacious coach, with government orders for relays, we drove rapidly through the quaint and quiet streets of the pretty little city of Buitenzorg. So long as we kept the plain, we had only one annoyance—a balking horse—one of eight. Peasantry, at every halt, assisted the lopers in rolling the heavy carriage against the refactory animal's heels, and so, whether he willed to go or not, we got on. Crossing a small stream, we climbed irregular volcanic mountains, and came through a gorge between two of them; the one seven thousand feet high, the other four thousand. The mountain-sides are terraced with rice-fields, one above the other. These fields were covered with standing water. The successive terraces show the crop at every stage of its growth. On the upper terrace, the young plant is seen, resembling grass just sprouted from the seed; on the level just below, single stalks of rice just transplanted; below this, fields of the grain at successive periods of its growth; until, at the foot of the mountain,

it is already ripened, and ready for the knife. We say the *knife*, for neither cradle, nor scythe, nor sickle, is used in the rice-fields in Java. The Koran commands the husbandman to cut off each individual stalk singly. This injunction the pious Moslem never disobeys.

Rice-cultivation is a very laborious process. A prairie farmer, we think, would despair, if he were obliged to transplant his wheat-crop from its first bed, plant by plant; he would die, if it were necessary to water it, even once during its growth. It would be left to rot in the field if he were denied a "reaper," or at least a cradle or sickle; it would waste in the barn or stack if he could not procure a threshing-machine or a fanning-mill. On the other hand, here each blade of rice is removed to a new bed, and from its planting until its ripening it is irrigated once every day. When it is gathered, the kernels are separated from the husk by hand. Notwithstanding this vast labor, rice is the chief production, as it is the chief food of all the Asiatic races, constituting half the population of the globe. The cause of the productiveness of Java (greater than that of any portion of the earth) readily discloses itself to the most careless observer as he passes through the country. It is a combination of equatorial heat, volcanic soil, and perennial mountain-streams. These rivulets are subdivided at their springs, and conducted around and down the winding terraces to the base of the mountain, where they are in like manner gathered and poured in sparkling cascades down the steep declivity; then to be again subdivided, and made to perform the same gentle service as before to successive terraces below.

We know well enough the slow progress of science and art at home, but who taught this Malay peasantry this skill in hydraulics, which surpasses that of any civilized people?

We are now seeing that we might have spared ourselves the trouble of threading the walks of the botanical gardens at Buitenzorg. All around us, every way we turn, whichever way we look, are innumerable species of palm, the great banyan, exquisite tree-ferns thirty or forty feet high, sparkling with parasitic flowers; fragrant hedges of heliotrope fifteen feet high, now in full bloom—

not monotonous blue as with us, but of every color and hue—alternating with other hedges of the grotesque cactus of a hundred shapes and equally splendid in bloom. Every one is familiar with the lily of the valley, but we find here the lily of the mountain, a stately flower giving out even a sweeter odor than its little namesake. Mountains shine with white lilies, and lakes with the incomparable lotus. Although coffee-plantations spread a broad, dark shadow behind flowery hedges, yet the bright green rice-fields are never out of the landscape. Where these allow space, there are meadows gay with azaleas of infinite variety, set in borders of pink and white and crimson oleanders, which attain here the stature of the magnolia.

We have found rest and refreshment at the village of Surabaya, a pleasant resort in a mountain amphitheatre, for the dwellers on the sea-coast. The clearing up of a rain-storm has just given us, instead of the rainbow, an equatorial phenomenon—a broad, prismatic column, stretching from the centre of the heavens, quite down the mountain-side, resting on the plain below and flooding the valley with a gorgeous light.

The *table d'hôte* does not differ, either in pretension, costliness, or meagreness, from like service at Catskill or other mountain resorts in our own country.

Sjiandjioer, January 21st.—We left our balky horse at Surabaya. A brake, with an iron shoe, was fixed on a hind-wheel. Notwithstanding these checks, we were rolling rapidly down into the next valley, when the alarm sounded that a wheel was on fire. It was extinguished, and we were thundering forward with greater velocity than before, when we had another fright—the chain of the shoe broke. A rope of buffalo hide was substituted for it, and we had scarcely taken the road again, when the shoe itself gave way. But, with careful driving, and our lopers holding us back, we escaped harm. So at six o'clock we entered this very pretty village, which, although a native one, is laid out in streets and squares, with that degree of geometrical precision, and ornamented with that peculiar taste, which is everywhere so observable in the Neth-

erlands. The governor-general having dispatched notice of our coming, and also sent with us his young kinsman Mr. Lowe, we were met outside of the town by a native subaltern officer, in Dutch uniform, and conducted to the palace in the centre of a park larger than the Capitol-grounds at Washington. Here, under a tasteful *porte-cochère*, we were received by the Regent Prawiro da Kedya. He is a lineal descendant of the long-since dethroned Kings of Padjadjura in the western empire of Java, and bears the titular hon-

THE REGENT PRAWIRO DA KEDYA.

ors of Radhe Sonnengoniz. The regent is thirty years old, dignified and handsome, and has pleasing manners. A Mohammedan, he wears a turban of orange and black muslin, a tight black-cloth jacket, with large gold buttons, and a standing collar, on which sparkle three enormous diamonds, and with the whitest of linen at neck and wrist. A *sarong* of gay-colored muslin, painted with figures emblematic of his rank, hangs from his waist over black trousers. White stockings and gold-embroidered velvet shoes com-

plete his dress. He wears at his side a short sword, with scabbard of gold, and hilt profusely covered with diamonds.

Owing to the humidity of the climate, a customary law of landscape gardening is so far reversed that the area which immediately surrounds the palace, although ornamented with trees, is paved with gravel instead of being a green lawn. The palace, one story in height, is equal in its dimensions to the White House. The model and style of the buildings are perfect, but the materials are fragile, and the construction unsubstantial and cheap. There is a ludicrous contrast between the vaulted ceiling resting on a double row of graceful columns, and the rough, uneven bamboo floor so light that the whole house trembles under every footstep. The furniture, entirely European, plain and ill selected, must have been supplied by some second-hand dealer in Amsterdam. Our princely host showed us our several apartments. The dinner at which he presided had the substantial character of a European feast with the addition of the curry, fruits, and sweets, of the island. After leaving the table we were serenaded by a band of native musicians. Their music is derived from Hindostan. The instruments are reeds, bells, and a sort of violin. The tones are soft and monotonous, and free from discord, with a barely perceptible melody. Too weary to sit through the protracted entertainment, we retired to rest, with the strains still falling on our ears like the rustling of a gentle wind through the tree-tops.

Sjiandjioer, January 22d.—Dutch colonization has a story as simple as its results are wonderful. The Netherlands Government seventy or eighty years ago acquired the Dutch East India Company's titles to its possessions in the East, and substituted itself in the place of that great mercantile establishment. Using the national force as occasion required to perfect and maintain acquisitions, they brought the whole of Java under their political rule. Having done this, the Government appropriated absolutely to the crown whatever lands were unoccupied. They compounded with the two native sovereigns before mentioned and their vassal kings for the management of the estates which were under cultivation,

and the disposal of their products. After this, they gradually extinguished by purchase the rights of the native proprietors, and so have been continually enlarging the royal domain. By way of commending their rule to the natives, they have left to the families of the dispossessed rulers not only a titular rank, but they have employed their chiefs in the management of their several estates, allowing to each the official honor of regent, and actually associating him with the Dutch *residente* or governor. The residente exercises the real power, but ostensibly in the name and under the authority of the native prince. The latter receives an ample stipend, which enables him to maintain a show of his hereditary dignity, and in consideration of which he entertains all the Government agents and their visitors at his palace. The Dutch residente directs through the native regent what seed shall be sown on every plantation, how and when the harvest shall be gathered, what wages shall be paid to the cultivators, and disposes of the products at prices fixed in every case, by the Governor-General and Council of the Indies. The results of this system are, that, while the people seem to be comfortable and contented, it defrays all the expenses of local administration in peace and war, and pays an annual revenue of five million dollars into the national treasury at the Hague. Java, thus governed, remains what the discoverers found it, "the garden of the world."

Bandong, January 23d.—Our host at Sjiandjioer gave us at an early hour a cup of the native coffee, with native sugar, and put us on the way in good time this morning—first, to survey more leisurely than yesterday the little provincial capital; and then to continue our upward way to the centre of the island. The mountain-sides which we climbed are more abrupt than those we travelled on the previous day, while the teeming population seems, if possible, more simple and gentle. Many sorts of palm and cactus disappear, but the heliotrope is richer than ever, the tree-ferns taller and more beautiful. We had the various experiences of mountain-travel—travel with six horses, with oxen, and with mixed teams of horses and oxen; sometimes we were pushed upward,

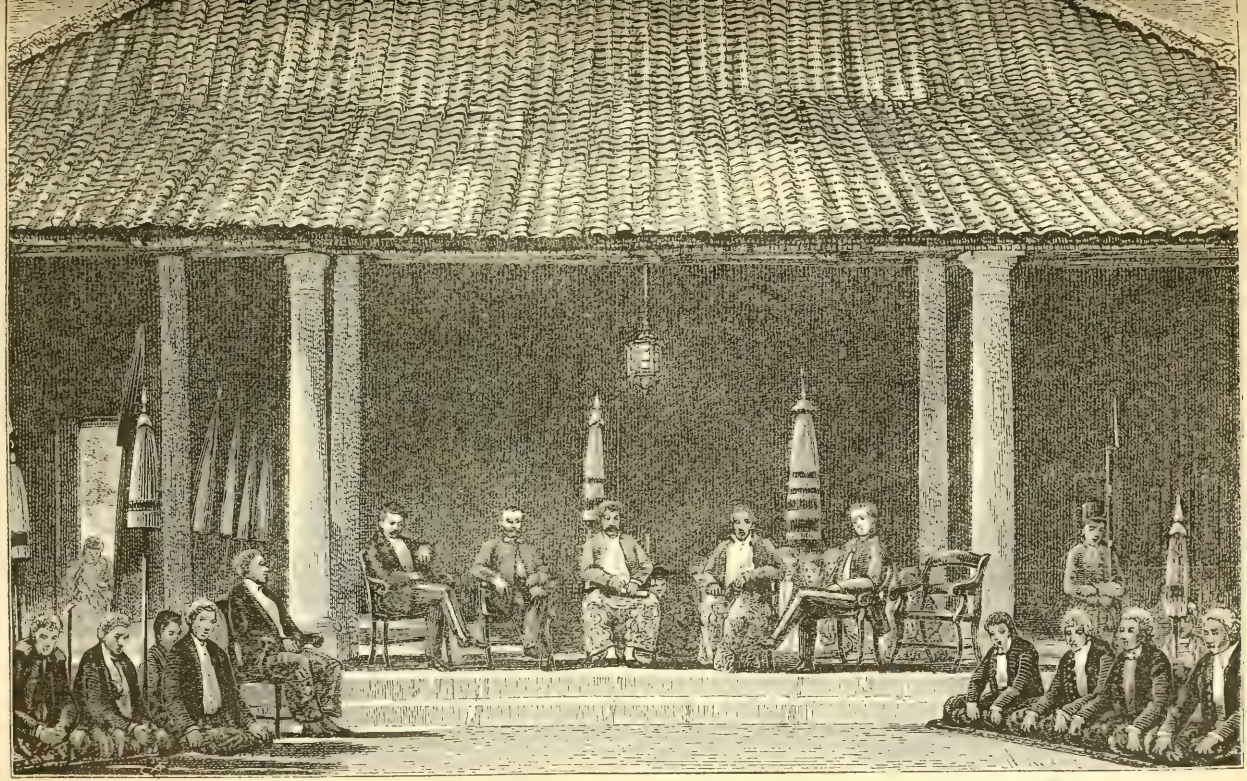
sometimes held back with human hands alone; sometimes moved by the working of the endless chain. We completed the journey at five o'clock this afternoon.

This town is built on the same model as the one last visited. Hardly had we entered it before we encountered demonstrative evidence that the native prince, Wiranarta Kalsoema Radhe Adepathe, Regent of Bandong, is every inch a king. His despotic authority is reflected in the despondent countenances and demeanor of his subjects. Within his dominion we were recognized as his guests. No traveller on the road, whether young or old, whether a man staggering under a heavy burden, or a woman with a child in her arms, passed us without first receiving our permission, no matter how slowly we might be moving, or how long we might be stopping. All whom we met went down on their knees as we approached, nor did they venture to leave that posture or even lift their eyes from the ground until we had passed by. This was a strange sight among a people who are more sensitive than any other on points of personal dignity. Every official or educated Javanese wears a sword, not so much to protect himself against the beasts of the jungle, as to use it in vindication of wounded self-esteem. He is a duellist. So excitable is the national sense of honor, that no words of insult or opprobrium are ever heard among them without provoking instant chastisement. Killing in the duel is not accounted murder.

Radhe Adepathe, attended by a half-caste interpreter, stood waiting to receive us before the palace-door, under a gilded umbrella, of form and dimensions not unlike the "sounding-board" of old-fashioned New-England churches. The interpreter inquired in French whether the guests were Mr. Seward and family. Being answered, he presented each of us to the regent, who, with a step of conscious majesty, conducted Mr. Seward and the ladies individually under the gorgeous umbrella, through the portico and into the grand reception-hall of the palace. He seemed seventy years old, and was carelessly dressed. His countenance indicated great shrewdness, his voice and manner were studiously deferential. He displayed, however, a disagreeable impatience and even petulance.

He devolved on the interpreter the duty of showing us our apartments. We thought his expressions of politeness sinister, and conceived at once a strong dislike for him. The overawed interpreter blundered, and conducted each guest to an apartment designed for the other. The regent, discovering the mistake, rose to the frenzy of a "Blue Beard." He hobbled after us and corrected the blunder with vehement objurgations. We did not understand a word of the reproof, but we all take notice that the unlucky Malay who thus combined the offices of interpreter and chamberlain, in the "royal" household, has not appeared since.

At seven o'clock we were summoned to the great hall, where the regent received us. What a transformation! He was now attired in royal Javanese costume, far more elaborate than that of the Prawiro da Kedya. His countenance was serene, his manner gentle, his discourse easy and courteous. He seemed twenty years younger. He banished our dislike at once, by telling us, with a humorous grimace, which none, but those who have actually known what the twinges of the gout are, can affect, that he is a chronic sufferer from that malady. When our host was seated in the centre of the room, three male dwarfs, neatly dressed in native scarlet livery, with turbaned heads and naked feet, timidly entered and crouched on the floor behind their master. One held a sword and folded umbrella, another, a box filled with smoking-tobacco, pipes, and cigars; the third, a brazier of charcoal. The three mutely and unceasingly studied the varying expressions of the regent's face. A Malay served first schnapps, then port-wine and madeira. Dwarf number two now offered pipes, cigars, and cigarettes; thereupon the regent ejaculated "Appee," when the brazier-bearing pigmy sprang quickly forward. In obeying a command, each dwarf, as he approached master or guest, dropped on his knees and bowed his forehead to the floor, then assuming a natural position, made the service required. When it was completed he performed a "salam," and crept backward to his place behind the regent. Not only these dwarfs, but each servant in the palace, the regent's own son and heir, a youth of twenty-one, and every native admitted to the presence, practises the same servile obeisance. The chief, on his



THE REGENT OF BANDONG, WITH HIS OFFICERS.

part, does not deign to incline his head toward the servant, child, or subject, to whom he speaks, but, on the contrary, affectedly looks away from or beyond him.

The palace, the grounds, and the town dependent on it, are much more spacious than those at Sjiandjioer, and abound with evidences of the regent's wealth. His annual stipend is one hundred and sixty thousand guilders, about eighty thousand dollars. At first it puzzled us to know how a barbarian can use such an income, but we were not long in finding a solution. In part, it is laid out in gems and jewels for personal ostentation, in part for the support of his family, in part for maintaining his corps of "bayaderes" (ballet and singing girls), and a band of musicians, in part in keeping up the most costly stud on the island, and the residue in support of a large number of relations and dependants. The crescent dominates everywhere in Java, and doubtless the mosque draws heavily on the princely revenues.

After an elaborate dinner, the day has ended, as at Sjiandjioer, with a native serenade.

A HOSTELRY IN JAVA.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SEWARD AT BANDONG.

Excursion to the Cascade.—A Perilous Road.—The Water-Fall.—An Evening at the Palace.—The Bayaderes.—Two Dwarfs.—A Chorus of Peasants.—The Little Princesses.—An Excursion to Tankoeban.—Peruvian Bark.—The Top of the Volcano.—An Enchanting Scene.—The Javanese Prince.

Bandong, January 23d.—It rained all night. Bad as we knew the roads must be, the regent nevertheless ordered out his immense European carriage, with six horses, for an excursion to the "Cascade," which is one of the wonders of the island. We were attended by a detachment of heavy dragoons in Dutch uniforms, barefooted postilions, and turbaned footmen. At the foot of every hill, and at every slough, a crowd of peasants appeared, as if summoned by previous command, to drag or push our unwilling wheels. It was like a royal progress, such as Queen Elizabeth used to make in the sixteenth century.

Twelve miles from the town, we found twenty-five saddle-horses, a complement of sedan-chairs, and fifty peasants, awaiting us. Taking so many of these animals, vehicles, and men, as we had need of, we descended successive hills terraced with pale-green rice-fields, and glossy dark coffee-groves. The mounted members of the party agree that, in all their experience, they never had so perilous an exercise; but the horses, as well as the bearers of the chairs, were well trained and sure of foot. Although an animal occasionally stumbled, and a chair-bearer lost his balance, we never-

theless accomplished the journey down the slippery precipices without serious accident.

The river Groote forms the canal which we have described at Batavia. That river here bears the euphonious name of Tjoerock Tjikapoendoeng. The torrents by which it is formed meet in the gorges above this place, and it makes a perpendicular leap of seventy feet into a dell, the sides of which are studded with lofty tree-ferns festooned with orchids. The cascade in form and movement has a parallel in some of the many leaps of the West Canada Creek at Trenton, but its forest surroundings can have their like nowhere but within the tropics. After the first pleasing impression of the scene was over, we compared notes together, saying how absurd it must seem that we, who live almost in sound of Niagara, should have come this long distance to see a petty water-fall under the equator. Soon, however, we were made to understand that, for those to whom our cataract of thunder is unknown, this shining cascade is worthy of all admiration. The imagination of the natives has peopled the dell with gentle fairies of the air, and loving water-sprites. The Dutch gentleman who accompanied us had never seen any water-falls but the waste-weirs of the canals in Holland. He was awe-stricken in the presence of Tjoerock Tjikapoendoeng. While to us the combination of sparkling water, dainty ferns, and breathing flowers was simply beautiful, it was for him sublime. So it is that accident or circumstance often determines our tastes and sentiments.

This evening the regent conducted us to the private palace in which his family reside. Apologizing for his wife's absence by reason of indisposition, he placed us in the centre of a spacious and lofty hall, softly lighted with tinted globe lamps, and graced with a curious medley of portraits of European celebrities—among them the Prince of Wales, the Queen of the Netherlands, Jenny Lind, and Lola Montez. We were the only guests. A band of twenty-five native musicians was stationed on the porch. Hundreds of the peasantry of Bandong crowded the guard in front. The musicians played, in a low tone, a recitative accompaniment. Soon after this began, four "bayaderes," one after the other, glided into the

room, with a movement in harmony with the music. They were apparently eighteen years of age, and had that "golden" complexion which in the East is the highest type of beauty. The regent explained that the "bayadere" amusement was derived from the ancient Hindoos. The costume of the performers has the same origin. It consists of a long, scant scarlet skirt, fastened above the waist, and falling in folds quite over the bare feet. A stiffened band of scarlet and gold, ten inches wide, is drawn tightly about the waist, fitting just under the shoulder-blades, leaving the arms and shoulders entirely bare. The *monture* was a burnished helmet. Wondering at this barbaric magnificence, Mr. Seward asked the

DANCING-COSTUME.

regent whether the helmet was gilded. He quickly answered in Javanese, that not only the helmet, but also the heavy girdle, the bracelets, and anklets, were of solid gold, and added in English, "California." Three ballets were performed; it was not difficult

to understand the spirit of each. The first, gay and joyous, represented a nuptial ceremony; the second, energetic and vigorous, a battle, with ambuscade, surprise, struggle, and victory; the third,

DANCING-GIRL.

deep-toned and measured, a funeral pageant. The dancing consisted of slow and varied posturing and extravagant gesticulation, to the broken and imperfect time of the wild music. The "bayaderes" were not the only performers of the evening. There were two dwarfs, the eldest thirty years old, well proportioned and agile, and a counterpart of Tom Thumb. In the other, the peculiar Malay figure and features were exaggerated to absolute deformity. The regent took especial delight in this *lusus naturæ*, and laughed immoderately at the little creature's big head and bandy legs. We, who at home are more pained than pleased by the exhibitions of General Tom Thumb and his Liliputian wife, could not sympathize here with the barbarian prince. It was with difficulty that we suppressed our disgust when the pitiable dwarfs were put forward as

harlequins in the historical pantomimes which the "bayaderes" were executing.

Dwarfs here remain the same important personages they were in European courts three hundred years ago. We ought to have mentioned that the Radhe Adepathe maintains seven of them.

The performance of the night had a very pleasing interlude. While the *artistes* were resting in the intervals, the guard at the door opened the way to a chorus of peasants. They executed a grotesque dance, which gave unbounded delight, not only to ourselves, but to the unbidden native spectators outside. In the midst of this diversion, two children of the regent, girls of four and five, and very small, came in with their attendants, dressed in queenly satin robes and jewels. He presented them to us with manifest pride, and, although they trembled during the ceremony, they performed their little parts with all the formality of women.

We saw the "bayadere" in Japan, and have now seen her in Java. She is, as we understand, a universal character in the East. Before the innovations of Buddha, the Bramins were an exclusive religious class in India. They constituted a priesthood, like the family of Aaron among the Jews. Descended from the gods, their persons were sacred. By a cunning artifice, they reconciled their followers to the consecration of women to their service. These women were selected at an early age from the highest families, reared and educated in the temples in the feminine arts and accomplishments, as well as in mysteries of religion. Such were originally the "bayaderes." If Madame Roland, in view of the agonies of the state of France, exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" how much more might we exclaim, in view of this wicked imposture, what crime has not superstition perpetrated against the virtue of the human race! While, as we are told, the institution among the Hindoos retains its religious character, it has been copied without that character throughout the East, whatever forms of religion may prevail. A troupe of bayaderes is considered a necessary ornament in the court of every prince, and in all rich families. They are allowed

the education and accomplishments which are denied the sex generally, without being held to the practice of virtue.

January 24th. — An excursion to-day with the same *cortége* and retinue as yesterday, to the smouldering volcano of Tankoeban. What a transformation in the person of the young prince! Hitherto we had seen him barefooted, and in a mean sarong, kneeling and lying at his father's feet like a slave. To-day he has donned a manly and even princely costume. Booted and spurred, he mounted a spirited horse, and led our expedition.

Leaving our carriages in a pretty village, at the foot of the mountain, and taking saddle-horses and chairs, we made the ascent in five hours, by an excavated zigzag path, the construction of which would have been impossible for any engineer other than a Javanese practised in the science of mountain-irrigation. At the beginning of the ascent, we were at the elevation which the coffee-tree most affects. The orchards are very luxuriant; rising a hundred feet higher, we came to a plain covered with the *Cinchona calisaya*, as the tree is called, which furnishes the medicine known world-wide as the Peruvian bark, in its various forms. The culture has been introduced here, quite recently, from Bolivia. The trees are yet young, and we are unable to determine their ultimate size. The Resident informs us that the enterprise has already proved a success. He has shipped more than seven tons of the bark to Holland, taken from only the smaller branches or twigs of the trees. The next plateau gave us a view of the sugar cultivation; a still higher one yields cabbages, potatoes, and other esculents for the supply of the markets on the sea-shore. Native timber grows upon the mountain-sides to the very summit, five thousand feet above the sea. The forests are chiefly of teak; the undergrowth, tree-ferns, with a great variety of flowering and fruit-bearing vines. We recognize the raspberry, although not belonging to any species cultivated with us. Troops of peasantry went before us and prepared the way by cutting steps on the most rugged declivities.

We reached, at last, a plain covered with fire-blasted trees; sul-

phurous fumes impregnated the atmosphere, and a clammy moisture chilled us through and through. Following a circuitous path through this desolate scene, we reached the brink of the double crater, four or five miles in circumference and one thousand feet deep. There have been two eruptions in such close proximity that only a low ridge or promontory separates the craters. At the bottom of either crater, there is a dark, yellow lake—or, rather, there is one lake extending over the bottoms of both—divided by a natural bridge. On the north shore or beach of this double lake, open chasms send up, from fiery springs, through dense clouds of smoke, a perpetual column of blazing sulphur. Another spring, somewhat higher, seethes like a vast furnace, as it pours forth column after column of mingled mud and gaseous fluid, with reverberating sounds like thunder. The banks of solid rock are almost perpendicular. Gathering clouds, driven by strong winds from the westward, when they reach the precipice, roll in broad volumes down its sides into the abyss; absorbing, then, the sulphurous fumes, they rise on the opposite side of the crater, charged with their mineral burden, which they distribute, on their return to the upper air. While contemplating these gigantic efforts of Nature, continued through ages, to resume her lost tranquillity and silence, we were shivering with cold and hunger. The plain surrounding the volcano, and indeed the entire surface of the mountain-summit, though covered with such vegetation as the mineral blasts allow to flourish, is incrusted with volcanic ashes, like those which buried Pompeii and other cities on the slopes of Vesuvius. In descending, we peered constantly through the forest, to get sight of the tiger, which is the terror of the island. Our guides, though armed against him, informed us that the beast has become wary, and no longer attacks men in bands.

Earth can have no scene more enchanting than the dark, towering mountains, shading off into verdant plains, which spread before our eyes as we made our way back to the village we had left in the morning. We overtook, as we thought, the very clouds which we had seen rolling through the sulphurous crater, and, driving through them, were drenched with rain. Then, again, when the

sun shone out, we trod the silver lining of other clouds, which were pouring their floods upon illuminated plains below.

A dinner, with good wine, and plenty of it, which our young chief had ordered, awaited us at the foot of the mountain, and he now presided right royally over the welcome entertainment. A second dinner at the palace closed the day.

We have come to like our host vastly. He is genial and joyous in his intervals of gout, and, by a certain sympathy, has come to understand much of our English, and to make us comprehend his vernacular. America is a subject of inexhaustible interest to him. He understands it so well, that when Mr. Seward asked him to what country he thought William Freeman, the colored servant, who speaks English, and wears a European costume, belonged, he replied, "He was born in America, the son of a slave." He was entertaining us to-day with accounts of his great ancestry, when our young Dutch companion asked him what evidence he had of this lineage. He answered, with spirit, "What evidence have we that we all descended from Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?" The Dutch seem constantly on the watch for treachery on his part. But suspicion is the punishment of usurpation. It apprehends disloyalty and treachery on every side. Would it be treason, indeed, in this humiliated and pensioned wearer of twelve diamond-hilted ancestral swords, to strike with them a blow for the lost sceptre of his tribe?

For ourselves, we cannot but think that the Dutch rule in this island, after two hundred years of trial, with their successive wars, is at last safely established. It can only be shaken now by tyranny so extreme and violent as to arouse to resistance a simple race who as yet have never acquired the first idea either of personal freedom or of national independence.

CHAPTER V.

AT BATAVIA AGAIN.—THE MALAYS.

Farewell to Bandong.—A Tropical Breakfast.—A Breakfast in the Botanical Gardens.—A Princely Native Artist.—Dutch Colonization.—Character of the Malay Race.—Chinese Immigration.

Batavia, January 25th.—We bade farèwell to the magnificent chief of Bandong, at sunrise yesterday, and we breakfasted with him at Sjiandjioer, enjoying in both cases the honors of music and the golden umbrella. We bathed and slept last night in the rose-gardens of Sindanlaya. At noon to-day, we reëntered the palace of Buitenzorg, which name, we now learn, was borrowed from the palace of Frederick the Great at Potsdam—*Sans-souci.*

A pretty illustration of tropical life greeted us here. The governor-general was absent; the ladies were just assembled at breakfast in the coolest of marble halls, dressed in the *degagée* habit which the Europeans have adopted from the natives here: hair falling naturally over the shoulders, the white "short-gown" of our grandmothers, made fanciful with ruffles and bright buttons; a gay-colored muslin skirt (*sarong*), not fastened by a belt, but softly folded around the figure; naked feet thrust into gold-embroidered slippers. After sharing their breakfast with us, they loaded our carriages with roses and passion-flowers, and lotuses, each flower in itself a bouquet. It was with sincere and unaffected regret that we parted with our newly-made friends, and so we are here once more

at our Batavia home, after a week in the country, filled with the kindest of hospitalities and most valuable of instructions.

BATH AT SINDANLAYA.

January 26th.—The Resident of the province of Batavia, with the ladies of his family, gave us, this morning, a social breakfast in the Botanical Gardens, under arching banyan-trees, in the presence of a larger and gayer assembly than ever before has graced a feast in our experience. These spectators were inquisitive monkeys, graceful giraffes, noble lions, magnificent tigers, loquacious parrots, and splendid peacocks, not to speak of birds-of-paradise. In short,

the Zoological Museum was the scene of our festivity. When the repast was over, we visited the museum, which is very rich in Malay antiquities and curiosities, chiefly war and official costumes, ornaments, and weapons, from all parts of the Eastern Archipelago.

The Hall of the Council of the Indies, in the government palace, is a spacious one, and adorned appropriately with a full collection of life-size portraits of the successive governors-general.

Java is proud of the native prince Rahden Saleh, who in Europe acquired great proficiency in the arts of painting and architecture. His most celebrated artistic achievements are, the Botanical Gardens, in which we breakfasted; a fine portrait of the governor-general (Myer); and his own Italian villa, in the suburbs of Batavia.

Mr. Pell gathered at his table, in the evening, a pleasant party of Americans. This island is visited more by Americans than by any other class of travellers.

Batavia-Roads, Steamer Singapore, January 26th, Evening.— To avoid an early and precipitate embarkation to-morrow, we procured a steam-tender, and came on board a packet still smaller than the Koningin der Nederlanden.

What we have seen in Java, and learned there of other islands, justifies us in pronouncing the Dutch colonization in the East Indies a great and beneficent success. Less than twenty thousand Dutch colonists have established over a native population of seventeen millions the sway of the mother-country, which numbers only four millions. Notwithstanding occasional insurrections, that sway may be regarded as firmly established. It ought to enhance our admiration of the enterprise, that, during two hundred years of its history, the Netherlands had to overcome not alone the natives of the islands, but also to maintain an almost constant conflict with European competitors in these distant seas —Portugal, Spain, France, and Great Britain. Its administration is severely criticised in British circles, on the ground of its wearing too prominently the features of narrow mercantile monopoly. Although these features must be admitted to be tyrannical, it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that the Dutch Government

has practised far less severity and cruelty toward the natives of the Archipelago than Spain, and Great Britain, and their successors the United States, have practised in America. Holland has neither exterminated native populations in the Archipelago, nor imposed slavery on them, nor introduced African slavery among them. The Dutch development of the resources of Java has been effective. The island has an agriculture surpassing that of any other country, and has also a valuable and increasing foreign commerce. So far as we can perceive, it is free alike from political and social discontent, and certainly it is free from pauperism. Nor is it to be overlooked that the Malays have been raised to the partial exercise of political functions. The government, while it tolerates all religions, encourages missionary instruction, and maintains schools so generally that a Javanese who is unable to read and write in his own language is exceptional. At the same time it must be admitted that no such vivifying social sentiments as those of personal liberty and national independence have been conceived by the Malays; and, while we can no longer doubt that the ultimate civilization of the whole human race is within the design of Providence, we must reconcile ourselves to laws which render the progress of civilization slow, and seemingly uncertain.

The Malay race is not homogeneous; it has many distinct branches. The branches which were found by the European discoverers on the peninsula, and on the islands of Sumatra and Java, were compact and organized states, which had long before emerged from the tribal condition. Nevertheless, the Malays are intellectually as well as physically feeble. The European discoverers alleged that they could not count ten. But in one art they excelled all mankind—this was the art of irrigation. So incongruous does this skill seem to be, that we might almost deem it an instinct rather than an acquirement of the Malays. Although the same European explorers describe the Malays as subtle and treacherous, we are obliged to conclude that they are a docile and tractable people. They received their earliest religion from the Bramins of India, as is proved by the ruins of Hindoo temples of vast proportions and great magnificence. They exchanged that re-

ligion, with entire docility, for the faith of the crescent, which was brought to them from Arabia by the apostles of Mohammed. There was one occasion, indeed, in their history when they proved intractable and hostile. At the time of the arrival of the Europeans, not only the Malayan Peninsula, but Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, were found the field of active Chinese colonization. The European historians represent that the natives sought to exterminate the Chinese immigrants here, on exactly the same grounds that Chinese immigration is opposed in the United States, namely, a fear that it would establish a system of heathen barbarism. In this native resistance to Chinese colonization, the European adventurers concurred and coöperated for a long time. But it has, at last, happily ceased. The Dutch East India Government, as well as the British Government at Singapore, are now effectively engaged in promoting that immigration in their respective colonies.

JAVANESE.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM BATAVIA TO MADRAS.

An Uncomfortable Steamer.—An Accident.—At Singapore.—British Hospitality.—The Port of Penang.—A Loyal Englishman.—Bay of Bengal.—Half-Way Round the World.—Arrival at Ceylon.—Point de Galle.—A Short Visit to the Shore.—A Hindoo Crew.—Off Pondicherry.

Steamer Singapore, January 31st.—If one wishes to learn how skilfully common-carriers, demanding the highest rates for freight and passage, can inflict the greatest discomfort, we recommend to him a lesson on the Singapore. She was appointed to leave Batavia on the 25th, while the British steamer to Ceylon was to leave Singapore on February 1st. But the Singapore, which is the slowest vessel of the line, did not sail until the 27th. Notwithstanding this change of time, we hoped for two days of rest at Singapore. The cabin is a dove-cote—the holes are reached from the deck by a perpendicular ladder. We had the whole dove-cote to ourselves the night we lay in the roads at Batavia. The next night, and all other nights, we escaped from its stifling imprisonment by having our mattresses spread on the deck and protected by awnings. Our new lodging was made intolerably noisy by the incessant tramp of passengers, officers, seamen, and servants. A dozen milch-cows were hauled by their horns on deck, before we left port. Fifty miles at sea, one of them mutinied, and leaped overboard; the ship gave her stern-chase, bow-chase, and cross-chase, for five hours;

it was an unequal chase, but steam-power, baffled so long, prevailed at last.

During the night, when we were crossing the mouth of the straits of Sunda, a northwest monsoon put the steamer to another trial. The condenser gave way at midnight, and the vessel became a log. We, who were wakeful and alarmed, saw the officers hurrying backward and forward, whispering rather than proclaiming their commands. We overheard them discoursing how to make up the ship's deficiency in life-boats in case she should be driven on the beach. It was a new experience to go down, in that tempestuous night, into the seething ship's hold, and take our money from our trunks and prepare for the apprehended disaster. What might not be our fate, if, escaping from the perils of the sea, we should reach the savage shore of Sumatra? Should we encounter there serpents, wild-beasts, cannibals? The storm, however, relented a little; after working the pumps, and hammering on the condenser, the engineer repaired the broken machinery, and the vessel resumed her course.

We were demoralized by travel in this intemperate climate. The coarse food was not at all to our liking; we fell back on the fruits. The first day, lemons, limes, even bottled lemonade, were exhausted; the next day, the oranges, bananas, and pineapples; the third day, and afterward, we had stale bread and bad coffee. We have arrived here at midnight, on the fifth day of our voyage. No signal has been given of the steamer, and we therefore sleep on board, although we are to embark on the Behar for Ceylon, tomorrow.

Steamer Behar, Straits of Malacca, February 1st.—The uninstructed telegraph, at dawn, signalled the Singapore as a Dutch man-of-war. Nobody expected Mr. Seward in a belligerent character, especially under a Dutch flag. Governor Ord and Consul Jewell, however, discovered the mistake, and took us ashore after long delay. The true English hospitality of Sir George and Lady Ord, at Government House, soon banished the remembrance of the perils and privations of our recent voyage.

Strength commands respect, and success, at last, overpowers envy. The same European populace of Singapore, which, only a very few years ago, cheered the American rebel Semmes, when he went out and came in there from his traitorous depredations on unprotected national commerce, now followed our little American party to the wharf, and, as the Behar cast off her lines at four o'clock, they shouted, with evident good-will: "Three cheers for Governor Seward, three cheers for the ladies!" "Well," said Mr. Seward, "let it be so; it is not an unwholesome instruction that the nation which would enjoy the respect of other nations must retain its claim to it by union and courage."

Penang, February 3d.—As the straits of Sunda are the customary channel of vessels which round Cape Horn for Java, China, and Japan, so the straits of Malacca are the proper passage for vessels of like destination, which come by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. The British Government has, with its usual sagacity, secured the ancient town of Malacca on the Malay Peninsula. The straits are four hundred miles long. We have made the passage hither in forty-two hours, seeing often the high hills of Sumatra on our left, and the flat Malay Peninsula always in view on our right. The straits here are seven miles wide, and deep enough for vessels of the largest size. The mountainous, wooded island of Penang rises abruptly out of the sea, and lesser islands lend a picturesque aspect to the harbor.

The port of Penang, sometimes called Georgetown, with a population of four thousand, may, some time ago, have flourished, but it is now in a condition of neglect and decline. The population of the island of Penang is forty thousand. Governor Ord, like every one else in this region, represents the Malays as improvident and idle. He bases his hope of the prosperity of the settlement upon Chinese immigration. Among the twenty or thirty boats, which came off here for passengers and freight, only one was Malay; all the others were Chinese built, and manned by Chinese.

We have improved, as best we could, the six hours' stay with which the Behar has indulged us here. In carriages, with Hindoo

drivers, we made great speed, over a smooth road, to see a cascade on the West Mountain, two thousand feet above the sea. The people whom we passed, on the road-side, were often standing or reclining in careless and picturesque attitudes, under the cocoa-nut and arika palms. They seem effeminate and languid. Manifestly, however, they bestow careful attention on their costumes, gracefully made up of pure white or bright-colored turbans, flowing sashes, and gay sarongs.

There is an approximation to similarity in the dwellings of the Malays and Chinese here, while the foreign bungalows exhibit a sad corruption of European architecture, without gain from the Oriental. On all sides, and at every turn, there are swinging sign-boards, which announce "Licensed to sell ardent spirits." If alcohol is not admitted to be a civilizer, it cannot be denied that it is a leveller.

After making a considerable descent, we reached a brawling torrent. We followed its bank under the shade of native forests. A small plain near the foot of the cascade furnishes the site for a little, rude, adobe Hindoo temple; it has a rustic veranda, supported by palm-saplings. Here we were welcomed by Bramins, who were assiduously engaged in plaiting bamboo curtains, and weaving garlands of mountain-flowers, for a festival to-morrow. We rested awhile under this simple but beautiful upholstery, and then foraged the adjoining woods for nutmegs and cloves. Ascending from this plain two or three hundred feet, over rough stone steps, we came to the basin into which the torrent plunges for a hundred feet or more, breaking into sparkling jets as it dashes against glistening granite rocks. Even we, prosaic as we are, could easily fancy that the caverns in these romantic rocks are inhabited by naiads and genii, such as are supposed to hold commune with the imaginative disciples of the oldest and most mysterious of the religions of the East.

Sitting on benches hewn from the rock, and refreshing ourselves with cool water drawn from the basin, we looked off upon the ocean, a dozen miles distant, calm and quiet, through a vista of tree-ferns, rooted high above the tops of the palms and spice-trees which

grow on the plain below. Descending to the plain where we had left our carriages, we were served, at a rustic inn, with a lunch of broiled chickens and salad, and with wine from Xeres, which needed no "bush." The proprietor, a loyal Englishman, did not think it superfluous to tell us that the fountain in which we had bathed, the table on which we dined, and the cask from which the wine was drawn, had all been honored with the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. How long will "her Majesty's command," and "his Royal Highness's protection," serve to advertise merchandise and inns in the East Indies?

On coming on board, we learned with regret that our hurried shore ramble had deprived us of a visit from the United States consul.

Steamer Behar, Bay of Bengal, February 4th.—Penang city and roadstead passed from our sight with the setting sun. We have given the Southern Islands a wide berth.

Now at noon, while the captain is taking his daily observations, Mr. Seward, pencil in hand, is making up his reckoning. "Captain, I think we must be near the 98th meridian of east longitude, which will be half my voyage around the world." The captain answered, "That light-ship, sir, which you see on our right, marks the line you are inquiring for."

Little do our friends at home, in their midnight slumber, dream that we are sitting, wide awake, directly over their heads. But we have a faint idea that this reflection has been made under similar circumstances before.

The calm sea-surface is broken by a vast shoal of fish, violently throwing themselves into the air. "What has caused this great commotion?" It is those two black-headed sharks peering over the water—vanguard, doubtless, of a ferocious army.

February 7th.—The Indian Ocean justifies its renown. We have not had a wave too high, a cloud too dark, or a breeze too strong. We are actually regretting that this dreamy voyage must be broken at Ceylon to-morrow. A mattress on the deck of a Pen-

insular and Oriental steamer, on this ocean in February, is a luxury of rest. The glaring, blazing sun has scarcely set, before the moon and stars come out in full brilliancy. The sparkling Southern Cross traverses a short journey across the southern horizon, visibly changing its position every hour, and the tranquil night, without twilight, breaks suddenly into another cloudless and joyous day.

Off Point de Galle, February 8th.—A letter from Lord Napier comes on board, protesting against our lingering at Ceylon, so as to fall into India in the hot season. We are obliged to be content, therefore, with an outside view of that famous island. We have been running nearly all day along its beautiful coast. A yellow beach, with dazzling breakers, fringes the forest verdure of the island. That verdure extends to a height of five thousand feet, when it gives place to a blue rocky ridge, from which rises Adam's Peak, nine thousand feet, and Haycock Hill, fourteen thousand. The fishing-craft here is as ingenious as its construction is peculiar. Being a canoe, scooped out of the trunk of a tree, it is too narrow for safety. It is, therefore, provided with a float attached to outriggers at the right side. Fleets of these boats are moving around us, but, whatever pearls the fishermen may have taken from these rich waters, are too minute for our vision. So, also, if elephants are as numerous on the shores as they are represented to be, it must be remembered that an impenetrable jungle intervenes to conceal them from our sight.

Steamship Columbia, 10 P.M., *February 8th.*—While we were writing our latest notes, a summons came for our transshipment from the Behar to this steamer.

Point de Galle, or, as it is otherwise called, Galle, although described in some of the geographies as having a good harbor, has just no harbor at all. It has neither bay nor roadstead, but a pitiful cove, into which the sea forces its way between two short ledges of rock projecting from the shore. These ledges, which are scarcely a quarter of a mile apart, seem to break the surf, and thus in fair weather afford something like a tranquil anchorage. This anchor-

age, however, can accommodate only five or six sea-going vessels, and every one of this number is exposed to great danger if it loses control of its ground-tackle, from hidden coral-rocks. Our fellow-passenger, Colonel Garden, of the British Army of India, tells us that one of these rocks wrecked and broke into pieces the steamer in which he was entering the harbor two years ago.

This afternoon three steamers met here—the Behar bound for Suez, the Columbia for Madras, and a third for the Archipelago. With these came also a Portuguese man-of-war. The Behar, just before we left here, collided with a large iron ship, inflicting the loss of a boom, and suffering the loss of a life-boat and stanchions. We asked whether this is the best of the island ports, and were answered that Columbo, the only one available to the present trade, is worse. Nevertheless, the cove is beautiful to look upon. The shore is ten or twelve feet above the sea, and shaded with palms. Here and there a fanciful bungalow may be seen peeping from behind the dense groves. On a gentle elevation is a pretty Christian church and spire, confronting a mosque and minarets not less conspicuous. At the water's edge is a line of white fortifications and barracks, with a lofty gateway leading to the town, built by the Portuguese. These buildings, substantial and old, are sheltered by immense trees, of what sort we are unable to learn.

Ten o'clock.—Until the moment of writing the last notes, we had entertained no hope of treading the soil of fragrant Ceylon. The captain of the Columbia tendered us his service to go ashore in his launch. We made our way, not without great difficulty, through the crowded shipping to the stone steps under the mediæval gateway. Ten minutes sufficed us to walk through the principal street. We rested under the veranda of a comfortable, modern hotel, making a hundred inquiries concerning the island and its wonders, continually interrupted by tempting offers of carved ebony elephants, coffee-wood sticks, cinnamon paper-cutters, Cingalese lace, not to speak of diamonds, pearls, rubies, and sapphires. Having so soon "done" the town and island, we rowed among the shipping, dodging a rudder here, a propeller there, and native raft-

boats on every side, until a flash from the ship's gun summoned all on board. The most inspiring incident of this day's experience was the last. The moon had not risen, and the night was dark and cloudy when our propeller was put in motion. A blue light on the Columbia's bow signalled that her movement was to begin. Instantly a brilliant torch, fed by impish natives, blazed on each one of the hundred beacons which rose on the sharp ledges of the channel, and soon we were moving through a maze of bonfires to the open sea. At this moment, a full moon, breaking through the clouds, poured her silver light over land and sea, adding a new and inconceivable brilliancy to the scene.

Bay of Bengal, February 9th.—The route to Madras requires that we retrace to the end of the island the course by which we reached Point de Galle. We are now steering northward, along the eastern coast of Ceylon.

The island constitutes a distinct British province, and its government is under the direct supervision of the Secretary of State for India. Its people, all Cingalese, are doubtless of Hindoo extraction. The prevailing religion, that of Buddha, we are inclined to think, flourishes more vigorously there than on the continent. British and American missionaries labor harmoniously together, and report that they have one pupil in their schools, for every ninety of the native population.

We have at last left the Chinese, as well as the American and European seamen, behind us. All our crew are Hindoos. Except ourselves, all the passengers are British. They are all civil or military officers of the Government. Within the memories of many of them, journeys in India were made with elephant-trains. After this came the Peninsular and Oriental steamers, and now railways. Business-men go directly by rail from Bombay to Calcutta, while families prefer the slower and easier journey by sea around the peninsula, touching at Ceylon. The steamers also transport the troops and stores for the Indian army.

We already feel that the continental empire is the one absorbing British interest, to which Ceylon and the Straits Settlement are

subordinate. What we hear discussed are the political and social questions of the capital, Calcutta. Our fellow-passengers condole with us that our arrival will be too late for the court season.

Off Pondicherry.—It will be remembered that we found the French in Cochin China fortifying Saigon against German invasion. We heard yesterday at Point de Galle that one of the conditions of peace made by King William is the surrender of Pondicherry, the only other remaining relic of French conquest in the East. Mr. Seward does not believe the report. While he thinks that France may withdraw before long from the East, he thinks it quite too late for even united Germany to come here as a civilizer. It would involve nothing else than an attempt at universal empire, that dream which began with Alexander, and which lies buried in the tomb at the *Hôtel des Invalides.*

Pondicherry, without a harbor, is a dismantled city of forty thousand people, lying within the limits of the province of South Arcot, and is distant only eighty-seven miles from Madras. The British have heretofore seized it four times, in as many successive wars with France, and, although they have as often restored it, it lies nevertheless completely at their mercy.

PART IV.

BRITISH INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

MADRAS.

Madras from the Sea.—Governor Napier.—The Government House.—A Hindoo Girls' School.—Bishop Heber.—British Dominion in India.—Rear-Admiral Cockburn.—Machinery of Government.—A Meeting of the Executive Council.—Lord Cornwallis.—The Legislative Council.—Hindoo Music.

Madras, February 11th.—This voyage of ours, westward around the world, subjects us to singular impressions. Since we left San Francisco, we have seen at every stage a more imposing demonstration of European power. Thus, we are reaching Europe by a flank movement.

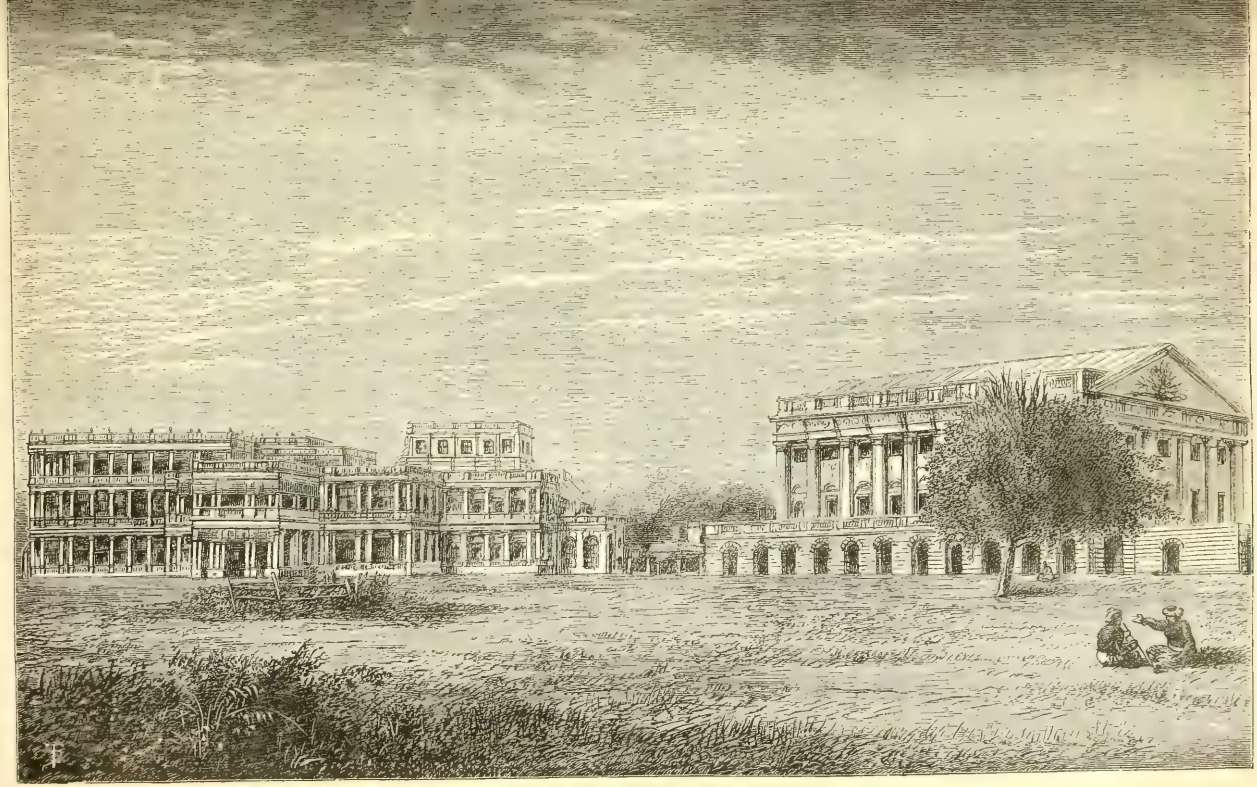
We first saw Madras from the sea, at a long distance, through a blue haze. It seemed commanding and beautiful, a city of European aspect, stretching eight or ten miles along the Coromandel coast. It contains five hundred thousand people. Here, as at Yeddo, large gardens intervene between the different districts of the city. On coming near, its lofty buildings present a dingy appearance, an indication, we think, of commercial decline, resulting from the opening of the railway from Bombay to Calcutta.

Captain Napier took us off the steamer, and brought us directly to the Government House, the official residence of Francis, Lord Napier, Governor of the Presidency of Madras. It is a palace half European, half Oriental, with its proportions and appointments not unworthy of a magistrate who presides over a country which is as large as France, and contains almost as many million inhabitants.

During Lord Napier's residence, as minister of Great Britain in the United States, a close friendship grew up between him and Mr. Seward, and between their families. That friendship has continued, through political and domestic vicissitudes. We therefore expected here, as we desired, not so much a distinguished reception, as a sincere welcome, with much-needed rest. These we are having, but not without such official demonstrations as we have met elsewhere.

The appointments of Government House are magnificent. We notice a major-general's staff, with a guard of horse and foot, blazing in scarlet and gold; civil secretaries, we know not how many; servants counted by the score, at the head of whom are seven native butlers, and at the foot a hundred *wallahs* (coolies), who do nothing but keep the *punkahs* (swinging fans) in motion, in every part of the house, by day and by night. In the stables, two hundred horses; and here we may say, that they have six races of the animal in India: the "Waler" from Australia, the "Cape" from Good Hope, the "Arabian," the "Persian," and the country-bred horse, a cross between the "Arabian" and "Waler," and a small horse from Burmah, which we like better than any pony we have seen in Asia.

Madras, February 11th.—We accompanied Lady Napier to-day, at three o'clock, to an examination of a Hindoo girls'-school. Prizes were distributed to one hundred pupils, all under twelve years. This is the age of marriage in India. Jealous and ambitious parents anticipate it, by marrying their daughters to their appointed husbands at every stage of infancy and childhood. We were surprised, although we ought not to have been so, in seeing the children in this school quite black. They have, however, straight hair and regular features. They are slender in form and diminutive in stature, with extremely delicate hands and feet. They have a sad, pensive manner, entirely free from the contentment and *abandon* which are noticeable among the colored children of the United States. Though of many different castes, all were dressed in either bright-colored muslins or gauzes interwoven with gold. Their fine black hair, their ears, their noses, their necks,



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

their arms, their wrists, their ankles, and their toes, were loaded with ornaments of silver, gold, pearls, and precious stones. A valuation made at our request, of a set of ornaments worn by a child of six years, gave the figure of three hundred pounds sterling! The prettiest costume of all was worn by a daughter of the converted Hindoo matron of the institution—a green satin vest, low at the neck, small short sleeves trimmed with gold lace; white skirt over which was wound a long, full, rose-colored scarf; the necklace, ear-rings, and nose-rings, of gold coins. From the ostentatious display of jewels, we inferred that the children had rich parents. But we soon learned that these ornaments constitute the entire fortune and estate of the wearer. Banks, stocks, and other institutions for the investment of capital, are little known or understood by the Hindoos.

The children answered, some in the Tamil dialect, others in the Telugu, others in the Hindostanee, Bible questions of history and geography about as well as our own Sunday-school children of the same age. They were also examined in the most simple processes of arithmetic. A Tamil lyric was prettily sung by one class. Its plaintive strain recalled our negro melodies. The native air, to which Tamil verses in honor of Lady Napier were sung by the whole school, unmistakably breathed the refrain of "Dearest Mae." A Telugu lyric was less musical. Five thousand children are educated in schools of this sort in Madras. Very few, however, become Christians.

Hindoo names always are significant. We record the names of three pupils who received the first prizes: Ammaui, Matron; Amurdum, Nectar; Sivaratura, Gem of Life. The best prizes were French dolls, and were received with subdued but immense delight.

A drive on the surf-beaten shore, where foreigners "most do congregate," closed our first day at Madras.

Madras, February 12th.—We attended morning service at the cathedral, a spacious though unostentatious edifice. It was difficult at first to compose ourselves under the constant vibration of the

punkahs, which swing without ceasing over the heads of the large congregation. The beautiful hymn which was sung recalled the memory of Heber, and a fine marble statue in the chancel gave us the classic lineaments of the great Bishop of Calcutta. He it was who was "zealous for his Church, and not forgetful of his station, but remembering it more for the duties than for the honors that were attached to it, and infinitely more zealous for the religious improvement, and for the happiness and spiritual and worldly good of his fellow-creatures of every tongue, faith, and complexion."

February 14*th.*—How strange it seems that this dominion of India, with its two hundred millions of people, should be a dependency on the two small islands of distant Great Britain, which contain only thirty millions! And yet there is a reason for it. Weak and ignorant tribes and nations are generally found dependent on stronger and more enlightened ones, if not absorbed by them. The dominions of Portugal, which never numbered more than four millions, were once nearly as extensive as those of England. We have already seen the rich Eastern dominion of the little kingdom of the Netherlands, whose area is about that of Vermont or Maryland. Indeed, it seems as if dependence is, at some time, the normal condition of every nation. All prosperous nations must expand. That expansion will be made on adjacent regions if practicable; if not practicable, it will then be made in those regions, however distant, which offer the least resistance. There is, however, a thought, connected with this subject, which is worth dwelling upon. Why have Portugal, Spain, and France, failed to retain the foreign dominions they founded, while the United States, Great Britain, and the Netherlands, continually acquire new territories, instead of losing those already secured? The reasons must be found in a difference in the characters and genius of the nations. Portugal colonized only with merchants and priests, and sought to monopolize the products of her colonies. Spain colonized only with soldiers and priests, and practised restriction, monopoly, and extortion; while Great Britain, Holland, and the United States, send out, for colonists, agricul-

turists, mechanics, miners, and laborers; and, when they cannot do this, they introduce cultivation, mining, and the mechanical arts, among the conquered people. France conquers, not for the development and improvement of the country subdued, or to increase her own wealth and power, but chiefly for the glory of the conquest. To compare great things with small, France conquers, as the sportsman kills, only to show his skill as a marksman.

February 15*th.*—Rear-Admiral Cockburn, her Britannic Majesty's naval commander on the East India station, arrived here in his flag-ship, the Forte, on the 14th instant. The official and fashionable circles (by-the-way, both are very much one) all shower hospitalities upon him and his officers. They were entertained yesterday at dinner at Government House, and participated in the ball which was given to our party. The ball was in the great banqueting-hall, which is over the *porte-cochère* of the palace. Its roof is supported by a double row of lofty Corinthian columns. Instead of walls, the sides of this tropical ballroom are of movable lattice-work, admitting the sea-breeze on either side. Though we have chronicled many balls, this one was too splendid to be omitted. Like Mr. Seward's, however, the admiral's thoughts are not much diverted by the amusements of society. He is sixty years of age, a loyal and veteran British sailor, a good observer, and a zealous philanthropist. The chief object, at present, of the naval police which he maintains over these waters, is to suppress the petty trade in slaves which is still carried on between the eastern coast of Africa and the shores of the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, and the Persian Gulf. Although the two gentlemen were entirely unknown to each other, Mr. Seward had the pleasant experience of finding the admiral an intelligent admirer of our country, and a sympathizer in Mr. Seward's political principles and sentiments.

The admiral has tendered us a cruise in the Forte from Bombay to Muscat, with an excursion thence to the sites of Nineveh and Babylon. This voyage, if it be practicable, will be the complement of our Eastern travels. But it will require an early departure

from Bombay, to avoid intolerable heat on the Euphrates as well as dangerous monsoons in the Persian Gulf.

February 16th.—The British conquests in India are so recent, that the civil government can hardly yet be said to be consolidated. Within the vast territories there are three great presidencies—Bengal, with Calcutta its capital; Madras, its capital the city of Madras; and Bombay, its capital Bombay. The northern and eastern portions of the territory are divided into other provinces—the Northwest, the Central, and the Punjaub. A viceroy, appointed by the crown for four years, resides at Calcutta, and administers a form of federal government, while each presidency and province has its own local administration. There is associated with the viceroy an Executive Council, whose members may be regarded as secretaries or ministers charged with portfolios of foreign affairs, finance, war, judiciary, post-office, improvements, and education. This Executive Council, like a cabinet council elsewhere, attends the viceroy semi-weekly or daily, as he requires. Its members are residents in India, and they are appointed by the viceroy, with the consent of the crown. With the consent of this Executive Council, the viceroy appoints all magisterial and ministerial officers. There is also a Legislative Council, which consists of the same executive councillors, with the addition of a few residents of India, selected by the viceroy with the approval of the crown, to represent commercial and popular interests. This Legislative Council has also a member of the British bar, appointed by the Home Government, to be a legal adviser. In each of the councils the viceroy presides. He can veto, but not without rendering his reasons immediately to the crown. This Legislative Council, subject to approval from the Home Government, makes general laws and levies taxes. A majority in each council are British, but four, five, or six prominent natives of India, distinguished for rank, property, or merit, are added to each. The Executive Council sits with closed doors; the Legislative Council debates in public. Its proceedings are reported as fully as those of the British Parliament, or of our own Congress. The governments of the several presidencies and provinces are con-

structed entirely on the same model with that of the federal or imperial government just described. Thus it will be seen that the government of British India differs from that of the United States chiefly in its denial of the elective principle. All its appointments are derived directly or indirectly from the crown.

The greatest social difficulty of the Government consists in contending against the ancient laws and customs of *caste*. A touching incident, which may be regarded as showing the protest of human nature against the laws of *caste*, has just occurred: A young native woman was indicted for the murder of her child, whose father was of a lower caste than her own, and with which intermarriage was forbidden. She confessed that she strangled the infant rather than lose her *caste*. The jury, half native, half foreign, pronounced her not guilty, notwithstanding her confession.

But the government of India, as we have described it, is not established in all parts of the conquered territory. There are many districts, some very large ones, which still remain under the government, more or less absolute and exclusive, of native hereditary princes, not unlike the Indian "nations" in the United States. All these provinces acknowledge the supremacy of the British Government, and admit of its intervention in the local administration by way of advice or protest. Some of them, more independent than others, retain the simple relation of *allies*, offensive and defensive, with the Government at Calcutta. Other native princes submit to have their revenues collected by the Calcutta Government, and even applied by it for the welfare and improvement of the districts. Some admit judicial interference, others exclude it. Some maintain armies, others have surrendered that power. All India, doubtless, is in a transition state. Of such native districts or provinces, there are encircled within the limits of the Presidency of Madras, Travancore at the north end of the peninsula, Cape Comorin, Mysore in the centre of the peninsula, and Hyderabad in the northern part of the peninsula. The Prince of Mysore is divested of all authority, and, while allowed his titular rank, is a pensioned vassal, living under *surveillance*. The other two princes are allies offensive and defensive of the British crown, and are

practically independent. Mr. Seward is attentively studying the working of this complex governmental machinery. He confesses that he thinks it would hardly go on smoothly in the United States.

If a person, native or foreign, desires an audience of the governor, whether on business or not, he registers his name in the visitors' book in the adjutant's office. After two weeks, more or less, the governor gives notice that he will hold a public breakfast at the palace, at which those who have registered their names will be received. At this entertainment each person submits his application in turn.

Mr. Lincoln used to receive promptly all who came to the White House before four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Seward has known many people sleep in the hall of the White House all night to receive an early audience in the morning.

On the 14th, Mr. Seward drove with the governor to Fort St. George, where his lordship was to hold an Executive Council. Even this simple affair was made the occasion of a pageant greater than is ever seen at Washington except at inauguration. The governor was escorted by fifty sepoys, huge white umbrellas were held over him and over the heads of the ministers as they respectively arrived at the gate of the fortress. A corps of retainers attended each up the staircase and to the door of the council-chamber. The opening of the session was announced by the firing of a gun. Mr. Seward was received by the members, and, after a pleasant interview, withdrew to amuse himself with a survey of this celebrated fortification. With its foundation, in 1639, the story of British conquest in India began. It is identified with the memorable wars, particularly those of Lord Clive, by which that conquest has been perfected. Besides an arsenal, it contains a double line of bomb-proofs to accommodate one thousand men. The esplanade in front of the fort is protected against the sea by a massive stone-wall.

A statue of Lord Cornwallis is a principal embellishment. It was a surprise to us Americans to see so honorable a monument raised in these colonies to the general who surrendered the last of

the British armies at Yorktown, and so yielded the last resistance to the independence of the American colonies. The British general, however, retrieved that misfortune by a successful and brilliant career as Governor-General of India. Happily for his fame, his American disaster is as little remembered by the British nation, as his successes in India are remembered in the United States.

Mr. Seward recalls a curious anecdote connected with the Cornwallis surrender at Yorktown. Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, had been president of the Continental Congress, and had been appointed minister to the Netherlands. He was captured on his passage and imprisoned in the Tower of London, and held for trial as a traitor to the crown. General Washington showed his consideration for the father by delegating Captain Laurens, the son of the imprisoned minister, to receive the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown. When news of the surrender reached London, Henry Laurens was brought before the Court of King's Bench, and discharged from imprisonment on his own recognizance. They say that he persisted in amending the recognizance by interpolating the word *not*. "I, Henry Laurens, acknowledge myself to be held and firmly bound unto "not" *my* sovereign lord, King George the Third," and that Lord Mansfield, finding him obstinate, said, "Let him take the recognizance in his own way."

February 18th.—Mr. Seward attended to-day a session of the Legislative Council. The morning papers describe the council and audience as follows: "At the meeting of the Legislative Council held at the council-chambers of Fort St. George to-day, there were present the Right Honorable Lord Napier, President, the Honorable A. J. Arbuthnot, J. B. Norton, J. D. Surin, P. Macfadyen, A. F. Brown, Mir Humayoon, Jah Bahadur, Gu Gujapatti Row, and V. Ranuengae.

"The Honorable William H. Seward, Mr. J. Sutherland, and a European pensioner were present."

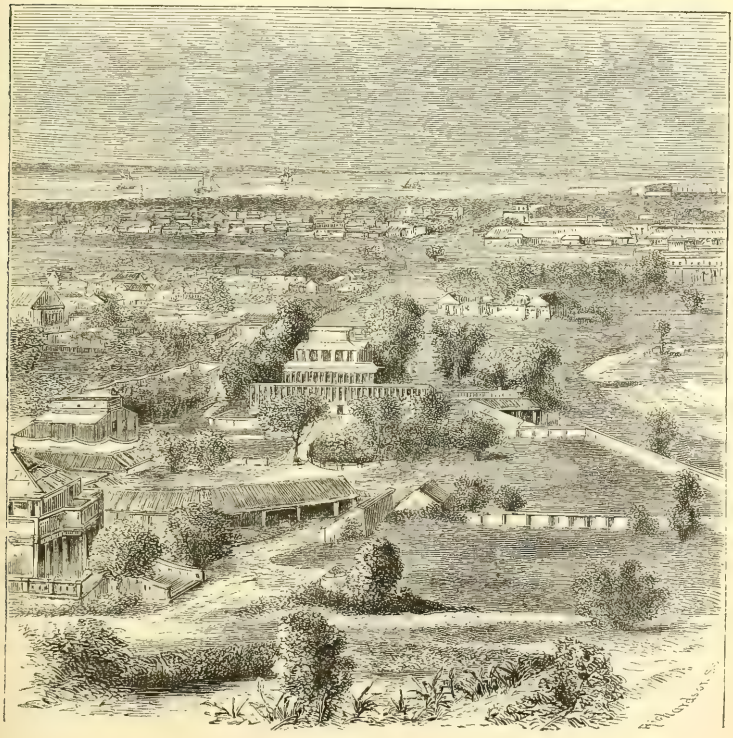
We learn that the Mr. Sutherland mentioned is himself the reporter, but all inquiries have failed to ascertain why the third auditor was described by the vague term of "European pensioner."

As the names of the councillors would imply, five are British, and four are natives. The subject was a project of a law to raise revenue for education, police, and irrigation, within the presidency. The debates disclosed the fact that there is no recognized line of separation between the powers of the "Imperial" Government, at Calcutta, and those of the provinces, in regard to the rights of taxation and the sources of revenue. The debates on this occasion revealed what in the United States would be distinguished as a strong jealousy of State rights—a jealousy, indeed, so great as to endanger the entire fabric of government if appeal could be allowed to popular suffrage. Practically, however, these demonstrations are of little value. The "Imperial" Government may do what it lists; provincial authority is rather ornamental than effective. All the members spoke, or, rather, read written speeches. Those of the natives were not less able and instructive than those of the British. It is a curious illustration of the inevitable presence of faction in every form of government, that, although this Legislative Council consists of only eleven members, all of whom derive their appointments from the crown and are responsible to it alone, it is nevertheless divided into two parties, and we strangers, who have been less than a week here, already understand them.

Virgil sang "arms and the man," who, driven to exile, left his native land to build a state on a foreign shore. Our theme seems to be, *arts* and the men who voluntarily go into exile to build a state in distant lands.

Three bands were summoned this morning, to give us an idea of native music. All their instruments, with the exception of two violins, were Indian reeds, lutes, and drums. The performances were elaborate, but unmusical and unintelligible. We asked their meaning. The performers explained with manifest alacrity. We regret to say that even after this explanation we were unable to distinguish the dirge for a lost soul from the epithalamium. When the first had been performed, Lord Napier asked the leader, a slender Hindoo with large, flashing eyes and graceful bearing, to recite and interpret the words of the melody. He rose, made profound *salams*, and then, standing erect, in solemn and measured manner

chanted his answer: "The words, my lord, are an appeal to the gods, to allow the poor soul to be consumed immediately with fire, that it may no longer be tormented with remorse." We had already become weary of the performance, when the third band broke into a discordant imitation of the old "Lancers" quadrille. The musicians were dismissed forthwith, not much to their satisfaction, although largely rewarded, for they had reckoned on a full day's performance. Hindoo music must have declined here, or it must have been very much improved in Java since its introduction there.



MADRAS.

CHAPTER II.

MADRAS (*Continued*).

An Excursion to Arcot.—Railroads in Hindostan.—Appearance of the Country.—The Homage of Flowers.—Cauverypak.—The Native System of Cultivation.—Visit to a Bramin.—Schools.—A Car of Juggernaut.—The Dutch Reformed Mission.—Back to Madras.—The Portuguese Settlement.—Gindy Park.—A Diamond Merchant.—Lord and Lady Napier.—The Normal School.

February 20th.—We left Madras on the 18th, with Lord Napier, in a special train. Arcot, the capital of the famous province of that name, is seventy miles distant from Madras. A renewal of railroad travel, after an interval of six months, in which we had come half-way around the globe, was exhilarating. The road, the engine, and the cars, are of European construction, and even the coal is imported from Wales. The gauge, five feet eight, is uniform in India; but the Government, on considerations of economy, has concluded to contract it to the very narrow one recently proposed in Europe. There are three classes of passengers, the third the cheapest and most numerous. The soil of the region through which we passed is light; the rocks, granite. The landscape wears a dull, yellowish color, although there is no want of palm and cactus. We seemed to be travelling alternately through sandy fields or meadows covered with stagnant water. We soon learned, however, that these pools are artificial reservoirs for irrigation. In some places, the prevailing sterile aspect is relieved by fields of growing rice. The peasantry dress chiefly in white. The herds of very small cattle are more numerous than we expected to find in a country where

the people abstain from animal food. The country seemed entirely level, but we gained in the journey an ascent of one thousand feet on the base of the Neilgherry Mountains, one of the three great ranges which traverse the Indian peninsula. At this point, we might have supposed that we were entering the Rocky Mountains at Cheyenne.

As we rolled over the plain into the shaded streets of the ancient city of Ranepet, Mr. Seward said to Lord Napier, "Now I know, for the first time, that British authority is firmly established in India."

We seem, on this excursion, to be reviewing the history of the conquest. The mountain-passes, the plains, and the monuments, continually recall to our thoughts the first seizure of Madras; the subsequent contentions, conflicts, surprises, stratagems, fears, conspiracies, extortions, rapacities, and massacres, which, continuing through a period of two hundred and fifty years, have ended at last with the suppression of the mutiny of 1857.

In 1745, there was a native war for the succession of the kingdom of the Carnatic, which included the province of Arcot. The French, at Pondicherry, maintained the cause of one claimant; the British, at Trinchinopoly and Madras, maintained the other. Madras was closely besieged by the French and allies. Clive, then merely a clerk in the British East India Company's office at Madras, proposed to force a raising of the siege by making a move on Arcot. His brilliant success in surprising and capturing and holding it four months, with less than four hundred men, against ten thousand French and native troops, was the beginning of the matchless career of that leader whom the elder Pitt pronounced a "heaven-born general."

Notice of the governor's coming to Arcot had been sent forward. The native collector of revenue met us at Ranepet, the railway-station for that district. He is thirty years old, speaks English fluently, and was elaborately dressed in native costume. He was surrounded by some dozen Hindoos. He proceeded at once to place in Lord Napier's hands flowers and fresh limes, at the same time covering him with garlands of flowers. When the agent had

been presented to us, we were severally honored with the same compliment. We inquired whether this was a voluntary and popular expression of welcome, or a prescribed one, and learned that the ceremony is the Hindoo form of homage to a ruler. At the gate of the station we encountered a crowd, obsequious rather than respectful, who threw flowers in our path, and invested us with new wreaths. Thus splendidly adorned, we passed under a floral arch to the carriages. At the instant of stepping in, a Hindoo band broke into a musical jargon, which frightened the horses, threatening us with serious danger. A sepoy body of infantry had loaded, intending to honor his excellency with a fusillade, but at our request that ceremony was dispensed with. We drove over a good turnpike causeway to the village of Ranepet, a suburb of Arcot. The road is bordered with mangoes, tamarinds, yellow flowering acacia, and the *Acacia vera*, whose juice when coagulated is gum-Arabic. Honorary green arches decorated the way, and innumerable flambeaux illuminated it. The approach to the town showed us the never-failing Hindoo temple, which, however small, is always graceful in form, and elegant in construction; opposite to it, is a Mohammedan mosque, and, farther on, a chapel of the Church of England, and an American mission meeting-house. Here also are the offices of the collector of the revenue. These buildings, together with the barracks and many weather-worn monuments of British heroes who fell here, are the only relics of the city of Arcot, so distinguished in the history of the conquest. For aught we can see, the natives have forgotten, if they ever had the idea of, political independence. We were the guests of the British superior officer of the district. Yesterday morning our party divided; Lord Napier and Mr. Seward went to see the fountain and agricultural village of Cauverypak, distant thirty miles. Artificial conduits intercept mountain-torrents, and convey their waters to this reservoir, which is enclosed by a granite wall supported by broad embankments. A dam, forty feet high, is raised across the natural outlet. The embankments are strengthened, on the outer declivity, by mango and palm trees. Thus the reservoir forms a lake of pure water, high above the surrounding country, which is five miles wide and seven

miles long—and, at high water, thirteen feet deep. We have taken pains to describe this pretty lake of Cauverypak, because it is a good specimen of ancient reservoirs, constructed for irrigation, in the country—which are innumerable—and all of which alike bear the ugly name of "tank."

The system of culture will be easily understood when we have mentioned that a broad plain stretches away from the base of the fountain farther than the eye can reach. Out of this plain arise thirty-two gentle knolls, on each of which stands an agricultural village, and these villages contain an aggregate population of a hundred and fifty thousand. Cauverypak is one of these. These people cultivate the entire plain in fields varying from an acre to fifteen acres. The staple production is rice. Grounds which, owing to a drought, fail to receive a full supply of water from the reservoir, are called "dry fields," and these are tilled with cereals and vegetables, or serve as pasturage for sheep and cattle. Cauverypak was found exactly in its present condition by the first British adventurers, but it stands without record or tradition.

It was a principle of the system of native government in India, that not only all the lands, but also all the waters in a province, belong to the reigning prince, whatever title he might wear, king, maharajah, rajah, or nawab. He leased them to *zemindars* (large landlords), or to *ryots* (lesser farmers), who paid for their use according to a tariff graduated with just relation to the productiveness of the estates.

The British Government has come into the places of the princes, and the Madras presidency maintains the "tanks," and receives the rents. The average rent is four dollars per acre.

Drought is a normal incident in India, and is the cause of the famines of which we so often read. In such cases the Government remits the rents, but the zemindars and ryots are nevertheless left without means for the support of their families. The extortion practised upon them by usurers is frightful. Cauverypak village contains ten thousand people, three hundred of whom are ryots; the others chiefly mechanics and laborers. Many of the ryots belong to the privileged castes of Bramins, who were not only

exempt from labor, but forbidden it. Lord Napier and Mr. Seward were received by the chief Bramin ryot at his house. It is a stone structure of one low story, with reception-room, dining-room, kitchen, and stable, built around on all sides of an open square. In the centre of the square, was a reservoir, an open cistern for gathering and holding rain. Again we ask, Did the Romans borrow their *impluvium* from the East? In rear of this quadrangular building is another of exactly the same form and dimensions. The one opening on the street is the dwelling of the ryot and his family; the other is appropriated to the use of visitors. In the stable are six small oxen, which are used in cultivation, the whole six valued at seventy-five dollars. The manure, like the animals themselves, being sacred, is carefully preserved for burning in the temples. Hindoo architecture has a peculiar feature. The veranda, indispensable in this climate, is supported by delicate, palm-shaped columns, each of which is ornamented with a broad brass band at the top. There are no bedrooms, but each corridor or passage-way has at each end a dais eighteen inches high, covered with a mat, which serves for a bed. The small garden-plat attached to the house is filled with cocoa-nut trees, bananas, and beans. The Bramin's furniture is simple enough. He has two plain tables, two bamboo chairs, and several fine silken rugs. Refreshments are not usually offered, but on this occasion fresh milk was served in brazen jugs. The village has two Hindoo temples and one mosque. The school, maintained by the Madras government, has a hundred and fifty native pupils. Besides this, there are twenty native schools, some Hindoo, some Mohammedan, where pupils are received and taught separately, with careful regard to their social castes. Mr. Seward asked the ryot, who is a spiritual authority, whether education is approved by the Bramins. "Yes," answered the Hindoo. "Why?" "Because it is pleasing to the gods." "Why does it please the gods?" "Because it improves the mind, and makes it appreciative of heaven."

The poor villagers gathered around the visitors, and some of the older ones seemed desirous of conversation. They gave Mr. Seward an account of the number of pupils in each of the several

schools. They seemed confounded when he asked if these numbers included the girls; they replied, "Only the boys." When asked how the girls are educated, they said, "No girls are educated except Nautch girls."

Passing through an open paved square, Mr. Seward's attention was caught by a rough, uncouth, and unwieldy vehicle. It consists of a platform ten feet long and eight feet wide, laid upon axles, on which turned four wooden wheels, all of one size, not more than ten or twelve inches in diameter. In front of the platform stands a carved and unpainted idol, ten feet high, with hideous allegorical emblems and devices. This is a car of Juggernaut. It is drawn through the streets by the people, during sacred ceremonies. Immolation of devotees is now forbidden by British law. There would seem, however, to be little need for that prohibition. It would require great skill and effort on the part of a votary to get his neck under the wheels of the awkward machine. If we did not know that superstition is as blind as it is overpowering, we could not believe that any human mind could conceive such a deformed and misshapen statue to be a god. Mr. Seward's survey of the interesting little village closed with an exploration of the suburb which is allotted to the *pariahs*, the lepers, the outcasts of India. Their habitations are mean and wretched beyond description, but their condition is not without a compensation. While all other castes are obliged by their laws to abstain from animal food, and forbidden to take animal life, the pariahs are allowed to use the carcasses of the animals found dead. In this way, they have become the tanners of the country. It is no wonder that they are carefully watched, to prevent their slaying domestic animals under the pretext of finding them dead.

During their long drive, Lord Napier and Mr. Seward saw only one beggar, and he was blind—a Bramin. Having been led up to their carriage by neighbors, he declined to receive alms, because he had left behind him his brazen basin through which he alone could accept coin from any one not of his own caste, without personal contamination. When, however, he felt the weight of a rupee carefully dropped into his sleeve, he turned his eyeballs

in the direction from which the party had come, and sung a plaintive native melody. Lord Napier asked how old he was; he answered, "Seventy." "What is the song you have sung so sweetly?" "It is a hymn of praise to the gods whom your lordship passed on the road as you came here." "How is it you sing to the gods, when they have made you blind?" "The gods have indeed willed that I shall be blind," the mendicant Hindoo replied, "but they protect me still."

During Mr. Seward's absence the ladies remained at Ranepet. They had appointed to attend early worship at the missionary-chapel. The matin summons was sounded, not by bells, but by a noisy chattering of birds. Springing up and going quickly to the veranda, they saw that the deciduous trees around the bungalow (which had dropped nearly all their leaves) were as green as ever, for they were filled with parrots and paroquets.

The Arcot mission of the Dutch Reformed Church of America (now the Reformed Church) was established in 1855, by three brothers Scudder, sons of the eminent missionary who labored here thirty years ago. Beyond a doubt, the success of this mission is due to the persevering energy and winning address of these preachers, but it was more to their happy combination of medical practice with their religious teachings. Medical science and skill are at a low ebb on the Asiatic Continent, while they have attained a high development in the West. This superiority is known and felt even by the very lowest classes in the East. The Christian physician, who comes to heal the body, naturally finds his patient in a proper temper for the healing of the soul.

The municipal district in which the Arcot mission is established is about one hundred and sixty miles square. The missionaries found within it only thirty-five native Christians, and these were without a church or a school. The missionaries (six in number) have now fifty native helpers, who teach day-school in seventeen villages. They have their boarding-schools, two for boys, one for girls, all voluntary pupils. The converts intermarry. The children thus educated, although belonging to all the various castes of the country, are placed upon a footing of complete equality. The

boarding-school at Ranepet, which is the most successful one, occupies large government barracks. Dr. Scudder has introduced some trades into this school, the principal one that of weaving on native looms. But even a more beneficent institution than these schools is a medical hospital. The Madras government appropriates to it, in addition to the requisite buildings, one hundred and seventy-two rupees (about eighty-five dollars) monthly. The institution was founded in 1866, and, during the past year, *fifty-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three* patients were gratuitously treated from its dispensary. Seven hundred and fifty-three of these were in-door patients, who were provided with beds, food, and clothing. Lord Napier has added to this useful charity a spacious house in which persons of different castes may prepare their own food and live separately, according to their native customs. This noble mission draws from its patrons in the United States only twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The simple homes, frugal habits, and patient labors, of these missionaries and their families, are worthy of all praise and admiration. The missionaries are full of hope, though they confess the work of conversion is very slow. They gain only one hundred a year within the district. Nevertheless a manifest improvement in the condition of the people is visible. With this improvement, if it shall go on, we must be content, for we trust that—

> "Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
> Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

February 23*d.*—We visited yesterday the suburb called the "Portuguese Settlement;" so called, not because it is under Portuguese jurisdiction, but because it was the site of the Portuguese factory, before the British conquest. Its inhabitants, of native and mixed Portuguese, are Christians, and speak the Portuguese language. They have a cathedral, with an exemplary bishop from Lisbon. The cathedral bears the name of St. Thomas, to whom tradition attributes the first teaching of the gospel here. However this particular fact may be, the opinion that that apostle preached the gospel on the Coromandel coast is well supported by historical

arguments. Marco Polo found native Christians here, who claimed that their church was planted by the doubting disciple. Vasco de Gama found native Christians on the coast during his second voyage of discovery. Guides show us the hill and cave at Malapoo, where it is alleged that St. Thomas sought refuge and suffered martyrdom. They say that even the threshold of the cave still bears the impress of his foot.

Gindy Park, February 24th.—We have come to pass a day at this summer palace. On the way we inspected a "model farm," which is maintained by the Madras government. Three hundred acres are divided into two equal parts, of which one is used for the cultivation of exotic grains, plants, and seeds; the other is cultivated with European implements only—the design being to commend Western agriculture to the natives. We learn that the institution gains favor. We were much interested in a small hamlet through which we passed. The inhabitants are wanderers from Northern India. It is maintained, not without plausibility, that the Gypsies of Europe are descended from the same class. Their pretty habitations are in mango-orchards, and are built of branches of palm, *exactly* in the shape of a beehive. They gather the fruit, and pay to the Madras government an annual rent of two rupees (a dollar) a year for each tree. We imagine they are the only rent-paying tenants of their outcast race. We have seen a specimen of Hindoo village-schools. Thirty boys, most of them naked, were sitting in the sand, under the shade of a wide-spreading mango-tree, in a circle. The master stood in the centre, rod in hand, and gave out successive lessons, in the Tamil language, in spelling and arithmetic. The whole school, simultaneously, took the words from his mouth, giving them back with their own; and at the same time wrote the words with their fingers in the sand. These children showed great agility, as well as quickness of apprehension. No sooner had they written the text in the ground, than they sprang to their feet, raised their right hands to their foreheads and made a *salam*, indicating that they were ready to receive the next lesson. We crossed a stone bridge which has stood a hundred and fifty

years with only the repair of a parapet. A small tenement beneath the bridge was pointed out to us as the dwelling of the descendants of the Armenian merchant who brought himself to poverty in building the magnificent structure.

Gindy House is even more extensive and elegant than Government House at Madras. The park contains fifteen hundred acres. Native deer, of the four kinds known in India, sport on the lawns. Instead of alighting at a gate or *porte-cochère*, we were driven to a shade in the beautiful gardens. They exhibit a luxuriance unknown in colder climates. Every wall, every thatched roof, every gateway and column, seems to have been especially designed to support a flowering creeper, which nearly conceals the structure, and these plants are as various in hue as in the form of tendril or leaf. Efforts are made to produce northern exotics, as studied as those which we at home make to cultivate tropical plants. The success in each case is about the same.

We doubt which was most effective, the gorgeous display of flowers around us, or the dew-drops which glistened on grass, and flowers, and trees, under the rays of the morning sun. The heat increasing rapidly, we took shelter under a noble mango, where the morning libation of tea was made. We talked and laughed at translations of the highly-imaginative native poetry. We dined *en famille* at the palace, and, as the evening shades came on, adjourned to a *fête-champêtre* in the gardens. The society of Madras was there. If any thing was needed to heighten the brilliant scene, it was found in the exquisite music of the military bands, which played airs in echo across the broad park and on its beautiful lakes.

Madras, February 26th.—New acquaintances and new studies. The diamond merchant is an important personage in every Asiatic country, for diamonds are the favorite investment of wealth. An eminent Armenian of that class breakfasted at Government House this morning. His organ of perception is strongly developed, and he has a shrewd, almost furtive expression. He was entertained in the most acceptable manner by being allowed to exhibit for

our instruction the contents of his waistcoat-pockets, consisting of diamonds of every size and of every water, jewels quite sufficient for a coronation, and even enough to satisfy the ambition of a Fifth Avenue belle. He gave us a relation of what he considered the greatest transaction of his life: Having acquired in the course of trade an extraordinary diamond, he sent his son to Europe to sell it. The son was admitted to the Tuileries, and the empress bought it; it is one of the "pear-shaped" diamond ear-rings which figured so conspicuously in the inventory of her jewels. The empress called for "the regent," and showed it to the young Armenian. "My son," said the merchant, "was permitted to take that celebrated gem in his hand; he looked into it through tears of joy, and did not give it back until he had pressed it to his lips."

Evening.—It will be a mournful day for Madras when Lord and Lady Napier take their leave. While he builds and endows universities and hospitals, there is no charity which she neglects. We visited an orphan asylum with her to-day, and afterward an asylum for the children of the Sepoys. Although the studies for the day were ended, and the children were at play in the grounds, they came cheerfully up and took their places in the examination-room. They inquired what they should sing for us. Mr. Seward proposed "From Greenland's icy mountains." They sang it in full chorus, and insisted upon our naming another. They sang this too; then, following us to the gate, gave us "God save the Queen."

Perhaps the best, certainly the most interesting, of these noble charities, is the normal school for the instruction of native women. It has fifteen pupils, all of high caste. They are educated free of charge, and even paid for their attendance. They are driven to and from the school-house in close carriages, so that they may not be "seen of men." We fear that the importance of this noble step toward the civilization of the East is scarcely realized at home. We noticed among the pupils a girl of seventeen, distinguished from her dark-eyed companions by a sad demeanor and plaintive voice. In a single year she had lost her husband whom she loved, and her only child. The laws of her caste doomed her to seclusion

and celibacy for life, to give up her jewels, friends, and hopes. The normal school allows her activity, cheerfulness, and usefulness.

We learn that the Duke of Argyll, Secretary for India, takes a deep interest in the institution, and has just sent out from England a young lady to take charge of it, who was educated for that purpose in the United States.

THE SURF AT MADRAS.

CHAPTER III.

FROM MADRAS TO CALCUTTA.

The Surf at Madras.—On the Bay of Bengal.—The Lion-Whelps.—The Hoogly.—The Viceroy's Invitation.—Earl and Countess Mayo.—Glimpses of Calcutta.—The Baboo.—The Baboo's House and Harem.—The Government House.

Steamer Australia, Bay of Bengal, February 27th.—The surf never ceases to beat and break against the shore at Madras. A dozen years ago an attempt was made to overcome the difficulty by extending a pier into the sea. But there was found neither capital nor engineering skill anywhere sufficient to make the work effective.

We insisted on leaving the shore in the primitive way. A native surf-boat, eighteen feet long, five feet wide, and six feet deep, was hauled high and dry on the beach. The boat is constructed with bamboo-withes instead of spikes and nails, to prevent leakage, and of material so light, and proportions so exact, that no weight of water will cause it to sink. It is presumed always that, notwithstanding the boat is so deep, it will fill in going through the breakers. For this reason, the passengers, as well as the oarsmen, sit on benches which are stretched across the boat's brim, and each bench serves as a brace for the feet of the occupants of the bench behind it. We were lifted in chairs by Hindoos and *spilled* on the benches in the stern, under the awning of British flags. A secretary and an aide-de-camp of the governor were with us, and we enjoyed our

new excitement as our score of boatmen, with merry shouts and cheerful song, laboriously forced the boat through the foaming surf.

We sailed at four o'clock. If the thought gave us sadness that we were never to see Madras again, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that, even if a return were possible, we should not find there the same friends; and what could we see, or know, or enjoy, there without them?

Bay of Bengal, February 28th.—Once again on the same calm sea, with the same southern breezes, protected by the broad awning from the same burning sun. Our two weeks of rest and recreation at Madras already seem not so much an episode of our voyage, as a refreshing and inspiring dream. At daylight we had reached shoal water, and a channel marked by lighted buoys. Birds surrounded the ship in great numbers. Sailing-ships and steamers continually shot by us. Consulting the chart, we found that, although no land was visible, we had entered between the capes which guard the entrance of the Hoogly into the bay of Bengal. We took a native pilot.

The Hoogly is one of the rivers which, dividing into a thousand creeks, and through as many lagoons, discharge the mighty flood of the Ganges. Ever-moving sand-bars render the navigation here uncertain and perilous. We slackened our speed from forty-nine to fourteen revolutions until the flood-tide set in. Low, sandy shores at length appeared. Subject at all seasons to terrible inundations, they have never been reclaimed for tillage, and are often strewn with the bodies of animals, and sometimes with human bodies.

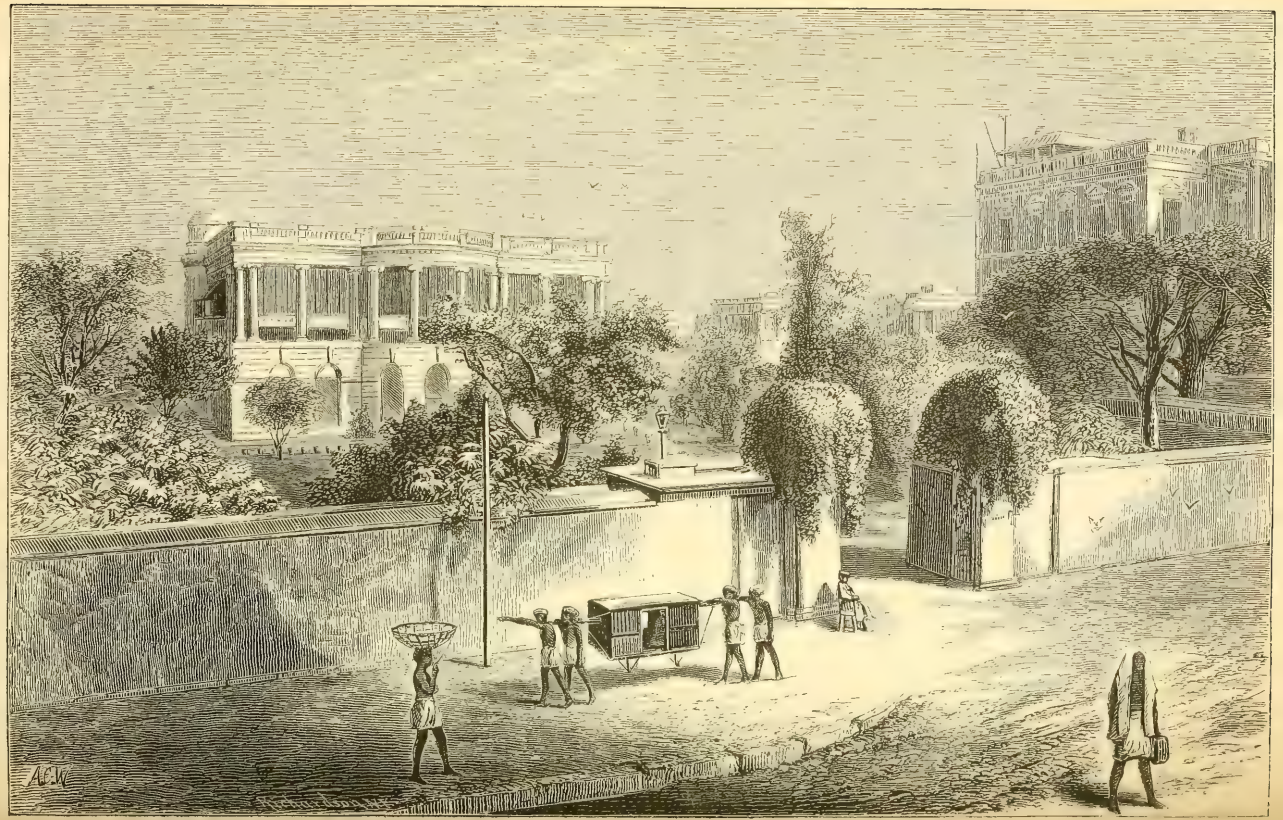
Our ship ought to receive a demonstrative welcome at Calcutta, for she bears two African lion-whelps to grace the menagerie of some potentate there; whether native prince or European viceroy, we have not learned. Although but three months old, these "babes" have attained a large size. They stare at us boldly with their big green eyes, and switch their tails with a savage independence.

March 1st.—The Hoogly has shrunk to the width of the Hudson at Poughkeepsie. The vegetation here is as luxuriant as at the equator. Very soon, however, these palm-shaded fields, though so freshly overflowed, will become dry and brown.

Although we are entering Calcutta before the vernal equinox, the heat is already intense. If we distrust our strength to explore the continent before us, we have nevertheless the inspiring thought that we are floating on the Ganges we have so long desired to see—the Ganges, notwithstanding it is called here by the less euphonious name of the Hoogly.

Calcutta, March 2d.—As we approached the wharf yesterday, the viceroy's barge—manned by thirty Bengalese boatmen in scarlet livery—rounded up to the Australia's side. Major Burne (private secretary of the viceroy) came on board, accompanied by the United States consul-general, Mr. Jacobs, and Mr. McAllister, an American residing here. Major Burne delivered a letter from the viceroy, inviting us to be guests at Government House during our stay here. Mr. Seward had before accepted the invitation of the consul-general and Mr. McAllister. The matter was quickly compromised, with the understanding that, after passing some days with our countrymen, we should accept the hospitalities of the viceroy.

Last night happened to be a "state" one at the opera; that is to say, the performance then was to be honored by the presence of the viceroy. The representation of "Lucia di Lammermoor" by an Italian troupe, before a fashionable assemblage, made us aware that we had at last reached the Eastern verge of Western society. Earl Mayo and the Countess of Mayo, in the central box, were surrounded by their suite, and a group of native princes, or rajahs, whose gold and jewels far outshone those worn by the ladies of the viceregal court. Between the acts Mr. Seward was presented to the viceroy, and afterward to the brilliant circle. His lordship insisted that Mr. Seward, without taking upon himself the trouble of making a preliminary visit, should with his family lunch at Government House to-day, and then, or as soon after as convenient, become



RESIDENCE OF RICHARD McALISTER, CALCUTTA.

inmates of that household. He was further informed that carriages and barges would be at his orders during his stay here.

The Earl of Mayo is purely Irish. He is tall, handsome, and has a commanding presence, with manners which, though dignified, are frank and genial. As Lord Naas, he was many years a conservative member of Parliament, and was Secretary for Ireland during the Disraeli administration.

March 2d, Evening.—We have enjoyed a pleasant morning at Government House. This evening, the few Americans residing here dined with us at Mr. McAllister's. The fact that they all hail from Boston is creditable to the enterprise of that intellectual city.

During the day we had some glimpses of Calcutta. If it were in the West, its aspect would hardly justify the distinction it bears —"the City of Palaces." The government buildings are indeed extensive, numerous, and substantial; but, in point of architecture, they are respectable rather than imposing. Private dwellings of foreigners combine European solidity with the graceful Oriental verandas and columns; but they have no pretentious magnificence. The native city contains many stately residences of pleasant aspect, but generally the dwellings are low and common. The appearance of the whole city (the foreign as well as the native part) is spoiled by a wretched stucco which, by exposure to the weather, becomes dingy and discolored. The suburbs on the river-banks are disfigured with brick-yards, counted not by hundreds, but by thousands. The array would seem to indicate that the city is enjoying a vigorous growth; inquiry, however, brings out the fact that no sand fit for building is found in the vicinity, and bricks are therefore burned and pulverized as a substitute for that necessary article.

March 4th.—A northeaster set in on the 1st, and we have since had cold rains. The "oldest inhabitant" says that this is a new freak of the climate. Hard as it has rained, we have nevertheless been obliged to go abroad, for—after seven months' travel, as may be easily imagined—we have pretty much come to the

unhappy condition of our celebrated countrywoman, "Miss Flora McFlimsey." Our troubles are aggravated at the state of the market, which, they say, is just experiencing the calamitous effects of the war between Germany and France. Gloves are not to be had in Calcutta.

The "*baboo*," called by Burke, in his invective against Warren Hastings, the "banyan," is a native trained to trade, and speaks English. Like the *comprador* in China and Japan, he attaches himself to a mercantile house, to an official contractor, or some other business concern (either native or foreign), and negotiates commercial matters; receiving commissions from one party or the other, according to circumstances. He often rises to wealth and influence. One of this class solicited a visit from Mr. Seward, adding that, while the baboo and his sons would receive him, the ladies would be welcomed by the *zenana*. Such a courtesy is rarely, if ever, extended to foreigners.

The foundation of this baboo's fortune was laid by his father long ago, in connection with an American house; and the present incumbent, who is seventy years old, has added to his wealth and importance. He has now his fifth wife. We visited him to-day. The house, though more cheaply built than those of the wealthy class which we saw at Canton, is of the same model. It is three stories high, and covers the sides of a square as large as one of the blocks of Philadelphia. The area within is used for fountains and baths. A group, consisting of the baboo's three sons and their sons, received us at the gate, very obsequiously. They showed us the way to a grand hall, having a vaulted roof and double colonnade. A few elegant chairs, with yellow-satin cushions, placed on a scarlet-velvet rug in the centre of the room, constituted the furniture. Here the eldest son welcomed Mr. Seward in a eulogistic English oration, and then presented his several brothers and each of the lads in attendance. Brightly-dressed servants meanwhile stirred the air with large peacock-fans, mounted on massive silver handles five feet long; others, to the great prejudice of the ladies' dresses, sprinkled us from head to foot with rose-water from silver vases; others, again, covered us with garlands and bouquets; and

yet others held before us silver vases containing the attar of roses for perfuming the hands. These ceremonies over, we ascended to the baboo's room, in the third story. Quite infirm, he was dressed as a valetudinarian, though richly. He welcomed Mr. Seward as the "great father of the greatest of the nations." The baboo conducted us then to an adjacent drawing-room, and ordered that all the children of the house, not excepting the youngest, girls as well as boys, should be brought in by their *ayahs* (nurses). Twenty infants were brought in, gaudily dressed. The little ones acted their proper parts with entire truth to nature: some shrank backward; many screamed; one or two shrieked; while others extended their small hands, and bashfully performed *salams.* After this came an order, from the baboo, as unexpected as it was unprecedented in that family. It was that all the women of the family, except the widows, should now enter the apartment. Receiving this command, in their different rooms, the women inquired through a messenger whether they were to be seen by the ladies only. The baboo imperiously replied: "They must all be presented to Mr. Seward, and receive him as a friend. He is a friend of mankind; he shall see us just as we are, and see all that we do —we will have no secrets from him." This was intended as a great compliment to Mr. Seward.

There was a sound of pattering feet, and a gentle rustling was heard. It was followed by the entrance of eight little women, all of whom were dressed in gauze of gold and various colors—only gleaming jewels could be seen through their veils. They trembled like so many aspens as they approached gracefully, lifted their slender arms—almost covered with gold—and extended to us their little nervous hands. The baboo was not yet content. He requested us to raise their veils. We did so gently, and looked upon gazelle eyes and pretty features, but the wearers were so abashed that, in tenderness for them, we soon let the veils drop. In answer to our compliments, they spoke not a word. The gentlemen now withdrew.

Mr. Seward was then shown through seventy-five rooms, including a family chapel—the furniture of all very meagre and

plain, the stairs steep and narrow, and the corridors dark and perplexing.

The women, being left alone with their visitors, now voluntarily communicated, through a lady interpreter, all the family secrets: the number of wives each of the baboo's sons had married and lost; the number of children of each wife; and the number and value of the jewels each possessed. The wife of the eldest son presented her daughter—a bright and laughing maiden bedecked with jewels—who, having attained the advanced age of eighteen months, has already been married to a little gentleman who also was present, and who claims the experience of ten years. He has been elected to the honor of this marriage because he is the presumptive head of the caste to which this family belongs. According to the custom of the country, he has been brought into the family of his bride to be educated. There are eight pairs of such prematurely-married people in this family, which consists of seventy-five persons.

The windows of all the chambers of the zenana, or harem, are darkened, and made secure with iron bars, as in a prison. The widows, even more secluded than the wives, inhabit the meanest and dingiest of the chambers. The women showed, with perfect freedom, their sleeping-rooms, baths, and the contents of their wardrobes. Each woman has three garments. These being woven in the shape required, there is no need of mantua-maker or milliner; the only care bestowed on this property is to hang them up and take them down. The care of the children is devolved on the ayahs. As the wife neither sews, nor reads, nor writes, she has absolutely no occupation but to talk with her companions of the zenana; and, as might perhaps be expected, domestic discords are frequent. The guests (in the zenana) were then served with cakes, comfits, and betel-nuts, the latter broken in small bits and folded in silver-foil. The interview closed with the same ceremonies with which we had been received, newly fanning the guests with peacocks' plumes, sprinkling them with rose-water, and perfuming the hands with the attar.

The baboo, in his conversation with Mr. Seward, represented

that a general discontent with British authority is felt by his countrymen, but he left it quite clear that they have not the faintest idea of uprising or of resistance. Helpless and listless, they follow the conflicts of the Western nations, only for the purpose of obtaining a hope—most unreasonable—that, amid the chances of war, India will receive a new conqueror, either the United States or Russia. Mr. Seward left the baboo without lending any encouragement to these political expectations. He joined the party in the grand hall below, when we were honored with the ceremonies twice before described; besides, a treat of champagne, ice, coffee, and the *hookah*. The younger boys of the family now fell upon the floor and kissed our feet; with their fathers, they attended us to the gates, and then dismissed us with such a shower of compliments and thanks as convinced us that even the Spanish language of courtesy is stinted and cold compared with Oriental flattery. If we are to believe them, "they still weep for our return." Eight bearers came after us bringing a tray filled with confectionery.

Government House, March 7th.—We took up our residence here to-day. Although the distance from Mr. McAllister's house is short, the journey was long, and not made without some difficulty. We had appointed to be here at five o'clock, and, under viceregal leave, had directed the Bengalese coachman to come for us a little before that hour. He had, however, become accustomed to our daily habit of driving about the city, and did not understand our command to bring us here. He drove us up and down the strand, around the gardens, and through the city. Aware of his mistake, we, from time to time, enjoined upon him our commands—at last our entreaties—to drive directly to Government House. He changed his course every time, but only to drive in some new circle around the palace. We appealed in vain from the coachman to the footman and to the postilions. But, all being Bengalese, they understood not a word, and so we went on, "swinging" faster and faster "around the circle." By a fortunate circumstance, we met Mr. Jacobs, who, addressing the coachman in his own vernacular, made him understand that it was the centre of the great circle that

we desired to penetrate. An hour and a half having been spent in these gyrations, we found at the door of Government House, not Major Burne (who was to receive us), but a servant, charged to conduct us to our apartments, and to explain that the secretary, having waited until six o'clock, had gone to fulfil another engagement.

Government House, which was built during the administration of the Marquis of Wellesley, has dimensions perhaps one-fourth less than the Capitol at Washington. It is enclosed, with its gardens, by a high iron balustrade. Its walls are brick, covered with stucco; the style, Italian. The arrangements and embellishments are English, and display that peculiar patriotic pride which seems to be of the same nature as the family pride of a distant or poor relation in social life. We almost imagine ourselves British colonists, living in the days of our ancestors, before the American Revolution. The noble, arched gateway is ornamented with no such modern and republican symbol as the "bird of freedom," with arrows and olive-branch in its claws. Nor does cornice or architrave present any such mysterious legend as "*E pluribus unum.*" Nor does tower or turret show any stars or stripes, or any modern tricolored ensign. Instead of all these, there are a lion and a unicorn over the gateway, and they are as usual "a-fighting for the crown," bearing on their necks the scroll with the daring words "*Dieu et mon droit.*" The stately cross of St. George flaunts from the palace-walls. Marquees and tents cover the plain, surmounted with the same flag; and officers, soldiers, and servants, all are clothed in the gorgeous scarlet-and-gold uniform which betokens British royal authority. A great gilded chair and canopy, at the upper end of a great hall, give it the ambitious name of "Throne-Room." The walls are covered with British portraits—prominent among them those of the obstinate George III. and Charlotte his faithful queen; the Earl of Chatham and General Wolfe, Lord North, Lord Cornwallis, General Burgoyne, Lord Clive, and Warren Hastings. The ceremonies and etiquette of this palace are copied from those of Buckingham Palace. The person, stranger or otherwise, who desires or claims notice at court,

instead of presenting letters or leaving cards, registers his name in the adjutant's book. If recognized, he is honored with audience; if not, nothing is said. In the morning a list of the invited guests is submitted to each member of the family, and each guest residing in the family, and he answers whether he dines with the party or in private, or dines out. When the dinner-hour arrives, and the guests are assembled in the throne-room standing, the viceroy and the Countess of Mayo enter, each attended by an aide-de-camp, and salute their guests individually. The band plays during the dinner; conversation at the table is subdued. Before the end, the viceroy rises—and with him the whole party—and he proposes, in a loud voice, the only sentiment of the evening: "The Queen." Then follows conversation, with amateur music, in the drawing-room; at the end of which the viceregal hosts take leave of the party individually and retire.

We are never able to forget, in-doors or out, that we are in the tropics. The adjutant-bird, formal and pensive, stands sentinel over the great gate. Resting on one leg, with his knowing head under his wing, he often sleeps on his post. Immense ravens, with drab collars and caps, are walking before and behind you on the piazzas. Parrots, in variegated costumes of green, gold, and scarlet, fill the trees; martins, in jet-black coats; and swallows, plain and brown; twittering wrens, and thousands of slender minos, inhabit the cornices and capitals. Not unfrequently the birds persist, against all housewifely care and resistance, in building their nests in "coignes of vantage" found within the walls; sometimes in the curtain-tenters; sometimes on the tops of or behind picture-frames. In the evening, we find the veranda-floor in front of our apartments strewed with dry branches and twigs, which the bird-builders have deposited there in mass for further use. The next day the unwearied architects take up the material and bear it to its appointed place on shelf or cornice. The raven is especially a thief: flying in at the windows, he carries away any minute, bright article or ornament left exposed. The steward assured us that the birds have borrowed this naughty practice from the native servants, who, he alleges, are universally addicted to petty larceny.

CHAPTER IV.

CALCUTTA (*Continued*).

The Maharajah of Putteeala.—Oriental Magnificence.—Kali Ghaut.—The Temple.—Hindoo Idols.—Kali.—Siva.—A Mohammedan Mosque.—The Reading of the Budget.—Indian Finances.—The King of Oude.—The Prince of Oude.

March 9th.—The fashionable promenade of Calcutta is the public garden, which is named Eden. The name, however, is not borrowed from paradise, as might be supposed, but was bestowed in compliment to the Hon. Miss Eden, the accomplished sister of Earl Godolphin Osborne, a former governor-general. We visited this garden yesterday with Lady Mayo, at sunset, for evening begins at sunset here. Brilliant gas-lights sparkling through the dark foliage of mango, palm, and cypress trees, with music from a central stand beneath them, lent their strong attractions. It was a gay scene. We walked on the green lawns, and for an hour listened to the music, surrounded by beautiful English ladies dressed from boxes just out from London and Paris; happy children glad of release from confinement of nurses and school-room, chasing each other over the lawns; army-officers in full-dress for dinner or the opera; stately baboos in white cambric; dusky Sepoy guards in white-and-red uniforms; rajahs in jewelled turbans and gold-embroidered robes; and, in the back-ground, parsees, in their funnel hats, were seen in earnest converse. Mohammedans on their knees, with faces toward Mecca, were repeating their prayers. His highness the Maharajah of Putteeala, of Northern India, was one

THE MAHARAJAH OF PUTTEEALA,

Grand Commander of the Star of India.

of the immediate circle around Lady Mayo. His family is distinguished for loyalty to the British Government. His father rendered good service during the mutiny. For these considerations, he has recently been invested in great pomp with the order of the Star of India. In acknowledgment of that high distinction, he gives to-night a concert to Lord and Lady Mayo. He is a very athletic man, appearing to be thirty years old, but is, in fact, only twenty years. He speaks English imperfectly, and seems to have but a limited education. Mr. Seward asked him what were the productions of his estates? The maharajah answered: "I am not like the people you see here in Calcutta. I am a prince. I have many *zemindars.* I have power. I can hang the man if I like, and I can send anybody to jail for all his life."

The "Star of India" is an order of knighthood which was projected by Prince Albert, into which British subjects and natives of India are alike elected, on the ground of distinguished service to the British nation in India. They say that Prince Albert was perplexed to find a motto which should be equally inoffensive to Christians and heathens. He happily chose this: "Heaven's light our guide."

March 10th.—The maharajah's concert was given in a style of Oriental magnificence at the town-hall, before an audience of twelve hundred, all of whom the prince had invited. An illuminated arch was raised above the porch of the building, and above it blazed the "Star of India," with all the effect which gas-jets and reflectors of burnished silver could produce. The vaulted roof of the building is supported by double rows of white Corinthian columns with corresponding pilasters. The ceiling and walls were painted in delicate green; groups of rose-colored lamps were suspended between the columns and pilasters, and the nave was lighted with transparencies designed to illustrate the greatness and glory of Britain. The splendid combination of light and color brought out in full relief the garlands and festoons of flowers which burdened the air with perfume. Sofas were arranged so as to afford the guests full freedom of promenade and conversation in

the intervals of the music. The maharajah, with royal munificence, brought the entire operatic troupe upon the stage, while independent bands of music were stationed at all the approaches of the edifice. The turbaned and decorated prince appeared in his own proper regalia of gold and jewels, realizing the highest descriptions we have ever read of Eastern gorgeousness. He wore not only rings without number on his fingers, a golden girdle at his waist, necklaces of jewels, and "ropes of pearls" on his breast, but also a blue-and-gold satin robe, which was broidered to the depth of six inches with a solid mass of glittering precious stones. It is needless to say that the musical performance was very good, yet it was the ostentatious display which attended it that was the wonder of Calcutta that night.

We went to-day in search of Kali Ghaut. It is the most famous of the Hindoo temples here, and from it the city derives its name. We found it in a base suburb. It has three disconnected structures, which, although they are built after the customary models, and of solid materials, seem nevertheless mean, when seen with their vulgar surroundings. The floors of all are on one level, eight feet above the ground, and are reached by stone steps. The building on the right hand is a circular one about fifteen feet high above the floor, open all around, with a roof supported by Hindoo columns. The central building is an oblong one. The third and principal edifice is a square surmounted by a dome, which extends beyond the walls, and is supported by outside columns. It has no windows; light is admitted through small doors on three sides. The building first described is the hall of sacrifice, into which only Bramin priests are admitted. The building last described contains the shrine of the goddess Kali, to whose service the Thugs especially devoted themselves. Not even its threshold must be profaned by the footstep of the vulgar. The central edifice is the worshippers', from which they pay their adoration to the divinity on the right hand, and on the other witness the sacrifices. A Bramin crowd dressed in clean white, many of them speaking uncommonly good English, were assiduous, though not obtrusive, in explaining the mysteries to us. As we went through the grounds,

a native police sprang forth at every turn to protect us against any injury or offence. We waited an hour for the priest who had the keys. He came at last, arrayed in pure white—a tall man and dignified, in every way seeming worthy to serve at the altar. With much labor, he unfastened a massive padlock, and, turning its heavy bolts backward, threw open a door on either side of the sanctuary, and disclosed to us through the dim light a wrought-iron or stone figure, of human proportions but scarcely of human shape. The idol is black, has three glaring red eyes, a broad golden tongue tipped with black, which projects from a distended mouth down to the waist, and is dripping with blood. The arms are large. The left hand holds a giant's head; the right hand, a sword with which it has been severed—both crimsoned with blood. A necklace of infants' skulls graces the demon. Devout worshippers prostrated themselves around us, and something like mumbled prayers were heard as they beat their heads upon the pavement. We placed some rupees in a vessel before us; these were thrown at the feet of Kali, and the doors were quickly closed. This savage deity called Kali is the wife of Siva, and is the author of all the evils which beset the human race. Bullocks and goats are sacrificed. Fire purifies the latter, and the offering is eaten by the priests; the former, incapable of purification, are charitably given to pariahs. The ground around the hall of sacrifice is rank with the odor of putrefaction. One hundred and fifty Bramins and their families live in and about this temple. They seem to be supported by contributions of pilgrims, and by deprecatory offerings of merchants who are engaging in business enterprises.

We went from the Kali Ghaut to a temple which is dedicated to Siva. The divinity here is a black spherical stone, ten inches in diameter, set on a concave stone of lighter color, in the centre of the pavement. The temple was too sacred to be desecrated by our feet. We were allowed only to look upon it through the open door. The attending priest threw the rupees upon the stone god.

Walking from one temple to the other, we passed numerous idols. Some represent Juggernaut with a human face elongated

into an elephant's trunk. Others represent Vishnu; others, of grotesque shape, represent the children of Siva and Kali. If we were asked which one of the Oriental superstitions seems to us the most absurd, we should say it is that of the hideous Kali, the unmeaning Siva, and their misshapen offspring.

We noticed that the Bramin attendants here value a god, not so much for his character, as for the costliness of the material of which he is made. They represented to us that it was not worth our while to visit Siva at all, because temple and idol are cheap and mean; nor did they conceal their disrespect for the dingy elephantine children of Kali and Siva, but they expressed the profoundest awe and reverence for golden Kali.

Returning to the city, we paused to admire a beautiful white marble memorial-mosque, which has minarets at the angles, but no central dome. The *muezzin* was solemnly calling the faithful to evening-prayer. The porch was covered with the sandals of the worshippers, who had already entered the courts, which we were forbidden to profane. Is it strange that this Mohammedan structure and worship, simple and severe, impressed us with sentiments of respect and even devotion, when thus seen in immediate contrast with the temples of the base Hindoo idols?

The memory which lingers here of the "Black Hole," the sublimest horror in the history of India, is very faint. With the aid of an antiquarian, we found the site enclosed within the area of the Post-office.

March 10th.—The reading of the "Budget" is here, as it is in England, the great political transaction of the year. It took place to-day, in the marble hall of Government House, in the presence of a considerable assemblage. Mr. Seward was honored with a privileged seat. The arrangement of the council-chamber was not unlike that of the cabinet council at the White House, except that the viceroy's seat is raised on the dais. The exposition of the finances, by Sir Richard Temple, was a lucid and elaborate performance, but it wanted the tone of calm dignity which distinguishes the speeches of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the

report of the United States Secretary of the Treasury. The deference toward home rule, which was manifested in every paragraph, was in strong contrast with the independent spirit of legislation on financial questions in the American colonies before our Revolution. In India, no councillor, nor any subject, questions the omnipotence of the Parliament of Great Britain. The debt of British India (in round numbers) is one hundred million pounds sterling—five times greater than the national debt of the United States before our civil war, and about one-fourth as large as the debt is at the present time. The revenue is about fifty million pounds sterling. Only an insignificant part is derived from customs, it being the policy of the Home Government to encourage the consumption of British manufactures in the colonies. Eight million pounds sterling (net) is obtained from the culture and sale of opium, on which drug the Government makes an actual profit of one hundred per cent. Salt monopoly brings in five million pounds; a land-tax imposes the severe exaction of one and a quarter per cent. on valuation. None of these revenues excite as much discontent as the tax of two and a half per cent. on incomes, which is equally obnoxious to British residents and native zemindars. That tax must be abandoned, even at the cost of reduction of the military expenses. Railroad enterprise in India is worthy of all admiration; although it was begun only twenty years ago, there are now five thousand miles of completed roads, and two hundred and fifty miles are added annually. The Government guarantees an income of five per cent. on the capital invested in railroads. They make a return thus far of only two and one-half per cent. When we consider the vast population and resources of India, there seems no reason to suppose that railroads will be less productive than in Europe and the United States.

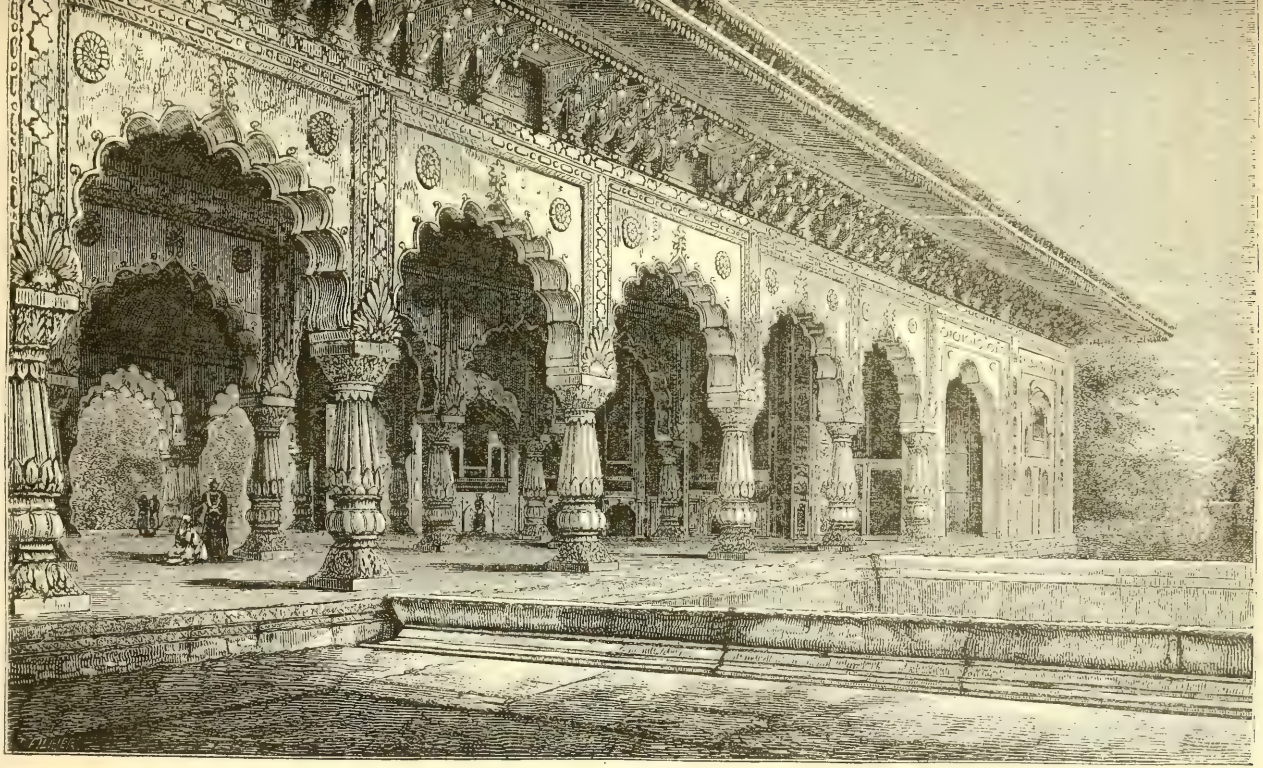
After the council, the members asked Mr. Seward whether his financial experience enabled him to make any suggestion for the removal of the difficulties arising out of the income-tax and the railroad subsidies. He answered: "Your railroads will increase the demand for foreign manufactures, an increase of customs will enable you to dispense with the income-tax; the railroads, more-

over, will enable you to reduce your army of one hundred and fifty thousand Sepoys, and your seventy-five thousand European troops, to much smaller figures. Having made these economies, you will then be ready to admit the natives to a limited representation in the provincial councils."

All the members of the Government, natives as well as foreigners, are fitly-chosen, intelligent, able men. Mr. Seward pronounces Earl Mayo the "hardest worker" as well as the most sagacious of them all.

March 11th.—The majestic declamations of Burke, in the trial of Warren Hastings, have made the civilized world familiar with the tragic story of the kingdom of Oude. We may, hereafter, have occasion to speak, not of the kingdom, but of the king. The last descendant of the native king, who reigned at Lucknow under the British protectorate, joined the mutiny in 1857. On its suppression, he was deprived of the kingdom, but was allowed to retain his sovereign rank with a munificent pension, though obliged to reside in Calcutta, under government surveillance. Yesterday, we repaired to his palace on the bank of the Hoogly, in compliance with his invitation. The royal residence consists of twelve stately edifices with colonnades, which accommodate retainers, servants, and soldiery, numbering in all ten thousand. A regiment of native troops gave Mr. Seward a salute at the grand gate, and we were received at the palace by the king's eldest son, the heir-apparent, who announced that his father, being very ill, had deputed him to be his representative on the occasion of our visit. We have never seen a handsomer youth, although he is swarthy. Dressed fully up to his character, he wore flowing robes of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, and his princely jewelled coronet. The titular King of Oude is probably the only monarch in the world who wears such antiquated head-gear as this. Doubtless, however, it is a pleasing reminder of the palmy state from which he has "fallen, fallen, fallen."

The prince, in a most amiable and communicative temper, conducted us through the extensive flower-gardens, immense mena-



PALACE OF THE KING OF OUDE.

geries, as well as aviaries and aquariums, neither of which, we imagine, have their equal in any part of the world. An account of the animals exhibited would be little less than a "catalogue." We saw huge boa-constrictors sleeping in their cages. The snake-charmer skilfully drew the cobra de capello from its prison, stretched it on the ground, and then with great dexterity seized it by the throat, and at pleasure made it open its mouth and show the strong, sharp, white fang, whose stroke is instant death, and beneath it the small sac in which the fatal venom is secreted. The ostrich, the bird-of-paradise, the pelican, the flamingo, the eagle, and the swan, are as domesticated as if they had known no other home. We counted one hundred species of the pigeon, nor can we recall the name of any tenant of the air which is not represented there. The aquariums are lakes, each covering an acre, and ten feet deep. Their inhabitants of all kinds came to be fed from our hands. An immense green tortoise was tempted to the shore by a bunch of bananas, and walked back seeming not at all oppressed by the burden of an attendant, who stood on his back, and who weighs nearly two hundred pounds. The English people here tell us that the munificent King of Oude is treacherous, and that his handsome son is graceless. But when has conqueror confided in his prisoner?

The viceroy has gone into the country for his customary weekly relaxation of boar-hunting. We drive with Lady Mayo and a company of ladies and gentlemen, this evening, to Barrackpore.

CHAPTER V.

BARRACKPORE AND SERAMPORE.

Barrackpore Park and its Beauties.—Magnificent Trees.—The Menagerie.—The Lion-Whelps.—Serampore.—Its Missionaries and Mission-Schools.—Return from Barrackpore.—Fort William.—The Woman's Union Missionary Society and its Schools.

Barrackpore Park, March 12th.—This viceregal country residence stands on a curve of the Hoogly, sixteen miles north of Calcutta. Besides the palace, there is also a large military station. On the opposite bank of the river is Serampore, originally a Danish possession, but now British, and incorporated with Barrackpore.

It is a relief to escape for a day from the sights and excitements of the capital. Vegetation is so luxuriant in India that wild beasts maintain their natural liberty in the midst of the densest human population. Just as the morning dawned the shrieks of these vicious beasts ceased, and the notes of the whippoorwill came in their place, as distinct and as piteous as when heard on the banks of the Potomac. But we are before our story. The hall in which we were received last night was far more magnificent than any we had ever before entered. Its circumference one thousand feet, its floor a green lawn, its roof the dense, dark fern-like foliage of the banyan-tree, its brown columns and arches, the trunks which have grown from the tendrils that dropped from the parent tree, and took root in the ground. Only Virgil could celebrate so magnificent a shade:

"Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Of course, there is a menagerie, though it is a small one, attached to the palace. The Bengal tiger, the noblest of the feline race, is shown here with special pride. We saw a superb fellow, which, now fully grown and quite savage, was one year ago a pet kitten in the nursery. We have renewed here the pleasant acquaintances which we formed with the lion-whelps who were our fellow-passengers on the Australian. They are very restless in their new quarters. We find a novelty far more interesting than the menagerie. It is a troop of wild jackals, which make the "night hideous" with their howlings. For hours, we thought that the noise they made was that of an insurrection or a riot.

On the invitation of the editor of *The Friend of India*, we crossed the river this morning and visited Serampore. It is well known in the United States as the place where the three devoted missionaries, Marshman, Carey, and Ward, founded the first American mission in India. They chose the site because it was then under the friendly flag of Denmark, while the regulations of the British East India Company forbade Christian missions within its jurisdiction. Serampore is also the scene of the first labors of the pious and indefatigable Judson. The scientific institutions as well as the press and libraries which the earnest men, whom we have mentioned, established, are still flourishing, while the very air of the quaint place seems redolent of their memories. After a pleasant collation, we examined these institutions. The missionaries educate one hundred and fifty children here in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and fifty more up to the qualifications for admission into the University of Calcutta. Mr. Seward asked what became of the youths who are thus educated? The missionaries answered that "the highest ambition of a Hindoo youth is a place in which he can wear a 'pen behind his ear.'" The young men secure the small places under the Government which are open to natives. Very few of them become or remain Christians.

March 13th.—We returned from Barrackpore this morning, with Lady Mayo and a party of twelve, in the "drag," drawn by six horses, directed by their postilions, and attended by a mounted

escort. The roads were fine, the morning exhilarating. We passed an elephant bearing a load of hay, the first of those animals we have seen in service. Mr. Seward passed the morning in a survey of Fort William. Built as a defence for the first British factory in Calcutta, and identified with all the great events in the history of the conquest, it still gives the official name to the seat of the government. But Fort William, and all that Mr. Seward saw in it, belongs to the past. In his absence the ladies enjoyed the pleasure of studying a more modern and useful institution.

It is the proud distinction of the United States that our countrywomen have designed and brought into execution a practical plan for the amelioration of society in India. Caste, in that country, has its moral and civil as well as its theological code. Its laws are paramount to all laws and all institutions of government. It may be said of caste, just as truly as it was said of the laws of Moses, that "the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." Caste hindered and defeated two attempted reformations in India before the country became known to Europeans—Buddhism and Mohammedanism. It is caste, the "letter" of the Hindoo law, that hinders Christianity, and seems to render the introduction of all Western civilization impossible. Caste has effected all these evils and perpetuates them through the degradation of women. Christianity and Western civilization can only be established through the restoration of woman here as elsewhere to her just and lawful sphere. This restoration is just what "the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands" is doing through the institution they have established at Calcutta and its branches in the provinces, called the "Zenana Mission." We accompanied Miss Brittan, the superintendent of this institution, in her visitation of many of the zenanas, to which, by her unremitting zeal, assiduity, and gentleness, she has gained access. These families were generally rich, like that of the baboo, which we have described. Some of them, however, are wretched and squalid. Even in these, the women, like those in the rich zenanas, are timid, gentle, loving creatures, and all alike are painfully desirous of instruction. The institution employs in Calcutta twelve American women as teach-

ers. They have already instructed sixty native women, who have become assistant teachers. They have during the same time established an asylum where they support and train twenty additional girls for teachers. Miss Brittan counts seven hundred and fifty native women, who have been taught and qualified to become the wives of Hindoo youths who are prepared for official employment in the universities and schools established by the Government. It is pleasant to record that this noblest of charities enjoys the entire confidence and favor of Earl Mayo.[1]

[1] We found on our return to the United States that the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America" had fully adopted the idea of the importance of connecting the knowledge of medicine with the qualification of teacher.

BARRACKPORE.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM CALCUTTA TO BENARES.

Courtesy of the East India Railway Company.—Unattractive Scenery.—The Scenery improves.—Aspect of the Country and the People.—A stop at Patna.—A Tiger Hunter.—The Cultivation of the Poppy.—The Maharajah of Benares.—A Night on the Ganges.—A Brilliant Display.—Glory Hallelujah.—A Compliment to Mr. Seward.

Benares, March 15th.—We left Government House, Calcutta, on the 13th, in the evening, and, with the aid of friends, made our way through a mixed and garrulous crowd which gathered at the wharf. We crossed the Hoogly in a capacious steam ferry-boat, and took possession of a car which had been furnished us, by the East India Railway Company, for our exclusive use while in the country. We attach it to, or detach it from, the train at our pleasure. It consists of two apartments, with a bath-room. Our Calcutta friends furnished us with a full supply of Boston ice.

The night was dark. When we awoke in the morning, we looked out upon an unattractive plain, broken by ledges of rocks. The road was bordered with shallow tanks, filled with muddy water collected during the last rainy season, and frequent brick-kilns built to supply the material for the railway structures. An occasional herd of small lean cattle, sheep, and goats, with a tattered or naked attendant, was seen upon the scanty soil nearly covered with stunted trees and shrubs. A few mean farm-houses and wretched villages were visible. We thought India a sorry contrast to Japan

and Java, and even less cheerful than the sandy plain of the dismal Pei-ho. Referring to the map, we found that we were a hundred miles south of the Ganges, and that the dreary region we were traversing is a spur of the mountain-border of the great river-basin. Scarcely had we time to express our surprise at the uninviting aspect of the country before the rocky ledges and stunted vegetation gave way to scenes of fertility and beauty—which continued without interruption during the day. Endless fields, some yellow with ripening rice, some white with the strewed leaves of the poppy, and some green with growing wheat, millet, and other cereals, alternate with orchards of bananas, tamarinds, and mangoes—the latter trees just now blooming and filling the air with a perfume sweet as that of the acacia. The plantations are divided by hedges of richly-flowering cactus. In other fields are large herds of cattle, and goats, and flocks of sheep, all fat and sleek, and ranging under cocoa-nut trees, scattered through the landscape like the oaks in Kentucky and California. The palma-Christi, a hardy, graceful shrub, needing little irrigation, grows luxuriantly. The flower-stalk of the "century-plant" has already reached the height of ten feet, and is preparing to spread its gorgeous petals in May. As we approached, we saw, in the midst of this luxuriance, which surpasses that of the prairies of Java, winding rows of willows, and occasionally a mast towering over them. Another curve revealed to us the Ganges.

The groups of slender men and children whom we passed by the roadside and in the fields were gayly and gracefully attired. So also were the few women whom we saw. They had a great profusion of silver ornaments, ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets and bangles. All Nature seemed to feel new animation and display fresh beauty in the presence of the Ganges. Green parrots with yellow-and-red heads perch on the telegraph-wires, as swallows and martins do in our own country; flocks of flamingoes make a roseate cloud as they fly over our heads; the solemn stork and the stately adjutant march in regiments through the copses and preserves around us.

We made one stop, during the day, at Patna. It is a large and

an old Hindoo city, memorable in the history of British conquest as the scene of the perfidious covenant of the "Three Seals;" that infamous transaction which aroused the people of England from their criminal lethargy to a contemplation of the atrocities practised by the East India Company. While there, we made a survey of the eighteen cars which constituted our railway-train. Only one of these was devoted to Europeans, the others were fully freighted with natives; never less than thirty, sometimes fifty, crowded into a car. We met there our countryman Mr. Eldridge, who was just returning to Calcutta from a famous tiger-hunt in the north, in which he shot a tiger which had already laid hold of the haunch of the elephant he was riding. Patna, like all the towns and villages on our road, shows a division of the population between the faith of the Bramins and that of the Arabian prophet. The Hindoo temple, although it has a greater number of worshippers, is always eclipsed in magnificence by the mosque.

The government officer, charged with the superintendence of the opium-production, called upon us at Patna. The opium-poppy bears a small white flower instead of the large bright petals known in our gardens. The manufacture is simple: early in the morning, an attendant (usually a woman) goes through the poppy-field, striking each capsule with an instrument of many blades like a cupping-knife—the milky-juice exudes, dries, and blackens, under the burning heat of the sun; it is gathered in the evening by scraping the plant with a knife. It is already opium. The narcotic strength of the juice varies in different plants—owing to a difference in the vigor of the plant, or to the circumstances favorable or unfavorable to the extraction of the juice. Some plants yield only fifty per cent. of the drug; others, eighty or ninety per cent. The weak and the strong products are mixed so as to obtain a uniform strength of seventy-five per cent. The liquid which remains after the mixture is made is again exposed to the sun. When the mass, thus mixed, has obtained a consistency for manipulation, it is divided into small portions, each of which is enclosed in a single mango-leaf. It is then rolled by hand until the leaf is entirely incorporated into the mass, and the opium comes out dry in the

shape of a round ball. One acre of poppy yields five pounds of the opium of commerce.

We saw indigo-fields on every side, but the season for the cultivation of that plant is past.

Arriving at the station, Mogul Serai, on the south bank of the Ganges, we were met by the government commissioner of the district of Benares. He was charged by the Maharajah of Benares to

MAHARAJAH OF BENARES.

invite us to an entertainment on the river in honor of the festival called "the Holy," which, after having been continued for several days, was to come to a close that night. A continuous railroad-journey of twenty-two hours, fatiguing everywhere, is doubly severe here; but how could we decline a compliment from so high a native source, or how forego an occasion so novel and interesting as a night on the Ganges? Two officers of the prince's household, bearing silver maces six feet long, with twenty servants in scarlet and white, met us on the river-bank and placed us in cushioned

chairs, under a gay canopy, on the deck of a graceful yacht. We floated leisurely downward with the current. The first part of the voyage had no special interest. The night was dark, and the dim lights around us gave us only spectral glimpses of the terraced banks. When, however, we had advanced a mile, we saw, on our right, at the river's edge, the blazing, crackling flames of seeming bonfires. The portion of the banks thus illuminated seemed to rise to the height of a hundred feet, and were thickly crowded with massive structures; and, over all these, the gleaming dome and minarets of Aurengzebe, the great mosque of the city. What was our surprise to find that the fires, which we had supposed kindled for a temporary illumination, were funeral-fires! Ghauts are built on the banks for the sole purpose of cremation. The spectacle turned our thoughts, for the moment, upon the strange process of disposing of the remains of the dead. "What," we inquired, "is done with the ashes which remain from the fires?" "They scatter them on the bosom of the sacred river."

At this point we entered a crowd of brilliantly-illuminated and gayly-decorated barges, so dense that it was not without difficulty that we made our way through it to the station assigned us, near the maharajah's barge, from which a calcium-light flashed an intense and dazzling splendor over the entire city. On either side of this magnificent barge was another one, equally gorgeous; the one containing the Maharajah of Visianagram, the other, the Maharajah of Putteeala. These dignitaries were guests. The barges of the three princes were lashed together, and a grand Oriental pavilion extended over them. All the optical effect that can be obtained by fanciful naval designs, brilliant light, and variegated drapery, by moving crowds and splendid costumes, reflected by mirrors, crystals, and gold, was produced here; while the senses were ravished by the perfume of burning incense and tropical flowers. Though dazzled by cross-lights, and bewildered by the indescribable glitter, we passed, under safe guidance, from our own barge to that of the Maharajah of Benares. Under the same conduct we passed through successive chambers, each varying in enchantment from the others, until we reached the curtained and festooned cen-

tral saloon, appropriated to guests. Here rose-water and neroli gushed over us from silver and crystal fountains; champagne and sherbets sparkled in golden vases; buffets groaned with the weight of fruits, confectionery, and ices; while beautiful *nautch* girls in gauzy attire performed their most sacred and celebrated songs and dances to their strange music.

It may be imagined we were filled with emotion, when, in an interval of this elaborate Asiatic exhibition, the solemn measure of "Glory Hallelujah" from a full European orchestra burst upon our ears. The performance of this great marching-anthem of the Union army in the late war was a thoughtful recognition, on the part of the maharajah, of Mr. Seward's presence. We took leave of our princely entertainers at twelve o'clock, leaving the pageant of the Ganges to go on during the whole night for the enjoyment of those who, unlike ourselves, had strength enough to endure it.

NAUTCH GIRLS.

CHAPTER VII.

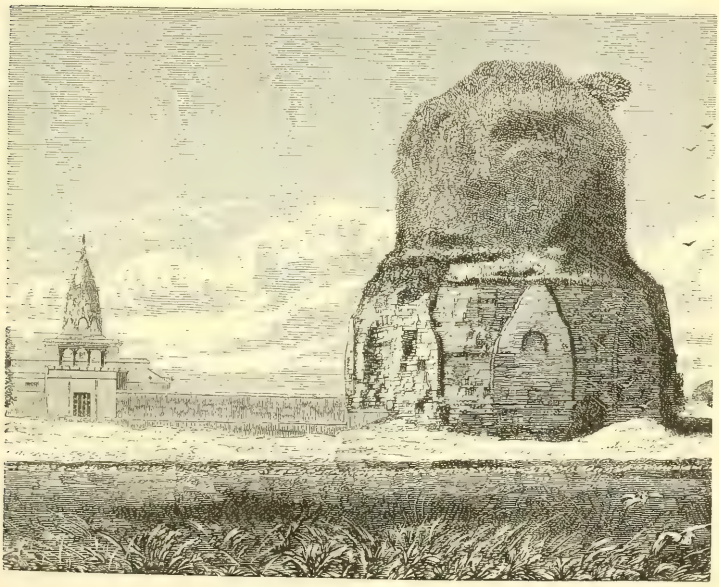
BENÁRES.

The Sacred City of the Hindoos.—The Cradle of Buddhism.—Sarnath.—Remarkable Towers.—The Holy River.—The Ghauts.—Singular Architecture.—The Mosques and their Minarets.—A Picturesque Scene on the River-Bank.—Siva and Doorga.—Manufacture of Idols.—Kincob.—Magnificence of Benares.

March 16th.—Our experience here in the sacred city of the Hindoos is like that of the visitor at Jerusalem. There he expects to find most prominent the monuments of the Jews. Here we expect to find most prominent the monuments of the Hindoos. At Jerusalem, the monument which first attracts attention is not the Temple of Solomon, but the Mosque of Omar; and here, the object which first attracts our attention is not a temple of Vishnu, but, Sarnath, a suburb of the city, the cradle of Buddhism. Buddha, according to the traditions, was a prince. He renounced royal state, wealth, family, friends, every thing, and repaired to Sarnath. Here in seclusion, and in the practice of severest asceticism, he continued through five years; and it resulted in his conviction that he had become perfectly incarnate of the Supreme God; perfectly purified; the delegated savior of his nation and of mankind. Here, his teachings began nearly twenty-four hundred years ago; hence, according to the faith of his disciples, the light of divine truth, which he dispenses, has radiated through the East, until it has exerted its saving influence over one-fourth of the human race, and it is to continue to radiate until it shall pervade the earth. But the fortunes of Buddhism in the region where it originated have not

BENARES FROM THE GANGES.

been unlike those of Christianity. While the Christian religion is extended to the ends of the earth, a foreign and hated worship prevails in Palestine. So, while Buddha remains incarnate, not in Sarnath, but in Thibet, and thence dispenses the divine truth throughout the vast regions of Tartary, China and Japan, Ceylon and the Oriental Archipelago, his system has scarcely a foothold in the province where it originated. Sarnath is eight miles distant from Benares. The large plain, strewed with ruins, is the resort



GREAT BUDDHIST TOWER AT SARNATH.

of innumerable bands of pilgrims, who cover its broken shrines with garlands, and bedew its sands with tears. We tried, quite ineffectually, to learn the history of the only two monuments which retain something of their ancient shape and original proportions. One of these is a conical tower, which rises in the centre of a well-defined area, two-thirds of a mile in circuit. The tower has a circumference of ninety-two feet at the base, and rises to a height of one hundred and ten feet. What is extraordinary is, that this

vast tower is solid, without chambers or internal passages, except a low, subterranean one. It has a basement-story, twenty feet high, of solid brick, ten feet of which is below the level of the plain. Upon this basement is a story, forty feet high, of chiselled Chunar stone. With the exception of the five upper layers, this story is a solid mass, each individual block being fastened to the one adjoining it by iron clamps. The part of the tower which is above the stone story, last mentioned, is built entirely of large bricks. Originally, it had a veneering or outer covering, but it is difficult to ascertain whether it was of stone, stucco, or cement. The apex of the structure, ten feet in diameter, bears some traces of a statue surmounted by an umbrella. The large stone story has eight projecting faces, divided from each other by a panel fifteen feet wide. Each projecting face has a large, deep niche, from which some life-

CARVING ON BUDDHIST TOWER AT SARNATH.

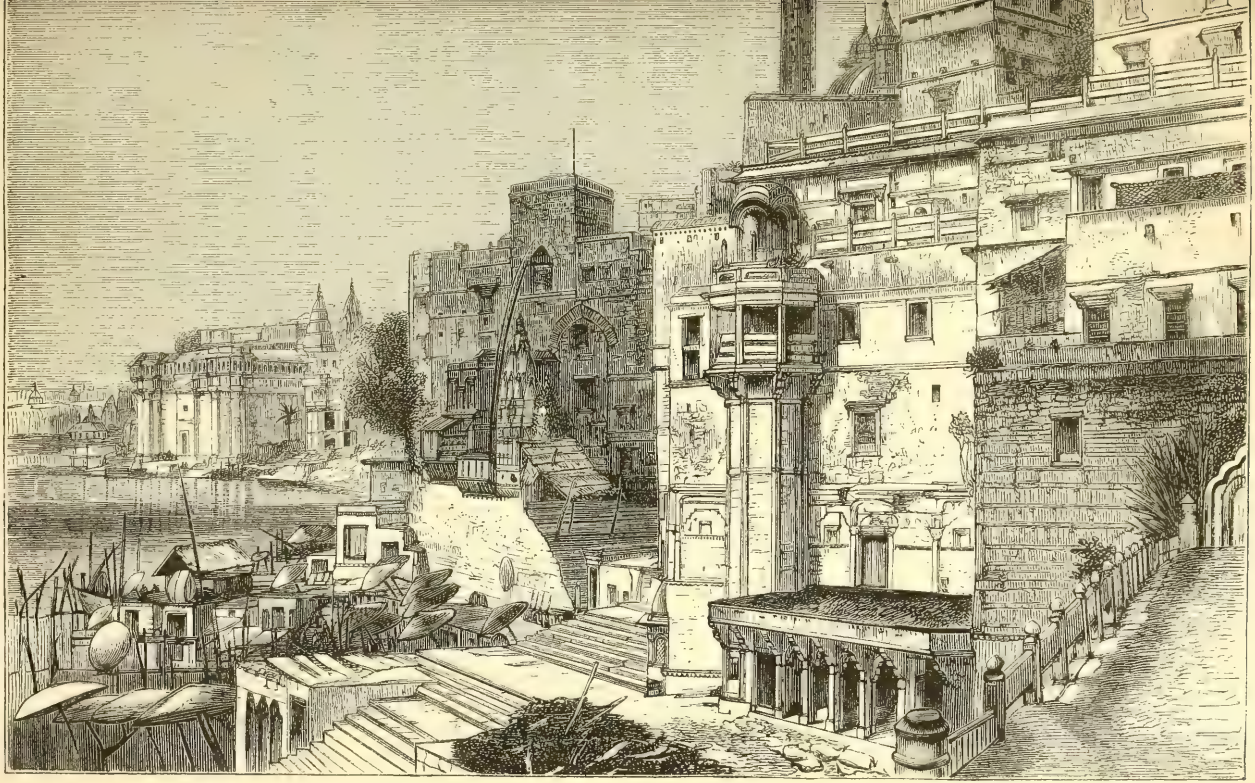
size statue has long since disappeared. Imagination replaces these with the figure of Buddha and his disciples, as we saw them so often in China and Japan, with hands raised before their breasts,

heads bent forward, and gazing at the soles of their feet. Several of these projecting faces are finely ornamented with wreaths of lotus—sometimes the plant winds as a vine with birds and diminutive human figures resting on its tendrils. In some places, it shows the tender leaf and bud; in others, the open flower of the lotus. The carving of some of these wreaths is unfinished—an indication that the great structure was never completed. We concluded that this curious tower was projected and raised as a monument of Buddha's reform, but abandoned before completion, when the religion was expelled from the country. We have alluded to another ruin—this is a solid, circular brick mound, seventy-four feet high, with an octagonal cupola twenty-four feet high. The cupola has its history, but not the mound. The former bears an inscription which recites that the sovereign of the country ascended the mound in the year 51.

March 17th.—We have to-day viewed Benares, not, as on our first night, under an artificial illumination, but under the light of an equinoctial sun. We passed down the river in the same yacht which floated us at the grand festival.

Long before John baptized in the Jordan, the Asiatics had conceived the beautiful idea that certain rivers are holy, and that their waters have the power of "cleansing from all sin." The Ganges is, as it always has been, that river of the Hindoos. They must come hither as pilgrims from the most distant regions, at least once in a lifetime, and even once a year, if they can. They come here, moreover, if they can, to die; because, to die in the holy city, secures a direct entrance into paradise. Native princes, successful baboos, and rich zemindars, please the Bramin priests and the people, and think also that they please the gods, by erecting majestic temples and buildings, costly marble ghauts for the use of the pilgrims as well as burning ghauts. To reach these ghauts, the high, steep banks of the river, for miles in length, are terraced with perfect stone steps. The temples rise to the height of five, six, seven, eight, nine stories. They are built of marble and freestone, pierced with windows of every conceivable graceful shape, and are

extravagantly ornamented with colonnades, corridors, balconies, niches, large and small domes, towers, pavilions, and pinnacles, which are set off with gilding and bright colors. The mosque, with its tapering minarets, occasionally interjected among the temples, lends a pleasing relief to the Hindoo architecture, while its severe form and outlines seem to reprove the prolific imagination of the Hindoos. A highly-picturesque scene presented itself on the river-bank. Citizens, pilgrims, men, women, and children—singly, in groups, and in throngs—are ascending and descending the staircases, bearing on their heads bronze urns and vases, large and small, of forms as graceful as the Etruscan. Even the stately elephant seems to have adopted the mystic faith, for we saw him many times walk down the staircase, which had been nicely adapted to the human footstep, fill his trunk, and solemnly return. Pilgrims were plunging into the water from platforms and boats and barges of fanciful construction, some in the shape of peacocks, swans, and fishes. All the devotees dress in snow-white robes as they leave the water, to give effect to the idea that immersion purifies. The funeral-fires of the previous night are still blazing. How can they be extinguished? All that are in the city must die, and all that die are brought here. Having passed the entire river-front in the yacht, we dismissed it and returned through the streets of the city. They are close and narrow, but well paved, and, compared with the Chinese cities, excepting Canton, they are clean. The chief temple is that of Siva, the representative of the principle of destruction and reproduction. The dome and the towers are of burnished gold. Siva is the same round, black stone set in the floor as at Calcutta. Far greater reverence is paid to him here. Access and egress are made almost impossible by the multitude of pilgrims and votaries, who come into the temples laden with perfumes, fruits, flowers, and urns of holy water. Priests receive these oblations and appropriate them as perquisites, nor did the holy men disdain to receive some bright silver rupees from our unworthy and profane hands. Three small, gentle, and very pretty sacred white cows, with wreaths of orange-flowers and roses around their necks, wander at pleasure in the holiest recesses of the temple, among



GHAUTS AT BENARES.

the worshippers, who feed them with rose-leaves and lotus-flowers.

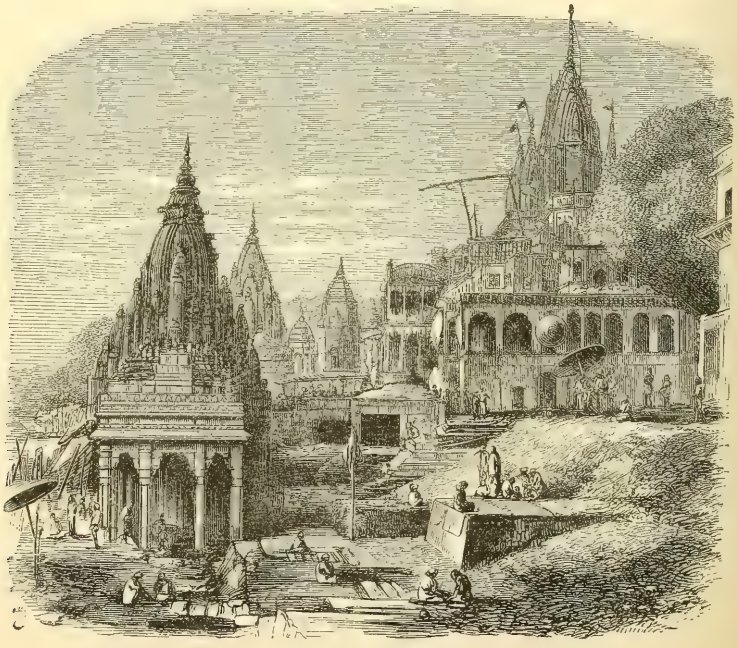
But what a poor apology for human devotion is that of Siva compared with the exhibition of that sentiment which is presented to *Doorga!* At the temple of the former it is a black stone that is honored; at that of the Doorga it is the living, moving animal creation, the monkey. Moreover, these monkeys seem to appreciate their celestial privileges and honors. They are of all sorts and sizes. We saw them by the thousand gambolling in the courts, "racing and chasing" through the corridors, and mischievously laughing upon the worshippers below from columns and cornices, from balustrades and balconies.

Edifices of all sorts, even the dwelling-houses, are stupendous and massive. The basements are used for mechanics and other tenants of low degree. The upper stories, guarded by bars and screens, are the gorgeous zenanas; fit family dwellings for a people who, unanimously thinking that the virtue of woman can only be secured by her imprisonment, magnanimously try to relieve that durance by extravagant indulgences of luxury and ostentation. The shops are seldom more than eight feet square. The articles made are chiefly ornaments and religious tokens. As, in ancient Ephesus, the people principally supported themselves by making images of Diana, so the people of Benares largely support themselves by the manufacture of idols—idols great, idols small, idols white, idols black, idols red, idols yellow, idols of bronze, iron, wood, stone, porcelain, and glass.

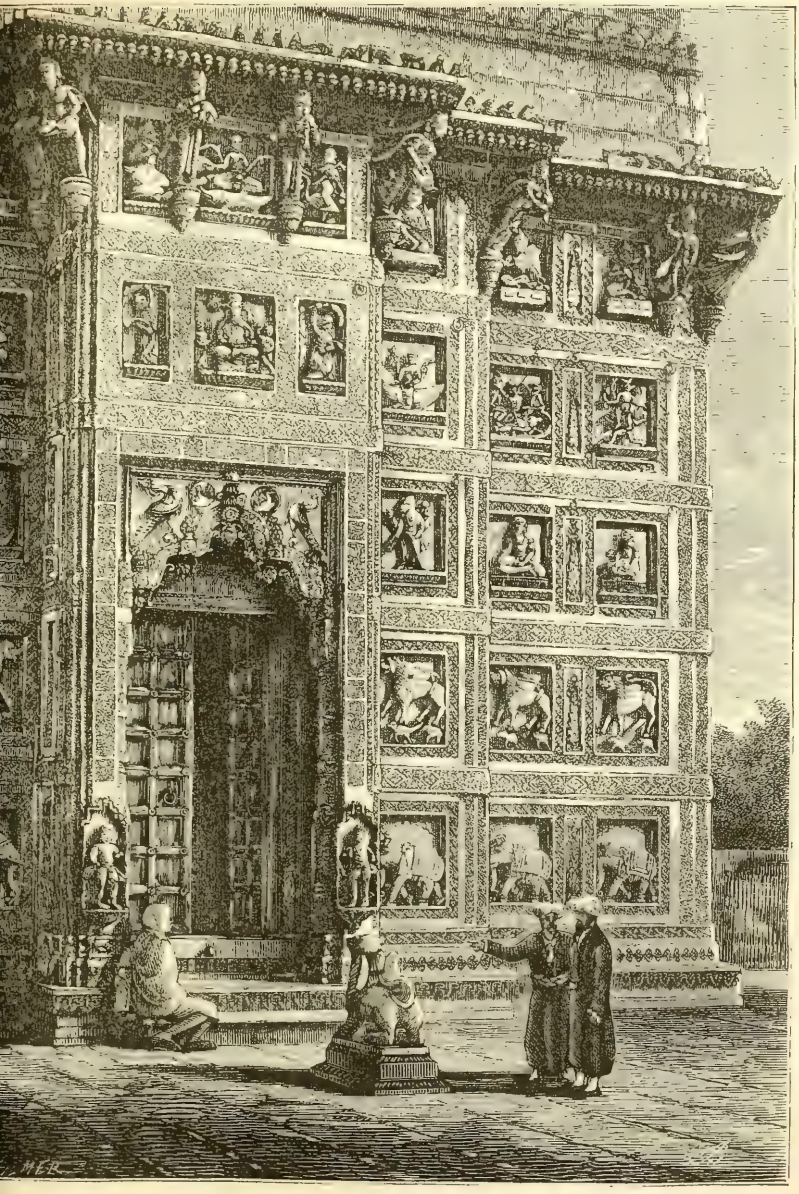
We visited the warehouse of the *kincob*—a brocade, the most exquisite of fibrous fabrics; its materials, the richest of silk and the purest of gold, worn by the native princes, baboos, and zemindars, woven in patterns five yards long and one yard wide. A pattern never costs less than three hundred dollars. The merchant displays in a book the names of a few English ladies as customers, but their purchases were very small. Is it not strange that the native rulers of India, after disasters which have deprived them of their independence and universally impoverished if not ruined them, continue to dress in costumes which no Western state of wealth

can command? The merchant in the East, everywhere, is amiable and polite. The vendor of kiṇcob received us, who merely came to look at his wares, with bouquets and garlands when we came, and showered us with rose-water when we departed.

Superstition counts the population of Benares by the million, and its sacred edifices by the thousand. The real population is one hundred and fifty thousand, and it contains between three and four hundred temples. So much of the history of Benares as we have not related was sublimely spoken by Burke in his account of the cruelty of Warren Hastings to the Maharajah Cheyte Sing, ancestor of our host. What we have left unsaid of the incomparable magnificence of the city is told by Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings.



TEMPLES AT BENARES.



QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BENARES.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALLAHABAD, LUCKNOW, AND AGRA.

Allahabad, the City of God.—Cawnpore.—Lucknow, the Capital of Oude.—Extent of the Country.—Arrival at Agra.—A Marvellous Monument of Arms, Arts, and Empire.—Akbar the Great.—His Vast Architectural Works.—The Pearl Mosque.—Futtehpore Sikra.—Its Great Wall.—The Tomb of Sheik Selim Chishti.—The Panch Mahal.—Akbar's Tomb.—His Wealth.—His Horses and his Elephants.—Weighing his Presents.

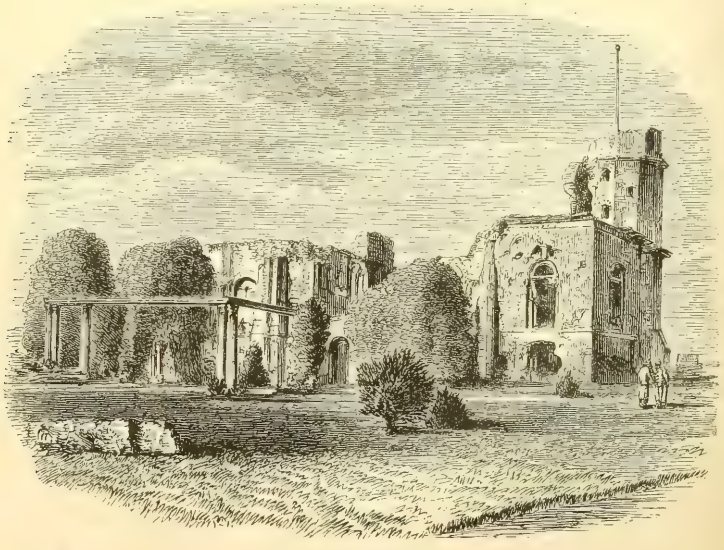
March 18*th*.—Allahabad (the city of God), once a Mohammedan town, has now relapsed to the religion of Bramah. It stands on the Jumna, just above its confluence with the Ganges. It derives its present importance from its being the place of junction for the railroads of Northern India with the main eastern and western line, which connects Bombay and Calcutta. The railroad bridge across the Jumna is celebrated throughout the world. Allahabad is a large military station, and the capital of the northwestern provinces. It has a public garden, which receives a picturesque effect from two massive Mohammedan tombs or *imambarras*.

We were met at the station, at ten o'clock last night, by an officer, and conducted to Government House, the residence of the governor, Sir William Muir. This spacious and elegant structure was illuminated for a concert. Hospitality attended with less ostentation, or a more sympathetic kindness, we have never known. Sir William and Lady Muir not only believe in works of education, but they are patrons of the "Woman's Union Society of America." A sudden indisposition prevented Mr. Seward's attendance at a dinner made for him by the United

Military and Civil Service Club of the Northwestern Provinces, and the zealous American missionaries residing here.

Cawnpore, March 20th.—Lady Muir accompanied us to our car at one o'clock this morning. We rode through ripening wheat-fields, and reached the town on the south side of the Ganges at sunrise. We write these notes while crossing that river on a pontoon bridge, a form especially adapted to rivers like this, which are subject to immense freshets and floods.

Lucknow, March 21st.—We came forty miles to this city, the capital of the once independent but now nominal kingdom of Oude, over a branch of the East India Railway, and through the valley of the Goomty, a tributary of the Ganges. The soil, often and severely swept by deluges, is poor. We are guests here of General Barrow, now Commissioner (that is to say, Lieutenant-Governor) of Oude. With an area half as large as that of the State of New York, Oude has a population of three millions. Its ancient



RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.

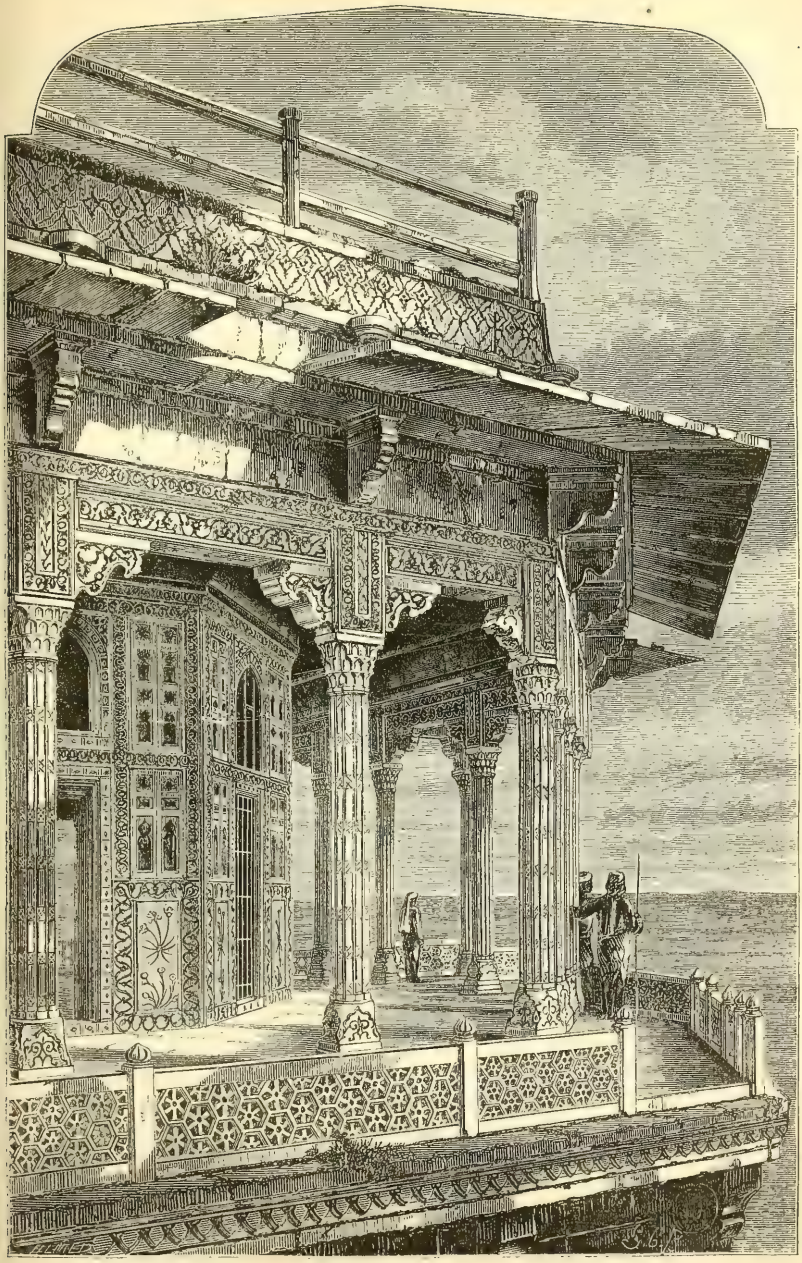
Mogul capital, which in our maps bears the name of Oude, is now called Fyzabad. Lucknow has enjoyed that distinction one hundred and twenty years, and now contains half a million of inhabitants. It is doubtless true that Great Britain owes her empire in India more to the dissension of its native rulers than to the force of arms. We have already seen enough of the country to know that the causes of those dissensions were, like the divisions among our aboriginal tribes, deep and lasting. The Bramin religion, where it was universal, had no effect to produce unity among the tribal communities dispersed over vast territory, and rendered irreconcilable by diversity of climate, race, and language. The Tartars or Scythians, border nations on the North, continually intruded, producing alienation between the Hindoo communities, while the conquering Mohammedans, by an arrogant rule, oppressed and crushed the natives.

Agra, March 22d.—Leaving the Ganges at Cawnpore, we came, by the East India Railway, to Toondla junction, and thence, over a branch, to Agra, on the Jumna, one hundred and thirty miles northwest from Allahabad. Some hills, which we crossed, are without irrigation and barren, but the country generally wears the same aspect as the plain of the Ganges. The irrigated wheat-fields yield sixteen bushels to the acre. The population is four hundred to a square mile. They have no modern agricultural implements or machinery. Deficient in industry as in energy, they sit on the ground when they use the sickle. That they are humane is seen in the large privileges they yield to the gleaners.

When we came to Benares, the gentleman who met us there said, "We are glad that you came here before going to Agra." "You do well," said General Barrow, "to see Lucknow before going to Agra." Both were right.

Benares, although unique and grand, now seems to us as merely an embodiment of an inactive sentiment of mystic devotion. Lucknow is the fanciful capital of an ephemeral kingdom. Agra, though ruined, is a marvellous monument of arms, arts, and empire. During a period of one hundred and fifty years, and

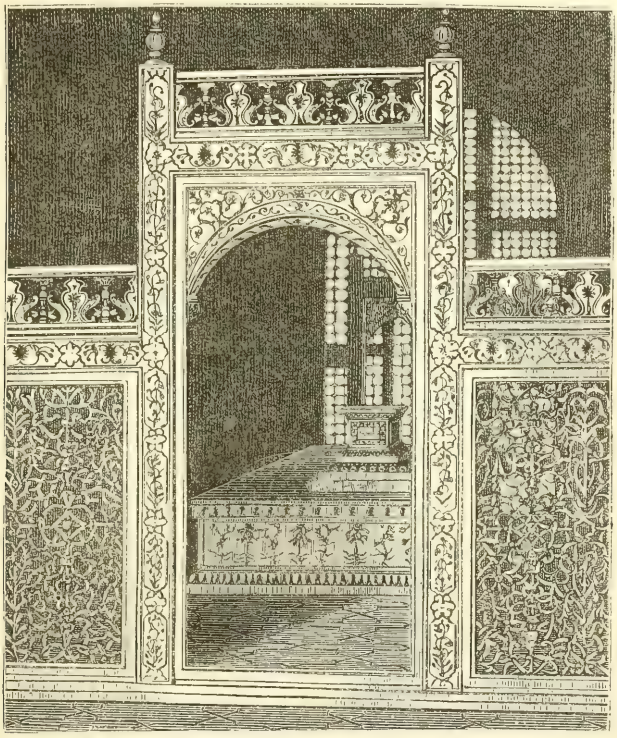
until the reign of Akbar, the successors of Tamerlane made little progress in consolidating their empire in India. That monarch, the greatest, wisest, and best of them all, enlarged it from three provinces to fifteen, and founded the capital at Agra, which soon grew into a magnificent city of half a million. His successors, perhaps wisely, perhaps necessarily, removed the Mogul throne to Delhi; and Agra, experiencing no subsequent renovation in the casualties of war and conquest, has shrunk into a provincial town of a quarter of its former population. There are three monuments here and in the vicinity which are the work of Akbar: the fort of Agra, Futtehpore Sikra, and Secundra. These, together with the famous Taj-Mahal, constitute the traveller's study here. The fort, which has an ample moat and drawbridge, is a mile and a half in circuit, built entirely of red sandstone, and measures, from the foundation to the embrasured battlements, seventy-two feet. It seems to have been designed quite as much for civil use as for defence. It now contains a British arsenal. Its area was filled with palatial structures, of which two remain in a state of imperfect preservation, the Imperial Palace and the Pearl Mosque. The substructions of the palace are red sandstone, but nearly all of its porticos, courts, corridors, chambers, and pavilions, are of polished white marble. The walls of the balcony, which overhangs the Jumna, are finely inlaid inside and outside with mosaics, which combine jasper, agate, carnelian, bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, and malachite. The balcony is guarded with balustrades of delicate marble fretwork. The apartments of the zenana are extensive and of exquisite finish. They look down upon what was once a garden. The fountains, which threw fanciful jets into bathing-rooms, are broken up, but the vaulted roofs of marble tracery still remain filled with the thousands of miniature prismatic mirrors. The *Divan*, in Oriental speech called the "Judgment-seat of Akbar," is a grand open portico, with Saracenic roof and arches, resting on three rows of columns. In its centre is a marble throne, inlaid, like the pavilion which covers it, with mosaic wreaths and texts from the Koran, composed of jasper and carnelian. A tablet, in the wall behind the throne, bears the inscription "Ain Akbaree" (the Laws of



EXTERIOR OF THE FORT.

Akbar). A Persian poet has written beneath it, in his own language, "The Ruler of the World."

The *Motee Musjid*, poetically *Pearl Mosque*, and the pearl of all mosques, consists of a single corridor of polished white marble, with three rows of Saracenic pillars and arches, which support a marble dome, encircled with gilded minarets. The dimensions are



INLAID SCREEN, TOMB OF MINA BEGUM, AGRA.

small, but the symmetry is perfect, while a severe simplicity excludes equally blemish, fault, or excess. Less fortunate in official acquaintance here than elsewhere, we were unable to gain admittance to the storehouse in the arsenal, in which are preserved the famous sandal-wood gates which Sultan Mahmoud of Ghuznee carried away from the ancient ecclesiastical city of Somnath to

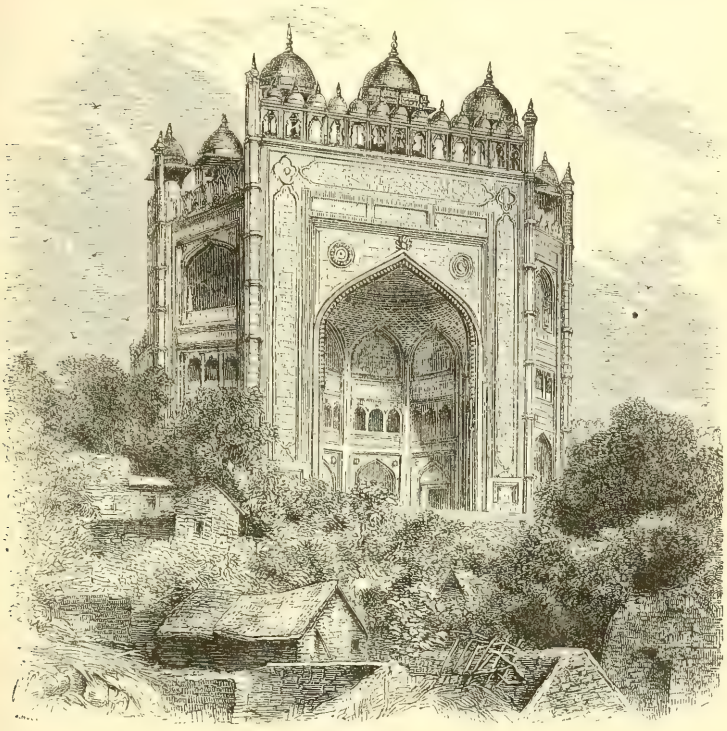
Afghanistan, eight hundred years ago, and which the British brought back in 1842, to please their Hindoo subjects.

March 23d.—Futtehpore Sikra is twenty-two miles west of Agra. Desirous to avoid travel under a mid-day heat, we contracted yesterday, with the landlord, for a carriage and two horses, to leave the hotel at five o'clock this morning, with relays on the road. By dint of labor, we awakened the landlord, servants, and drivers, and got off at half-past six, with only one horse, and no provision for a relay. The smooth road over a level plain exhibits on all sides the ruins of mosques and palaces of the once great capital. As this was practically our first private excursion in the country, we greatly enjoyed the novel rural scenes it presented. Here was the primitive Hindoo well or fountain by the roadside, from which veiled maidens were filling their polished brazen urns. We saw even the youthful Jacob, helping a bashful Rachel to poise a pitcher on her head. The dress of the people is more striking, both in fashion and color, than we have before seen. The crow is here in force as everywhere, but is outnumbered by the ring-dove. Adjutants and flamingos marshalled us through avenues of flowering acacias and mangos. Oxen, asses, and camels, in trains and loaded with cotton, obstructed the way.

Futtehpore Sikra was an imperial suburb built by Akbar, and was six miles in circumference. He enclosed the whole by a high embrasured wall of red sandstone. This fortification, with its lofty Saracenic gate, remains as if in mockery, protecting the now desolated theatre of imperial pomp and recreation. Our one jaded beast gave out when we reached this gate. A native guide met us there, and we found his strong arm useful in climbing the rocky ledge under a burning sun. He led us, by a circuitous path over broken columns and fallen arches, into a court covered with masses of *débris*. Before us rose a terrace, which we were to ascend by one hundred stone steps. This staircase was crowned by a Saracenic gate-way one hundred and twenty feet high. Ascending the easy and yet unbroken stairway, we passed under the lofty arch, which invites the pilgrim of every land to the tomb of Sheik

SCENE ON THE ROAD TO FUTTEHPORE SIKRA.

Selim Chishti, the religious monitor of Akbar. Here we rested a moment to examine the stupendous open doors, which, though furrowed by the storms of three hundred years, are still almost literally



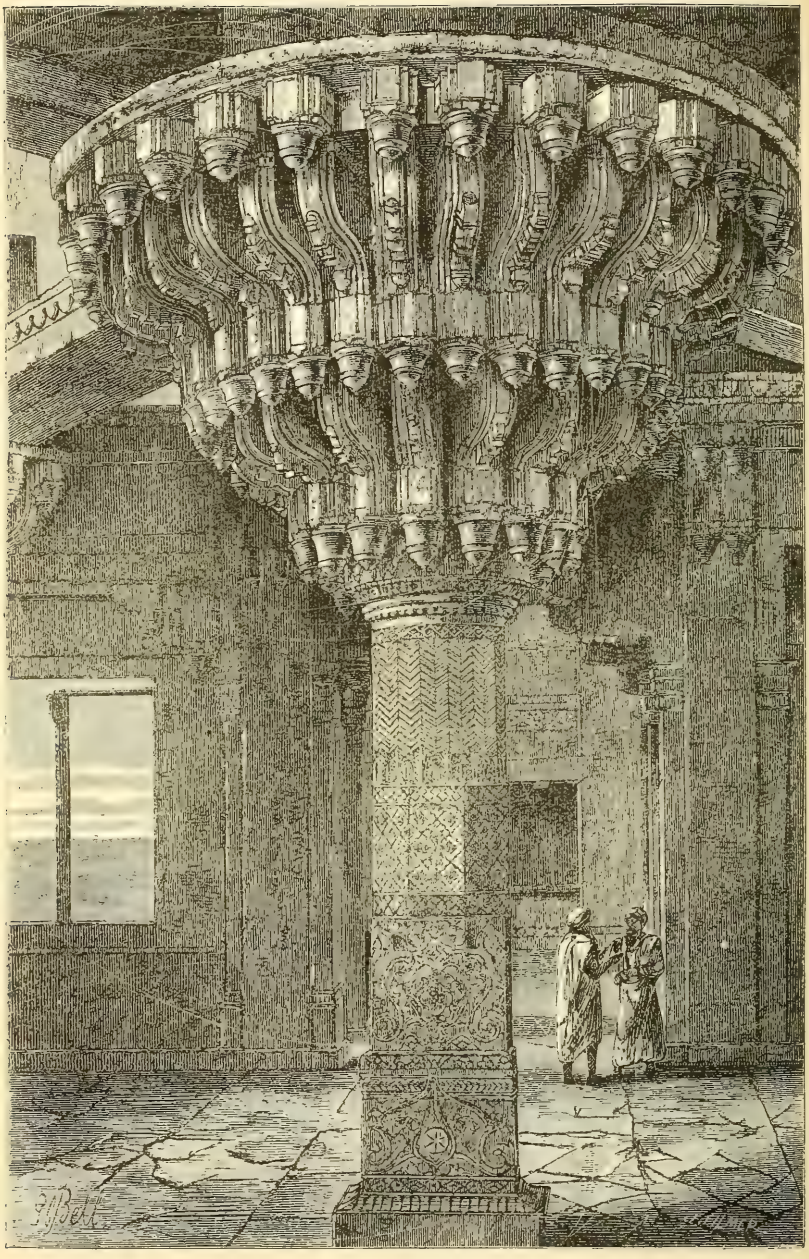
SARACENIC GATE.

covered with gilded horseshoes. The *soubahdars* of the empire in their pride took them from the hoofs of favorite steeds, and affixed them on the gates in token of fealty to Akbar. Passing from the gate, we stood in a court four hundred feet square, closely paved with dark-red hewn sandstone. On the several sides of the court is a corridor fifty feet wide, with a roof resting on pillars of red sandstone fifty feet high. A central fountain lends a peculiar grace to the court. The tomb of the sheik is beyond the fountain, opposite to the great portal, and is surmounted by a lofty, triple-

domed mosque of white marble. The pedestal or platform is of jasper. The sarcophagus resting on it has a canopy six feet high, and both are of unmixed mother-of-pearl. The whole structure is protected on all sides by a white marble screen, composed of panels, eight feet square, of open filagree work, inlaid with carnelian. It detracts somewhat from the character of Sheik Selim Chishti for ascetic virtue, as well as from the character of Akbar for munificence, that this gorgeous tomb was built with the private assets of the saint himself, at a cost of nearly two million dollars. We climbed the roof of the corridor and looked down on a mass and medley of ruins, bounded only by the outer wall. The desolation seemed complete, except that here and there we distinguished a pavilion not entirely dilapidated, a pointed arch, a monument or a pinnacle, which maintains its solitary position in defiance of time. We now repaired to the palace in which Akbar resided. It might with no great expense be restored. It is not one compact structure, but consists of many edifices, some quite distant from the others.

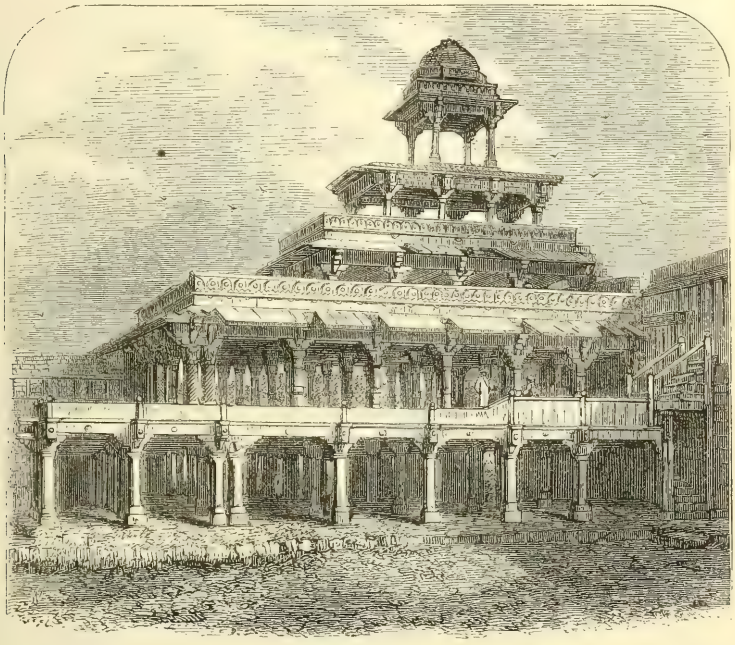
Moved by a tradition which prevails here that Akbar had a Christian wife, brought from Constantinople, we explored a suite of apartments which she is said to have occupied, expecting to find relics of her piety and devotion. But we had no more success here than in our inquiries for "Jessie Brown" at Lucknow. There still remain in these sumptuous apartments some fine frescos, the work evidently of Persian artists—while the walls and ceilings exhibit a wonderful elaboration of sculpture.

It is impossible now to obtain a correct idea of the uses of the different corridors, courts, pavilions, and gate-ways which intervene between the principal structures of the palace. One of these is very curious, the Panch Mahal. It consists of five pavilions, each of which is supported by carved pillars. The several pavilions are in stories or stages, one above another, making the form of a pyramid. Another pavilion has a large suite of apartments arranged in a labyrinth. Tradition says that the ladies of the harem used this part of the building for the diversion of hide-and-seek. There is a square edifice, standing quite by itself, and covered by a dome: on the outside, it appears to be of two stories; within, how-



PILLAR IN AKBAR'S COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

ever, it is open from the floor to the ceiling of the dome. A massive carved pillar rises in the centre from the floor to the ceiling. Fifteen feet from the floor is a gallery with a balustrade encircling the chamber. From each corner of this gallery a platform, with a like balustrade, connects horizontally with a circular gallery built around the central column.



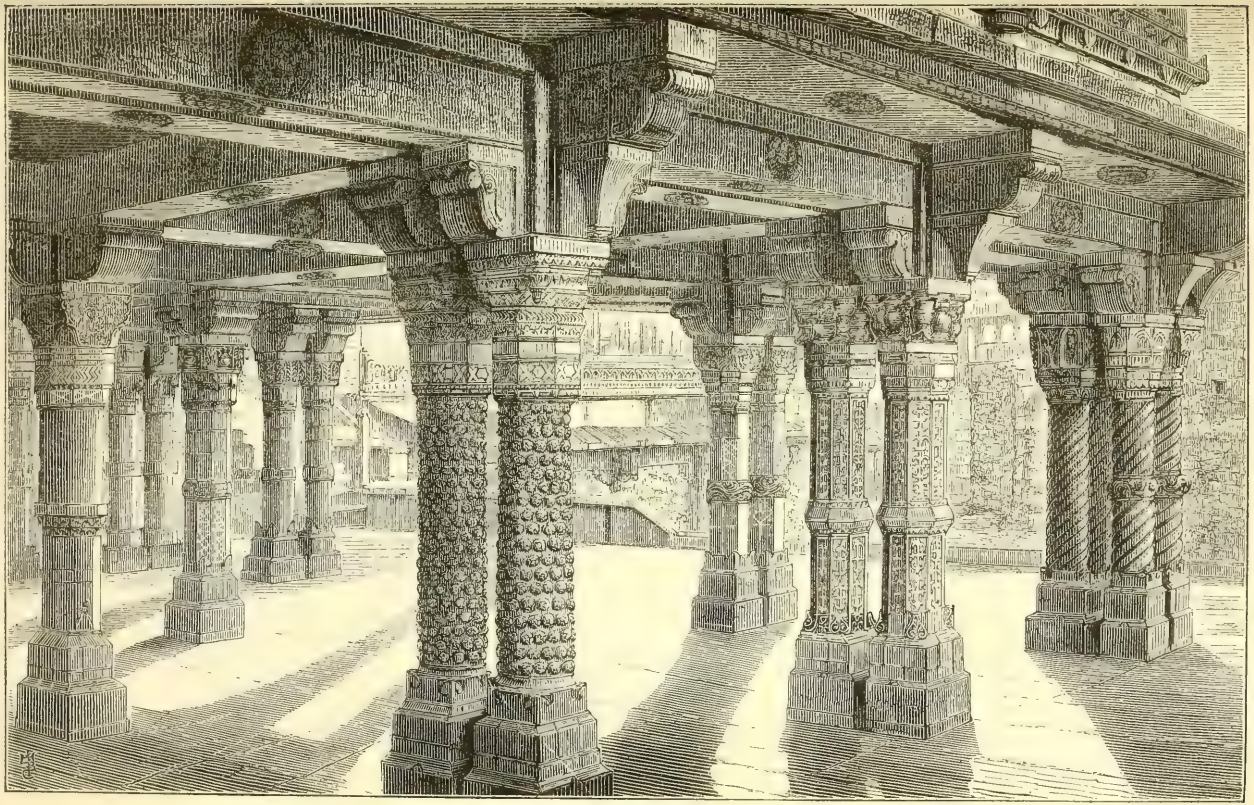
PANCH MAHAL.

Akbar was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. They assure us that he sat on the central platform and leaned against the column, which supports it, while he listened to the instructions in science, morals, and religion, of sages and saints whom he had summoned from all the schools and cloisters of the East, and who were arranged on the outer platform around him. The broad disk of the dial by which the Mogul monarch measured the hours remains. There is still in good preservation the place where Akbar stood while re-

ceiving the homage of his subjects at his *levées* or *durbars*. Nor is there wanting unequivocal evidence that the great man delighted in games of chance. An open square of sixty feet has a pavement, arranged as a chess-board, in blocks of black and white marble. Instead of ivory, bronze, or wooden chess-men, the contending kings, queens, knights, bishops, castles, and pawns, were beautiful slave-women, who moved as directed by the monarch or his opponent. They add further that the performers themselves were the stake for which the game was played. A building known as the palace of Beerbal was assigned by Akbar to his favorite prime-minister. It remains in fine preservation, and our architects and artists might study to advantage its classic design and elaborate sculpture. If the ghost of the favorite is allowed to revisit the scene of his power, he might well exclaim, "To what base uses" has my palace "come at last!" when he saw us, infidel republicans of the West, loitering, lunching, and lounging in his elegant chambers. We pass without particular mention the so-called "Antelope Tower," one hundred feet high, studded with imitation elephants' tusks, as well as the triumphal arch, guarded by colored elephants. But we must not omit to record that, excepting the tomb, mosque, and other merely ornamental structures, the entire town of Futtehpore Sikra was built wholly of fine freestone; no baser material entered into the construction for the purpose of either foundation, column, wall, roof, or dome.

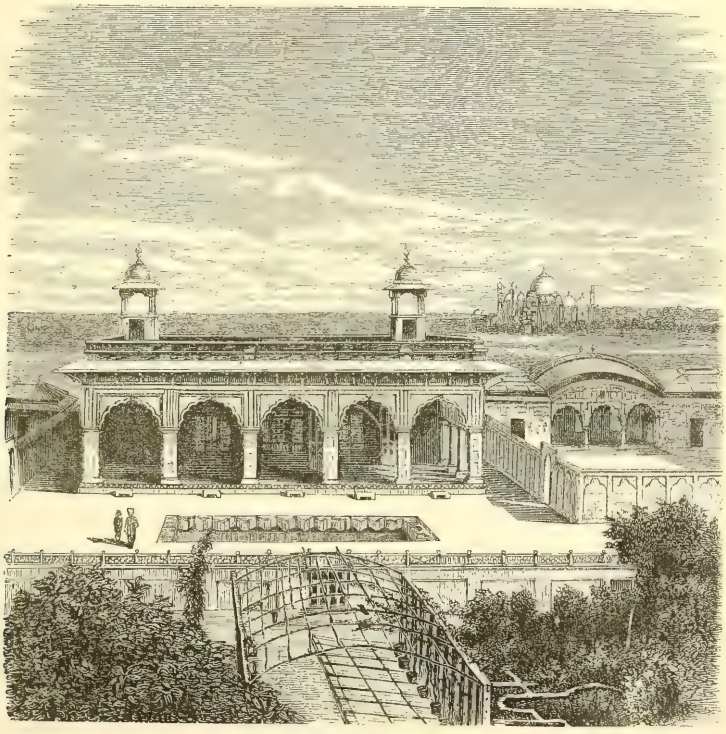
We historically know that this palace was built in 1571, and that Akbar resided in it twelve years. We have no account of the period when its decay began, or how rapid has been its fall into neglect and ruin.

March 24th.—If a man desires that there shall be a monument to perpetuate his memory, he does wisely, in a worldly sense, if he builds it himself. Akbar's tomb at Secundra shows that he had this wisdom. He extended the Mogul Empire from the Indus to the Bay of Bengal. Historians rather indicate his wealth by anecdote than describe his habits of life. They tell us that his private hunting-stud, used also for war-purposes, consisted of five



CARVED PILLARS IN THE RUINS OF FUTTEHPORE SIKRA.

thousand elephants and ten thousand horses. We do not know whether he was the first to set the example which is said still to prevail among the princes of the East, of weighing his gratuities in gold against his own weight on festive occasions; it is, however, certain, that this monarch on one such occasion weighed a gratuity in gold against his own person, a second gratuity in silver, and a third in perfumes.



AKBAR'S TOMB AT SECUNDRA.

CHAPTER IX.

SECUNDRA AND THE TAJ-MAHAL.

The Tomb of Akbar.—Derivation of the Name of Secundra.—The Taj-Mahal, the Tomb of the Banoo Begum.—Description of the Taj.—The Tomb of King Cotton.—The Inferiority of Indian Cotton.—Mode of Packing it.

The plain over which we drove, five miles to Secundra, shows some imambarras and other less pretentious Moorish tombs, all dilapidated or in ruins. The great imambarra, here called simply the tomb of Akbar, stands on a terrace of moderate elevation, in the centre of an immense garden, which overlooks the Jumna. The entrance to the garden is through a Saracenic gate-way, with a white marble minaret rising on either side, and towering high above the apex of the lofty arch. Besides a profusion of roses and other flowering shrubs, the garden makes a rich display of mango, orange, date, palm, perpul, and banyan trees. The perpul, with its branches bending in the wind and trailing on the ground, is emblematic of mourning in the East, as the willow is in the West. A series of oblong marble fountains, stretching down a terraced slope, filled with the lotus and other aquatic plants, divides into two parts the grand avenue which leads through the gate from the garden to the tomb. The imambarra covers a space of three hundred feet, upon a platform of white marble four hundred feet square. It has five stories, each upper story being of smaller dimensions than the one beneath it. The four lower stories are built of red sandstone—the upper one, including floor, dome, and cupola, is of

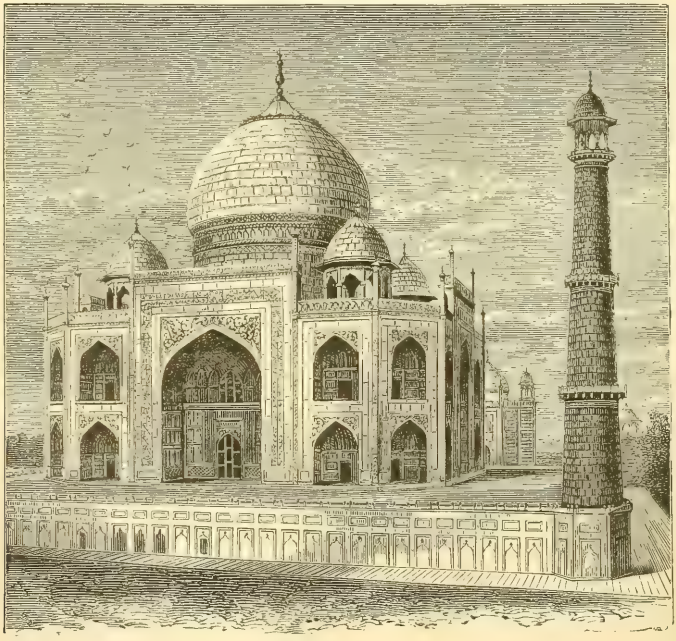
polished white marble. The exterior of the several stories, instead of having balustrades, is ornamented with pavilions, which, resting on graceful columns, terminate in gilded spires. Having reached the paved floor of the first story, we descended an inclined plane, into a spacious, oblong, arched vault, directly under the centre of the edifice. Its roof rests on polished marble columns, the spaces between which are filled with chiselled marble screens. A marble sarcophagus within this vault contains the ashes of Akbar. The covering of the sarcophagus is ornamented with flowering-vines, and on its lid is an Arabic inscription. It is a favorite principle in Oriental architecture, that each distinct part must have a relative or corresponding part, called an answer. The principle is carried here to absurdity: there is a mock sarcophagus on the marble floor of the uppermost story, directly over the sarcophagus, wrought in precisely the same form as the one below. Its lid is covered with inscriptions, in raised letters, of the ninety names of God. This imambarra is, we doubt not, the most magnificent monument which ever was raised to the memory of a conqueror. In 1803, it served as a barrack for a regiment of dragoons, but the Government of British India has since that time taken special care to protect it equally from decay and desecration. Not a stone of the noble structure has been removed or displaced.

We leave the tomb of the great Akbar with the single remark that the name of the place which contains it, *Secundra*, is an Indian derivation from that of the first European invader of India, Alexander the Great. The name of that conqueror seems to have secured the same admiration in the East which in the West has been so long accorded to that of Cæsar.

Although Akbar is distinguished for having built for the defence of his capital the unequalled fort of Agra, with its splendid palace and its beautiful Pearl Mosque, and although he converted the stony ledge of Futtehpore Sikra into an architectural vision for an illustration of his reign, and although he built for himself at Secundra a monument more admirable than that of Cheops, nevertheless, it remained for a descendant to raise a monument more exquisite than any of these—a monument, indeed, which is admit-

ted by the whole world to be the most beautiful that the earth has ever beheld.

An opinion prevails to some extent in the West that the Taj-Mahal is the tomb of Nourmahal, "the Light of the Harem," in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." But that is an error. "The Light of the Harem," the young Nourmahal, was buried at Lahore. Shah Jehan, the son of Jehangeer, and grandson of Akbar, who built the Taj-Mahal, to be the tomb of his sultana, Banoo Begum, was a prince of magnificent tastes. He was also called to endure many trials and much suffering. History does not attempt to tell how the Banoo Begum, more than others of her sex, deserved the



TAJ-MAHAL.

great distinction which she attained. Poets in the East, in their imaginative dreamings, have tried to supply this shortcoming of history. They describe her as beautiful, graceful, gentle, loving, and

faithful, but hundreds, thousands, and millions, who have been as lovable as she is thus described, have passed away without monument, though they may have been neither "unwept, unhonored, nor unsung." Let the natural suggestion of our own hearts furnish the solution. Whatever else Banoo Begum may have been, or may have done, she was beautiful, she loved Shah Jehan devotedly, and he loved her more than all the world beside. Tradition says that she called her husband to her side in her last hours, and required him to promise her two things: First, that he would not marry again; and, second, that he would build her a beautiful tomb. We reject the tradition, for we are unwilling to believe that a woman who could inspire such love as his could have doubted his fidelity, or have been concerned about her own interment.

The Taj stands upon the centre of a terrace, within a walled garden of twenty-five acres, on the banks of the Jumna. At either end of the terrace is an edifice of massive sandstone, with a dome of the same material. Midway between these is the incomparable Taj. As you approach, through an outer paved and walled precinct, the grand gate-way comes into view. It is a majestic Saracenic arch, eighty feet high, springing from two abutments of red sandstone, having white marble panels, which are completely covered with texts from the Koran, inlaid in black marble, and each being surmounted by a white-marble minaret. Coming under the arch, and looking through a long vista formed by rows of Italian cypress-trees planted on either side of a series of crystal fountains, you see the Taj rising from an elevation of thirty feet above the terrace. The platform, in the middle of the terrace, is a square of four hundred feet, paved with white marble, and each corner bears an exquisite white-marble minaret, two hundred feet high. The Taj is a square structure of one hundred and fifty feet, reduced to an octagonal figure, with four principal faces, by having the corners cut down. The four smaller faces are lower than the larger ones. The entire edifice is built of polished white marble. Its Oriental dome, first swelling into a globe, tapers upward into a spire which is surmounted by a golden crescent. Four lesser domes of the same matchless form crown the truncated façades.

At the centre of each of the four wide sides or fronts is a porch, consisting of a single Saracenic arch, which rises from the pavement two-thirds of the height of the building. Between these great arches the wall is relieved by two lesser arches of the same form, one above the other, producing, at a distance, the appearance of windows. The whole Koran is written, by chapters, in flowing letters of delicately-inlaid black marble, over the carved pilasters, architraves, and arches. Entering the porch, opposite the great gate-way, you descend a gently-inclined plane, as in the tomb of Akbar, and reach a vaulted white-marble chamber directly under the centre of the edifice. The light, admitted through the door by which you have entered, is collected and concentrated on the marble sarcophagus of Banoo Begum. A similar though smaller sarcophagus is placed in the shadow—it holds the dust of her lover-husband, Shah Jehan. Each of these tombs is of marble as pure as the purest of Carrara, the sultana's most elaborately inlaid with vines, interwoven with texts from the Koran, traced in bloodstone, agate, carnelian, lapis-lazuli, malachite, jasper, garnets, emeralds, rubies, topaz, and sapphires. Ascending to the main floor of the edifice, over the vaulted chamber, you are in the centre of an octagonal temple, and look up into a dome of snowy marble, two hundred and sixty-two feet high. This interior, though of vast dimensions, has such delicate proportions, and such harmony of light, that you are not at all oppressed with a sense of grandeur or immensity, but only of a consciousness of exquisite, indescribable beauty. Although we stepped regularly, timidly, and lightly, yet our footsteps brought down deafening reverberations from the dome. Our conversation came back to us in a confusion of thunders, and a gentle whisper was repeated over and over again, like tones of music dying in the distance. On the rich mosaic floor, directly above the real tomb, are the duplicate sarcophagi, and a flood of mellowed light, brought through a single aperture in the dome, streams over the answering memorial of the beautiful Begum. These simulated cenotaphs are ornamented in the same manner as the real ones below, but more elaborately and more exquisitely. They are protected by an octagonal screen, eight feet high, of mar-

ble lace-work, marvellously interwoven with stems, leaves, and flowers of the lotus and of the rose, all encircled with a waving wreath of graceful, tender, twining passion-flower, in mosaic of precious stones and gems.

Man's chief subject of contemplation is his Creator, his Redeemer, his Saviour. In action he balances between desire for power and love of freedom. He has attempted to express all these emotions in architecture. The Parthenon is his highest expression, in that form, of awe of the gods. St. Peter's speaks, with not less distinctness, his sentiment of religious devotion. The Pyramids tell his reverence for human grandeur. The Capitol, at Washington, manifests his love of freedom. The Taj-Mahal pretends to utter no such lofty sentiments as these, but it speaks out, more naturally than all, the gentlest, sweetest sentiment of human nature—pure, spiritual love. A tale of love is written, an idyl is sung, a melody of the tender passion breathes through this pure marble and these precious jewels. The tomb of Banoo Begum, in architecture, like the apotheosis of Beatrice, in poetry, is without an original and without a copy.

The Taj is a modern structure. It is a sad reflection that the name of the architect is already lost. Connoisseurs differ in opinion concerning the style. Some call it Italian; others insist that it is Saracenic; others pronounce it Persian. We incline to think it eclectic, a blending of the beautiful in each.

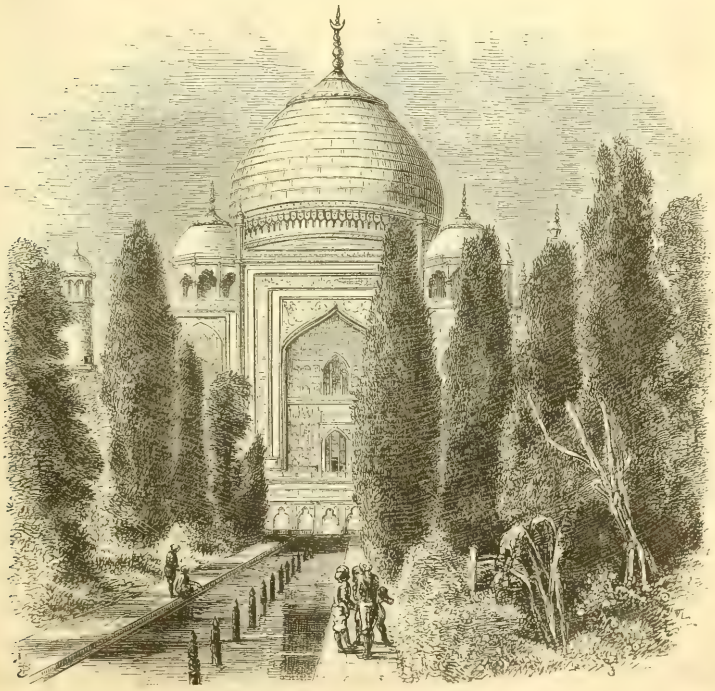
March 25th.—From the tomb of the Mogul monarch of India, Akbar, we passed to the tomb of the pretended monarch of America, King Cotton. The failure, during our civil war, of the cotton-supply, which had before been derived from the United States, obliged the European nations to seek it elsewhere. Notable attempts to cultivate the staple were made in Italy, but without success. An effort of the Viceroy of Egypt was hardly more effectual. India promised better. Cotton was indigenous, and successfully cultivated in the plains which divide the Indus from the Ganges. The importunate demand of the European markets stimulated the production there. Fortunes were made by specu-

lation in cotton almost as rapidly in Bombay as they were lost in New Orleans. Agra was the centre of the producing districts. At the end of the war, it became a grave question whether the

COTTON MERCHANTS, AGRA.

advantage which had thus been gained by India could be retained, or whether the great monopoly could be recovered by the United States. The change of the system there, from one of slave labor to free labor, worked to our prejudice, and doubts still remained, when we left home, concerning the solution of the problem. We have found that solution here. The producers now universally confess that the cotton is greatly inferior to the American fibre; they confess, moreover, that the plant degenerates under the burning sun of India, although they use the seed imported from the United States. Again, the efforts to introduce improved machinery have failed. We examined one of the establishments in which cotton is prepared for the market. The process is very rude. The cotton is passed between a pair of wooden rollers which are moved by hand. This simple mechanism is found in every house, and is an exclusive

occupation of women. The operation of packing is quite as rude: five men, with their feet, trample the cotton into a succession of square boxes, one above the other; five other men hold the boxes in their places until the stack thus raised contains the complement of a bale. An iron screw is then let down through an upper floor upon the centre of the cotton-stack. This screw is worked by eighty other men. Each laborer ejaculates or groans with every push that he gives the lever, and this groaning, combined with the noise of their tread upon the floor, produces an indescribable and ludicrous confusion. This examination convinced us that Sir Richard Temple did not misstate in the annual budget the decline of cotton-production.



THE TAJ, FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

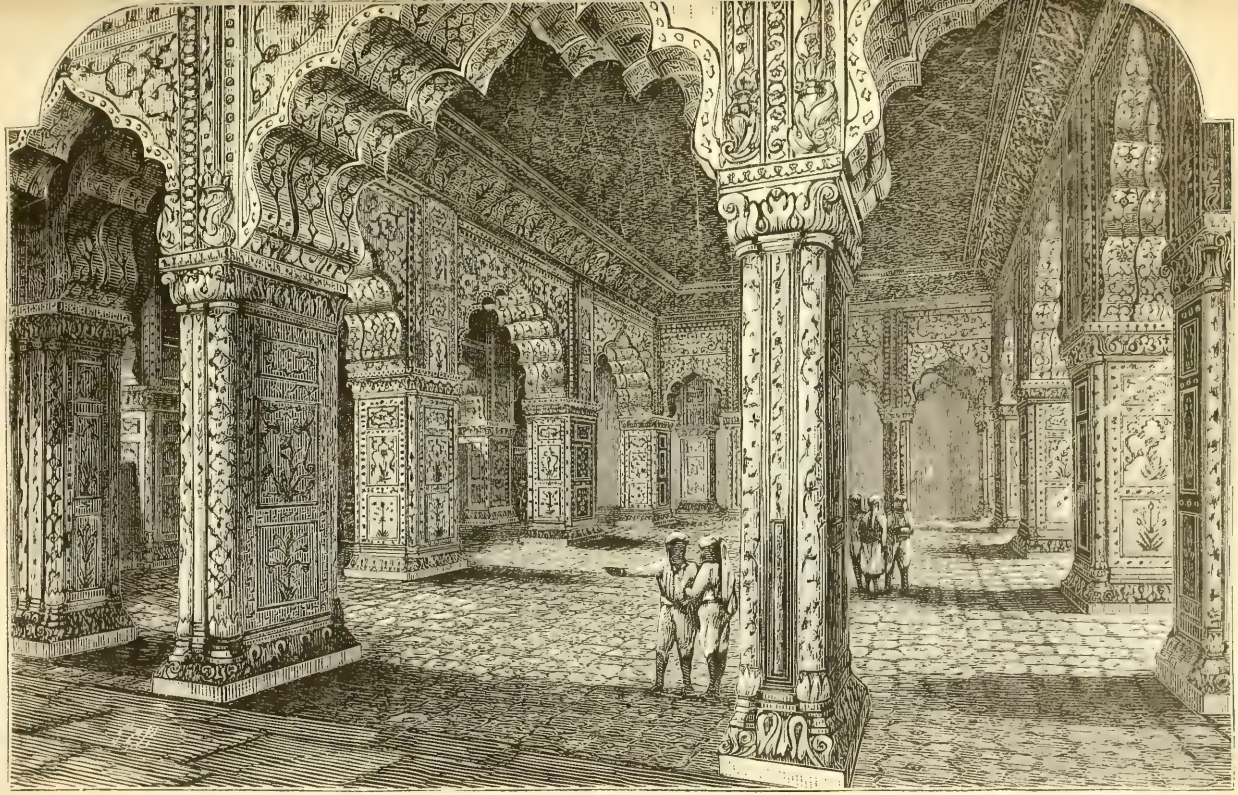
CHAPTER X.

DELHI, THE MOGUL CAPITAL.

A Vivid Contrast to Agra.—Ludlow Castle.—Brief Sketch of Hindoo History.—The Persians.—The Greeks.—The Arabs.—Sultan Mahmoud.—The Mongols or Moguls.—Foundation of Delhi.—Successive Changes of Site.—The Kootub Minar.—A Singular Iron Shaft.—The Mogul Tombs.—The Tomb of Jehanara.—The Jumna Musjid.—The Imperial Palace.—Farewell to Delhi.

Ludlow Castle, Delhi, March 26th.—In crossing the Jumna, the citadel of Delhi seems to be directly over the terminus of the railroad-bridge, and gives a fine effect to the approach. As first seen, Delhi is a vivid contrast to Agra. Akbar wedded Agra, and died—like the Hindoo widow, she has faithfully mourned him in decline and poverty ever since. Delhi, until recently the capital of the Mogul dynasty, and since an important seat of British rule, is a fickle jade, who easily transferred her allegiance. We entered by the Cashmere gate, and, driving over a broad plain, in which fine European buildings alternate with highly-cultivated gardens, we reached Ludlow Castle, where we are the guests of the civil commissioner of the district, Colonel Young.

The outside world derived its earliest knowledge of India from its neighbors, the Persians, who maintained a vigorous commerce with Greece in the time of Darius. They gave to the country its name of Hindostan, the land of the black men. There still remain in the Andaman Islands, and some other parts of India, tribes of savages, who are supposed to be derived from an aboriginal race which possessed the country before the Hindoos. However that



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE, DELHI.

fact may be, the earliest history of Hindostan represents the entire country from the Indus to the border of Burmah, and from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, as inhabited by one people, professing the Bramin faith, although they must have been then divided into distinct tribes, having different dialects. It was, however, an isolated and unsocial nation, such as Japan and China since have been.

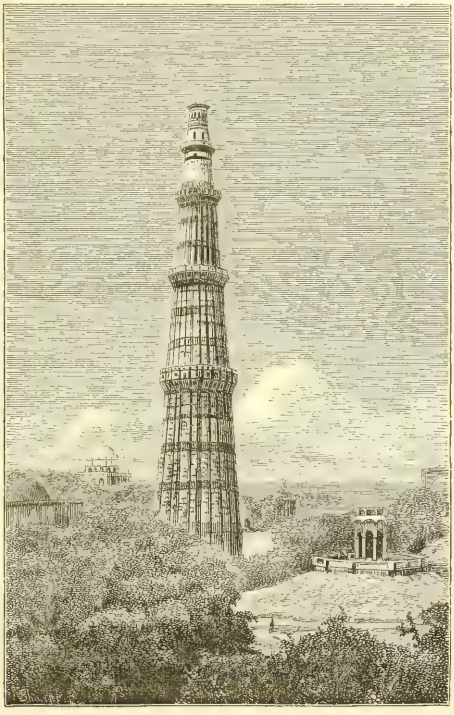
Three hundred years before the Christian era, Alexander extended his conquest across the Indus and to the banks of the Hydaspes (the Sutlej) with the purpose of bringing isolated India into the family of Mediterranean nations. This great enterprise might doubtless have been achieved at that time, had it not been defeated by the refusal of the Macedonian army to go farther. His successors quickly lost the ground he had gained. The history of Hindostan, since that period, is the story only of repetitions of attempts, like that of Alexander, for the conquest of the country, favored, like his, by a slow process of internal disintegration. The propagandism of Buddha, which occurred soon after the failure of the Greek conquest, convulsed the country, and, arraying its tribes and religious sects against each other, opened the way to a new invader. Mohammed was a religious reformer of a very different order from Buddha. The latter propagated by preaching, the former by the sword. In the reign of the Caliph Walid, about 715 A. D., the Arabs invaded Hindostan from the sea, and conquered Scinde and part of the Punjab, which they held for some years. But the Hindoos, rallying under the banner of their ancient faith, expelled the Mussulman, though only with the consequence of provoking new invasions. Sultan Mahmoud advanced into the Punjab, in the eleventh century; and his successors, conquering the whole of Northern India, and establishing their capital at Delhi, extended their sway across the Jumna and the Ganges. These partial Mohammedan conquerors in the north encouraged a bolder leader of the same faith. In 1398, Tamerlane invaded the country, seized Delhi, and, with a war of terrific barbarity, established that great Mongol or Mogul Empire which Great Britain in fact suppressed in 1803, but of which she permitted a

shadow to stand until 1857. With the exception of Akbar's residence at Agra, Delhi was the capital of the Mogul Empire until its dissolution. With successive changes of dynasty, the city has from time to time changed its place from one part of the plain to another. So it has happened that the Delhi of to-day is the last one of a dozen cities which have successively borne the same name, and enjoyed the honors of a capital. This modern Delhi dates from the time of Humayoon, the father of Akbar.

Delhi, March 28th.—We drove yesterday eleven miles across the plain, seeing on all sides the palaces, mosques, and tombs, some still erect though abandoned, others in dilapidation, others mere *débris*, which mark the sites of the several capitals which have passed away. Among these relics, stands the Kootub Minar. It may, as claimed here, or may not be, the highest pillar in the world. We first saw it at a distance of seven miles, under a dim twilight, which, like moonlight, may have had the effect of increasing its apparent elevation. Approaching nearer, we found the column a circular fluted one of red sandstone, two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, forty-seven feet in diameter at the base, and divided into five stages or stories, the base of each story ornamented with a projecting gallery and balustrade. The heights of the successive stories are graduated in exact proportion to the contracting diameter of the column, the height of the lower story being ninety-four feet, while that of the upper is only twenty-two feet. As we looked up beneath this towering monument, standing so erect and alone in the broad field of desolation, it seemed to us that, like Memnon on the Nile, it might have a voice, and so might tell us a long history of heroic achievements, magnificent designs, and bitter disappointments, of which it has been a witness.

The *Dak* is a government institution for the transportation of passengers and property. It consists of carts drawn either by horses or oxen, with changes every four miles. At each station is the "dak bungalow," in which the traveller, who carries his own provisions and bed, may take rest and refreshment. A pretty Hindoo temple, which stands under the shadow of the Kootub, has

been restored from a state of dilapidation, and appropriated to that use. It served us pleasantly for our evening repast, and gave us airy lodgings for the night. This morning, we looked from its veranda upon the great, dark column, as it received and reflected



THE KOOTUB MINAR.

the rays of the rising sun. In this illumination, which left the base in deep shadow, the monument seemed even more perfect and loftier than it did on the night before. A closer observation, while it showed some new points of beauty, revealed also some defects. The fluting of the column differs at the several stories. In the first story the fluting is circular, in the second angular, in the third the circle and the angle alternate; the fourth story is of white marble, encircled at the middle with a belt of brown sandstone; the

fifth story is of unmixed white marble. Underneath the magnificent sculptured cornice which supports the gallery of each story, the column is boldly carved in Arabic, in texts from the Koran, and in part recitals of repairs and improvements made by different monarchs. A circular iron staircase conducts to the summit, where the visitor takes in at one view the Jumna, the Delhi of our time, and all the ruined Delhis for miles and miles around. How large must be the number of those who have trodden that lofty, spiral staircase, and how diverse must have been their reading of the lessons which that giddy height affords! The recitals mentioned, as translated by General Cunningham, give us only this information: that the erection of the column was the work of several centuries; that it was finished in 1236, one hundred and sixty years before Tamerlane, and in the reign of Shumsh-oodeen-Altumsh. We are profoundly grateful for this information, but it would have saved a world of conjecture and research if the writers of those inscriptions had told us who designed and began the structure, and for what object. Was it built as it now stands alone, or was it an appurtenance to some temple, or palace, or mosque which has long since mingled with the earth? Was it, like the Tower of Babel, designed as a stairway to the heavens, or was it to be an observatory from which to measure the magnitude and the movements of the stars? Is it a triumphal column, or is it a tomb? Parts of it have been blackened by the storm, and even deranged by the lightning and the earthquake. Nevertheless, it stands firmly, and may endure for many thousand years. Distant one or two hundred feet from the column are the dilapidated gates and walls of a spacious mosque. Some imagine the Kootub Minar an adjunct of that mosque; others controvert this position, while they maintain that the structure for which the Kootub was designed to be an ornament, though projected, was never built.

There is a relic, not far from the Kootub Minar, of even greater antiquity, and more mysterious. It is a cylindrical iron shaft, sixteen inches thick, estimated by General Cunningham to be sixty feet long, and to weigh seventeen tons. Excavations, to the depth of twenty-six feet, have failed to find its lower end, while its top is

twenty-two feet above the surface. Tourists cannot safely assume to be archæologists. The accomplished traveller Bayard Taylor says he learned at Delhi that an inscription on the shaft assigns it a date one century before the Christian era. If our guides translated correctly the same inscription for us, it was erected A. D. 319. The surroundings of this monument are perplexing; it stands in the very centre of an immense dilapidated but not demolished Mohammedan caravanserai, palace, or mosque. The Saracenic arches of this ruin indicate, beyond all mistake, its Mohammedan character; but, here comes the difficulty: all these fine Moorish arches rest on rudely-wrought, monolith granite columns, which are covered with carvings, and vines, and images of idols, and saints. Beyond a doubt these rough columns were raised in honor of the thirty-three thousand gods of the Hindoos. We recognized, as we thought, not only those of the Braminical faith, but also some belonging to the reformed creed of Buddha. But we could not be certain of this, for the Mussulman iconoclast has treated them all as equally offending against the second command of Moses. He has battered and defaced them so effectually that they are no longer like unto "any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." Take into consideration, now, that the cross of St. George waves over these ruins, and we have a grouping, in a circumscribed area, of the monuments of Braminical worship, Buddhist worship, Mohammedan worship, and Christian worship; the several religions succeeding each other as conquerors, and all within the period of two thousand years. We drove, next, to a cemetery, which is comparatively modern; alighting here, we walked through several narrow aisles bordered by so many costly and beautiful marble cenotaphs that even the graveyard of Mogul monarchs became as monotonous, and the eulogistic Arabic inscriptions on them as tedious, as the "Collection of American Epitaphs and Inscriptions, with Occasional Notes, by the Rev. Timothy Alden, A. M., in two vols., New York, 1814." The tomb of Humayoon, however, deserves "special mention," not more on account of the great merit of that monarch than the magnificence of the monument. The factious rivalry of Hu-

mayoon's brothers invited an invasion from Afghanistan, in which, the Mogul emperor was completely overthrown and Humayoon driven into exile. Finding an asylum in Persia, he formed an alliance with the king of that country, who furnished Humayoon an army, with which he returned to Hindostan, resumed the throne of his ancestors, and transmitted it to his son, the great Akbar. If there were no Taj, nor tomb of Akbar, the mausoleum of Humayoon might perhaps be as much admired as those monuments are. It surpasses each of them as well in vastness as in massiveness. Its white marble dome, resting on arcades of red sandstone, making a marked feature in the plain, is peculiarly beautiful. We turned our steps from the proud mausoleum to a tomb more rare, and of a very different design. Aurungzebe, whose name is rendered infamous by his cruelty, was a son of Shah Jehan. He seized his father's throne, usurped his kingdom, imprisoned him, and, as some historians write, deprived him of his eyes. His sister, Jehanara, refusing to enter the imperial court of the usurper, remained with her unfortunate father until his death. A monument, simple and beautiful as her own character, covers her remains. The inscription which it bears is said to have been written by herself. We brushed away freshly-cut flowers to look upon it, all the time wondering who placed them there. These are the words which we read in Arabic: "Let no rich canopy rise over my grave; the grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit, the humble, the ephemeral Jehanara, the disciple of the holy men of Cheest, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan." We derived from this touching memorial an assurance that ages of superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism, cannot altogether extinguish womanly virtue, or the admiration of mankind for it.

March 28th.—Our sight-seeing, in India, is necessarily done in the early morning or in the evening; when the sun is very low in the horizon. Our record of it is made in the time which can be snatched from society or necessary rest.

The Jumna Musjid derives imposing effect from its situation in the centre of an oblong area, on a rocky terrace, which extends

from the Cashmere gate to the Delhi gate, and is approached by magnificent stone staircases on three sides—a site not unlike that of the Capitol at Washington. The Jumna Musjid is a mosque, two hundred feet by one hundred and twenty feet, surmounted by three elegant marble cupolas with gilded spires. At each end is a superb minaret, built in alternate lines of black and white marble. The pavement of the mosque is of white-marble slabs, each forty-two inches by eighteen inches, finished with an inlaid black-marble border. Each slab is a kneeling-place for a worshipper. Like the mosque in the citadel of Agra, the edifice is called the "Pearl of Mosques." We do not attempt to compare the two. Either is more beautiful than any religious edifice we have ever seen. The Jumna Musjid is, however, the more highly revered of the two. Its venerable custodian showed us relics of the greatest possible sanctity. Among them are a pair of shoes which were worn by the prophet, and one hair saved from his beard! Both of these inestimable treasures are carefully preserved in antique glass cases. We cannot undertake to vouch for the genuineness of that hair, but we must confess that the shrivelled and rotten leather makes out a strong claim for the genuineness of the shoes.

There is, however, a relic, the authenticity of which can hardly be disputed. It is a devotional autograph manuscript of Fatima, the faithful and favorite daughter of Mohammed.

The first accounts of the mutiny of '57 that went abroad attributed it to a discontent on the part of the Hindoos. From inquiries here, we have no doubt that it was an insurrectionary attempt of the Mohammedans. Ever since its suppression, Government has forbidden public worship in the Jumna Musjid.

Here, as at Agra, the Imperial Palace is within the walls of the citadel. It is in complete preservation, and is an additional monument of the exquisite taste and munificence of Shah Jehan, the builder of the Taj. Its prominent parts are one greater and one lesser "audience-hall." Each of these is of polished white marble, entirely open in front, and placed at such a height as to afford the emperor, sitting on the throne, not merely a view of the surrounding audience, but also a view of the procession of his

vassals as they entered the great palace-gates, with all their gorgeous displays of music, soldiers, camels, and elephants. A polished white-marble throne, in each audience-chamber, is raised on a dais, six or seven feet high, of the same material. A pure white-marble canopy, supported by delicate Saracenic pillars, lends this structure a peculiar grace. Both of these halls have been despoiled of the decorations which first aroused the attention of Europe to the marvellous splendor of the Mogul Empire. The solid silver plates of the great audience-chamber have been stripped from the ceiling, and sold in the market in London for one hundred and seventy thousand pounds sterling. The lesser chamber has been robbed of the famous "peacock-throne," in the construction of which Shah Jehan expended *six million pounds sterling.* The frescos of birds and flowers on the polished marble walls are now dim—certainly they must always have been a blemish. If, however, white marble and fresco are incongruous, it must be admitted that white marble and yellow gold, arranged in just proportions, form the most effective of all ornamental combinations. Such is the fretwork which adorns the capitals, cornices, and flutings of the columns and pilasters. The architect of the palace seems to have been enamoured of his own creation, for he wrote, on each angle of the lesser audience-chamber, the words which Moore has made familiar to all the world in "Lalla Rookh:"

> "If there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this, it is this."

Let us drop mathematical lines and arithmetical measurements, and try to convey in another way an idea of the palace of Shah Jehan. Can any one conceive a nobler spectacle than an inauguration of a President of the United States, under the eastern portico of the Capitol? Does any one know any thing in the world more shabby than the broad staging of plank and scantling on which the august ceremony is performed? The silver ceiling and the "peacock-throne" have been removed from the throne-room at Delhi. We would rub off now the gilding and the frescos on the walls. Having thus reduced the magnificent room to

its original simplicity, we would commend it to the Congress of the United States as a model stage for the inauguration-ceremony. Bayard Taylor, more fortunate than we, saw the Mogul palace while it yet was the residence of the last of the successors of Akbar. The mutineers of '57, inflated with their first success, proclaimed the restoration of the empire. That stipendiary yielded to ambitious persuasion. He was quickly overthrown, stripped of allowances, state, and possessions; and we find that his heirs, loyal to the British Government, are now content with the honor of showing us, as guides, the splendor of the halls and tombs of their ancestors.

Delhi shares with Lahore the commerce of the western and northern provinces, Afghanistan, Cashmere, and Persia. It seems likely therefore to remain, as it is, a great and populous city. The streets are often rendered impassable by heterogeneous caravans. The shops contain fabrics, tissues, and jewelry, of exquisite richness, and adapted to every variety of Oriental taste.

Our study of Delhi closed, to-day, with a visit to the heights to which the British army retired, when driven out of the palace of Shah Jehan, on the breaking out of the mutiny. They remained here six months, successfully resisting the surprises and sorties of the insurgents in the city—twenty times their number. At last, being reënforced, they became assailants, stormed the citadel, and recovered the capital.

Here we leave our host, and the learned companion of our explorations, Colonel Young. American travellers are apt to imagine that Englishmen whom they meet are cold, if not churlish. Nothing could be farther from this than our experience in India, and, in looking back through all that experience, we find no more agreeable remembrance than that of "Ludlow Castle," and of the hearty welcome and courteous hospitality we received there.

CHAPTER XI.

UMBALLA AND PUTTEEALA.

Meerut, the Scene of the Outbreak of the Great Mutiny.—Hindoo Pilgrims.—First View of the Himalayas.—Invitations to Putteeala.—Journey thither.—The City of Putteeala.—Coaches or Elephants?—Entrance into Putteeala.—A Magnificent Procession.—Our Palace.

Umballa, March 30th.—Leaving Delhi, yesterday morning, we recrossed the Jumna and its valley by a bridge and long causeway to the station of Gazeabad. Thence we made our way through a sea of golden wheat-fields, dotted with islands of blooming mango-trees—one hundred and fifty miles—to this place. We stopped at Meerut, a garrison-town, made memorable by being the scene of the outbreak of the mutiny. That great disaster left at Meerut no such painful traces or touching monuments as are seen at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi.

The common roads parallel with the railroad, for a distance of twenty miles above Meerut, were thronged with travellers, chiefly men and children, of all castes and classes—save only the poor pariahs, each troop attended by musicians, their costumes diverse in form and color. The greater number were pedestrians, but others rode the native ponies, donkeys, camels, and elephants. A few showed a special pride as they came along in gayly-decorated carts drawn by clean white oxen decked with ribbons and garlands. The long processions which Dublin sent out to Donnybrook on the days of its fair; the multitude which throngs the road from

London to Epsom on the "Derby-day;" the processions which come with music and banners from New-England villages to a "mass-meeting;" or the 4th of July in Boston, never exhibited more eager excitement, or half so much method, or a tithe of the good-nature, which these Hindoos showed as they trudged along, coming from all parts of Hindostan, to attend a Braminical festival at Hurdwar, which is to be improved by being used also as a great horse-fair.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we obtained a first view of the Himalaya Mountains, stretching in a long, blue, hazy outline in the horizon, sixty miles distant. Major Tigh, commissioner for the district, met us at the station, and brought us to his fine old bungalow, situated in a beautiful park. An Irishman, he retains equally the warm-heartedness and the *naïveté* of his countrymen.

Putteeala, March 31st.—Immediately after our arrival at Umballa, a native gentleman presented himself to Major Tigh, and, announcing himself as "canal agent" for the Maharajah of Putteeala, asked to be presented to Mr. Seward. Before the latter had time to answer, a second native appeared, and, declaring himself to be the maharajah's "Minister of Justice," asked to be introduced. They were admitted, and each presented a letter of invitation from the Maharajah of Putteeala tendering us the hospitalities of his state, elegantly written in Arabic on gilt paper, the envelop being a bag of the finest kincob. The bag, as well as the notes, was perfumed with attar of roses. The bag was tied with a silken cord, on which was suspended the great waxen seal (weighing four ounces) of the kingdom, principality, or state, of Putteeala. Yesterday, at five o'clock P. M., we proceeded in four carriages, each drawn by four horses, which the prince had sent to convey us to his capital. We were attended by his two messengers, the *musteed* (canal-agent) and the minister of justice, a large military escort, and many servants. Captain Horsford, of the British civil service, accompanied us. At stages of one mile each, mounted sentinels first saluted us, and then joined our escort. The maharajah's high civil officers wore the finest of white India muslin turbans and robes,

and his soldiers were arrayed in green, gold, and scarlet, as brightly as the birds of India.

The Emperor Akbar and his successors made excellent roads, and at convenient stages built caravanserais for the security and rest of travellers. These hostelries, each of which is a fortification, are still well preserved. We stopped at the half-way caravanserai, and were met there by a large deputation of the maharajah's household, in dainty costumes, similar to those worn by his messengers. These deputies, surrounded by sixty or seventy servants, tendered us congratulations, in the name of his highness, on our safe arrival thus far on our journey. Each individual member of these delegations presented to each one of us, on a massive silver salver, covered with a white napkin, a half-dozen silver coins, and a fresh bouquet. As instructed, we touched these coins as acknowledgment of mutual friendship, and retained the flowers. This ceremony was followed by a profuse supply of delicate refreshments. In the midst of these attentions, a telegram from Putteeala announced that the British Ministers of Finance and Foreign Affairs for the district of Punjab were just leaving the town, and would desire to pay their respects to Mr. Seward when they should meet him. When we had gone a few miles on our way, those distinguished personages, with their families, came rolling along in four four-horse carriages, and an escort—both the equipages and guard having been furnished by the maharajah, and being exactly on the same magnificent scale as those by which we were conducted. Greetings were exchanged, and a cordial invitation was given to Mr. Seward to extend his journey to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab.

Putteeala, the capital of the province or native principality of the same name, is protected by a citadel as spacious, though not so substantially or scientifically constructed, as Fort Hamilton. Fortifications in India seem to have been built as retreats or places of safety for the sovereign or his family. The mother of the present prince resides in the citadel of Putteeala. Arriving at its gate, we came to a halt, and we saw through a cloud of dust the maharajah coming toward us in a magnificent state coach drawn by six white

horses; the highway, on either side, was lined with outriders and a squadron of cavalry. The prince, driving by the side of our carriage, saluted Mr. Seward with stately cordiality. When the compliments were ended, the maharajah asked Mr. Seward in which manner he would prefer to make his entrance into the capital; whether he would go with him in his coach, or whether he would be pleased to make his entrance on the back of an elephant. Mr. Seward, diffident perhaps of his skill in the latter mode of travel, or acting under a conviction that modesty best becomes a visitor, accepted the offer of a seat in the coach. The maharajah, taking his seat at Mr. Seward's left, made a rapid advance toward the city. The ladies, like Mr. Seward, being complimented with the same choice of manner of entering the city, decided like Mr. Seward in favor of a comfortable coach-and-six. Hereupon a halt and parley ensued between Captain Horsford and the prince's master of ceremonies. In the course of this debate, it appeared that, while the prince excused Mr. Seward's declination of the honor of the elephant on the ground of his years, the ladies, who could offer no such plea, would give offence by claiming the same indulgence. Sixty elephants stood by the road-side, richly caparisoned in cloth of gold and scarlet, all ornamented with gilt earrings and necklaces. There was no more to be said on that question. The elephants kneeled, silver ladders were placed against their sides, and, in less time than it takes to describe the action, the two ladies, not venturing to ride alone, were seated together with Captain Horsford, in the spacious gilded and velvet howdah. The elephant arose with a motion like that of the surge on the coast of Madras, and the ladies found themselves in the upper air. The Hindoo driver sits on the elephant's head, and directs his motions by the use of an iron spike, which he thrusts against the skin on either side of the forehead. A procession was then formed. First, the maharajah with Mr. Seward; then the ladies; next, our three servants, Jeanie, Price, and Freeman; next, the musteed; next, the Minister of Justice, mounted in the same manner, and behind them the long train of elephants without any riders, and the five hundred richly-caparisoned horses, led

by as many grooms no less gayly dressed. As a signal for the progress to begin, the air was rent by a salvo of nineteen guns; the salute was repeated by a fusillade from what seemed endless ranks of infantry, bugles sounded a march, and the cavalry moved to the front. Four bands of music wheeled into column, playing, more or less together, "God save the Queen!" Behind them a company of fifty bagpipers, playing not altogether, as they fell into line, "Bonnie Dundee." At the moment of the cannonade the led horses kicked, pranced, and reared; the elephants uttered piteous, deep, indescribable cries, and tried to prick up their enormous jewelled ears, remaining otherwise quiet; crowds on the wayside shouted applause, and children screamed with delight. As for Mr. Seward, he, fortunate gentleman, snugly seated by the maharajah on velvet cushions, in the coach drawn by six well-trained animals, was unconscious of the disturbance which had arisen behind him. His inexperienced and more venturesome companions clung to each other in fright—but order was restored, and all were reassured. On the way to his capital, the maharajah addressed to Mr. Seward a studied speech of welcome. Taking care to express his regret that his guest had not accepted the elephant, the prince said that the troops we had passed in review were ten thousand in number. He also explained to Mr. Seward that, when he came to the throne, he found no streets in Putteeala wide enough for such a pageant as he had occasion to make, and that he had, therefore, enlarged the streets, but not without making due compensation to the owners of adjacent property. Night came on as we reached the gates. We looked from our howdahs upon the flat roofs of the dwellings and shops below us. Their inmates were gathered at the doors in gay dresses, and seemed as diminutive as the burghers of Liliput. Thus we passed through the entire city, and reached, beyond the farther gate, an esplanade used as a *Campus Martius*. Winding around a tall flag-staff, under the folds of what is called the sacred banner, we stopped before a lofty Saracenic gate. Here, the maharajah, with Mr. Seward, alighted, and the elephant-riders dismounted. The prince led the way on a gravelled walk, by the side of suc-

ELEPHANTS ON THE MARCH AT PUTTEEALA.

cessive fountains, in an orange and lemon garden, as it seemed, of boundless extent. Each fountain poured over a cascade into the next. These cascades were illumined by torch-lights from behind, which imparted to the jets all the hues of the rainbow. We stopped at the porch of a small Saracenic palace. The prince, taking Mr. Seward by the hand, led him up a gentle flight of steps, across a veranda, into a *salon* which may be eighty by forty feet, and thirty feet high, the ceiling supported by a double row of columns, and the walls draped with orange and scarlet silks. "This palace," said the maharajah, "is yours; this is the hall in which you will sit, these apartments on either side of it are the rooms in which you will sleep. You must be weary with your journey. I beg to take my leave for the night. I shall have the honor to visit you to-morrow morning."

The ladies were not slow in exploring the cosy little palace. Its lights, furniture, and ornamentation, are an Oriental exaggeration of the European style. The welcome dinner, though prepared by a French hand, and graced with the best wines of France, Germany, and Portugal, was served by Hindoos, who, dressed in flowing white gowns, glided noiselessly in bare feet over the velvet carpet. It was evident, as he himself said, that the Prince of Putteeala is not like those "people" whom we see in Calcutta. As for the ladies, they expressed a doubt whether the story of Aladdin is indeed a fiction.

CHAPTER XII.

PUTTEEALA (*Continued*).

Oriental Displays and Diversions.—The Menagerie.—The Prisons.—The Heir-Apparent.—An Elephant Fight.—Jesters and Jugglers.—The Royal Palace.—Magnificence of the Maharajah.—The Durbar.—The Young Prince.—Superb Presents.—A Magnificent Salon.—The Maharajah's Conversation with Mr. Seward.—An Exhibition of Fireworks.

April 1st.—This has been a day of bewildering succession of Oriental displays and diversions. The Minister of Public Works came before breakfast, and attended us to the inevitable menagerie. The aviaries, though full, are inferior to those of the King of Oude. We saw, for the first time, the long-legged, awkward, brown cassowary, whose name rhymes to "missionary" in the witty verse where "Timbuctoo" finds its answer in "hymn-book too." The tiger collection is very fine, many of the animals of huge size and quite untamed. From the cages of wild beasts we passed to the cages of wild men, the state-prison of Putteeala. It covers an area of four acres, enclosed by a low adobe wall. There are eight hundred and twenty-five prisoners, chiefly convicted of the crimes of arson and burglary; of these, only one hundred and fifty can read and write. Two hundred convicts are imprisoned in other parts of the province. Imprisonment is generally for a term of one, two, three, or seven years, occasionally for life. Capital punishment is inflicted only for murder. The population of the city of Putteeala is eighty thousand, and that of the ancient

kingdom or principality is two millions, and yet there has been no capital execution in two years. The prisoners are neither confined in separate cells, nor do they live together. Those of each caste work, sleep, and eat, in different divisions of the building; the odious distinction of caste is preserved nowhere more absolutely than here. The pariahs, outcasts everywhere in common life, are equally segregated in prison, and subjected if possible to a lower humiliation. All are heavily ironed, and are guarded by an armed police of three hundred men. Their labor is either hard or light, according to the grade of their offence. Hard labor consists of grinding grain with a hand-mill; light labor is weaving carpet, making shoes, pottery-ware, and the like. Our labor-reformers in the United States may find a new argument for their claims in the fact that, by the laws of Putteeala, five hours are a full day's work. The prisoners have native medical attendance, but no religious or secular instruction. The products of the prison are sold in the markets, and nearly defray its expenses, which average fourteen cents a day for each convict. We found at the prison-gate, as we came out, a train of elephants kneeling for our service, but we respectfully declined the honor. On the way homeward, we met a small boy in a gilded coach, with postilions and outriders. He was so richly arrayed and superbly attended, that we at once conjectured him to be the heir-apparent. It was fortunate that we saluted him as such; for the minister who attended us afterward informed us that the little lad had been sent out to meet Mr. Seward, and was attended by the entire ministry. We breakfasted alone in our little palace, at ten o'clock. The maharajah came at eleven. He invited Mr. Seward and the ladies to a grand durbar. The English ladies whom we have met in India have declared to us that they decline to receive native princes, on the ground that the ladies of India decline to receive gentlemen in the zenanas. The reason given for this seclusion of women is, that a general intercourse with society would be immoral and unbecoming the dignity of the sex. But we are inclined to think that Christian women who thus refuse to recognize the native gentlemen are in fact adopting the bad customs and manners of India, instead

of commending our own better morals and manners to the people of that country. The prince's invitation was accepted. He seemed to have only just taken his leave, when we were summoned to meet him at the pavilion at the centre gate. Here he conducted us up a winding staircase, and gave us seats in a balcony, which overlooks the esplanade. He performed this courtesy in a manner which showed that he fully understands the Western sentiment of respect for women. He afterward took care to explain to us, through the prime-minister, his regret that the prevailing and uncompromising religious sentiment of the country prevented him from introducing the Western social customs into his own family. He has two wives, neither of whom has ever seen a foreigner, man or woman, nor has ever met even a countryman of her own, other than the nearest blood relations. The prince added that, before the Mohammedan conquest, the women of his own royal house were more distinguished for political ability and energy than the men. A strange remark for an Oriental.

The entertainment to which we had come was an elephant-fight. Two enormous combatants were brought on the field. They came with manifest reluctance. Their tusks had been cut away half their length, and the stumps were bound with brass. They fought by pushing their broad foreheads against each other, and by crowding with the shortened tusks. It was seen, after one short encounter, that one animal was more powerful than the other. The weaker retreated. No effort his keeper made could encourage him to renew the contest, nor could any urging by the driver of the victorious beast induce him to pursue his advantage. The prince dismissed these combatants, or rather non-combatants, with disgust, and caused them to be immediately replaced by two other animals of equally gigantic size. They fought in the same way as the first, and with about the same result, except that the vanquished animal in this case retreated quite out of the arena, while the conqueror was with much difficulty held back from pursuit. These latter contestants gave place in their turn to two others, and the form of the combat varied. With their trunks, they clasped each other by the head, and, thus embraced, they continued a battle

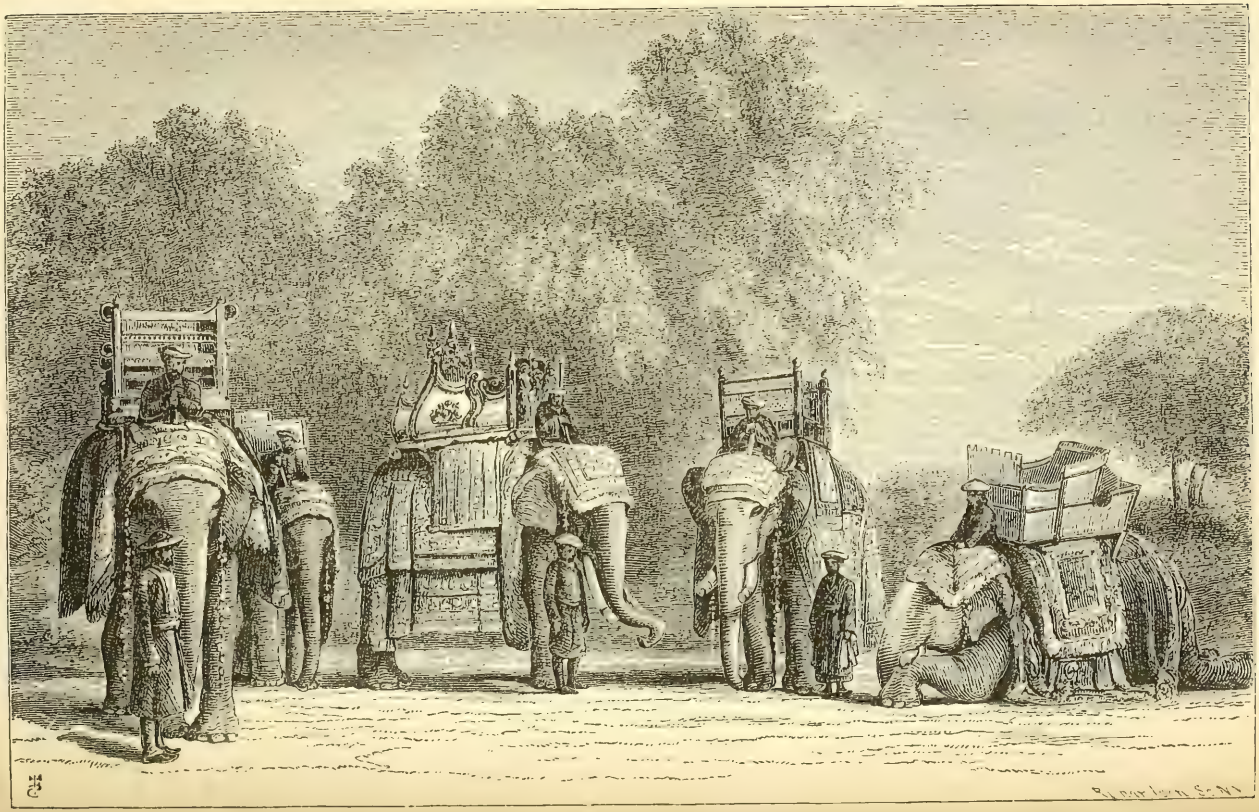
until one became so worried and exhausted that he gave up the contest. The maharajah said, "These elephants are good fighters, but the heat overpowers them." We agreed with him about the temperature, while we thought the performance of the poor beasts needed no apology. The prince now took his leave, and we returned to our palace, and took our seats on the veranda under a canopy of Cashmere shawls, supported by silver staffs, the fountains gurgling at our feet. Two court-jesters appeared before us, and in the Hindoo language went through a rehearsal of drolleries and pantomimes, which seemed to us not unworthy of Dan Rice or G. L. Fox. They gave place to an acrobat, who, although eighty

A CONJUROR AT PUTTEEALA.

years old, displayed prodigious strength and agility. With a long sword in hand, he turned a double somersault, cutting a betel-nut in two parts. Although these performances were ordered for our

own party, they soon attracted a crowd of native spectators, who manifested a higher appreciation for them than we did. We enjoyed much more highly their rapt attention; but the prime minister would have no such vulgar intrusion. The admiring crowd was dispersed. Then came on another sport, a company of jugglers, one, a young man who performed feats with a goat and a monkey; another, a very old and eccentric Sikh, with long, white hair, and eyes as large and sunken as those of Daniel Webster. He seemed a man to whom we should pay our homage, rather than one who should be required to cater to our amusement. His achievement was to make a pigeon fire a mimic cannon. The ordnance was duly loaded and primed. It went off, but, in the act, the gentle gunner rose into the air, and went off too. The string of his captivity had fallen from his feet. He perched on the palace-roof. The poor old man tried in vain to entice him down. He appealed to the new audience which had gathered round, but no assistance could be given. The juggler became inconsolable; when he saw his loss, he assumed an attitude as piteous as that of "Rip Van Winkle" when he discovers the absence of his faithful "Schneider."

Next came a musical band, which gave us a concert on native instruments, playing their pensive airs, which we thought at first so unintelligible, but which we now find pleasing, sometimes quite touching. The gamut is like our own, of eight tones, but in playing or singing a melody, called *rang*, they use all the semi-tones, so that the performance is a chromatic succession of notes, and you have to guess which of the accentuated tones speak the air. Suddenly, at the prime minister's command, this series of diversions came to an end, and all the performers, musicians, jesters, jugglers, acrobats, and fools, disappeared. Thereupon sixty thorough-bred Arabian, Persian, Australian, and African horses, came before us for inspection. They were gorgeously caparisoned, with silken bridles, golden trimmings, kincob and velvet robes, and housings of India cashmere. They wore also gold ear-rings and necklaces and bangles. One of them, which is claimed to be the fastest horse in India, borrows the name "Hermit" from the great English



ELEPHANTS WITH HOWDAHS.

courser. The fantastical grooms manifested scarcely less pride than the horses themselves in showing their fine points.

What wonder that we now thought the princely exhibition was ended? It was not, though. We were summoned again to our seats in the pavilion at the gate. Two elephants came into the area with their calves—one of these born since the captivity of the cow, the other made a captive with its mother in the jungle. Few persons, perhaps, can imagine how skilfully the little animal throws back its trunk, while taking its nutriment. The calf that was "native here, and to the manner born," was bold and indifferent, the other timid and frightened. Its cries were almost human, and the mother's manner of soothing it not less so.

At five o'clock, Mr. Seward, the ladies, Captain Horsford, and servants, were duly mounted in gorgeous howdahs on elephants, Mr. Seward being raised to his howdah in a gilded palanquin. Notwithstanding our previous experience, we all felt insecure in our exaltation. While the elephants rose to their feet, we held fast to the arms of our howdahs, very much as the landsman grasps the bulwark of a ship in a high sea. Our animals marched three abreast, covering the entire pavement of the widened streets. With the careful help of numberless supple grooms, the party came safely to the foot of the broad staircase within the court of the palace, except that, on our calling the roll, Freeman did not answer. He, like the rest, was mounted on an elephant, but was left behind.

The palace is built on the sides of a quadrangle, is four stories high, and is quite imposing. A battalion of infantry presented arms, and a ringing blast from the bugles of a squadron of cavalry greeted us as we entered the court. While we were dismounting, a brass band played the ever-favorite national anthem in honor of Mr. Seward, and the bagpipers followed with "Annie Laurie" in honor of the ladies. We have heretofore described the magnificence of the attire of the Maharajah of Putteeala, when he appeared at the opera and at the concert in Calcutta. We wondered at the strings of emeralds and pearls which drooped from his neck and turban, when he met us yesterday at the citadel. When he paid his visit of ceremony this morning at the pavilion, we thought he

could have nothing in reserve so fine as the diamonds and emeralds he then wore. One chain, suspended from his turban, contained twenty-six brilliants, each as large as a hazel-nut. But those decorations were simplicity itself when compared with the pearls, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds, which flashed upon us as he stood resplendent on the portico above, waiting to receive us. The music, until now hushed, burst forth from twelve unseen bands at once. With majestic courtesy, he took Mr. Seward by the hand and conducted him up the steps, and across the terraced portico, and seated him in a silver arm-chair, which was placed on a dais within a recess, in a great hall of audience, which was filled to its utmost capacity. Then excusing himself, his highness returned to the portico, and conducted one of the ladies to an equally magnificent seat; then returned, and brought the other lady in the same courtly manner. He then seated himself between the two ladies. Mr. Seward had become anxious, and now asked Captain Horsford for Freeman. Inquiry was made, and he was found sitting meekly, if not quite patiently, in his gilded howdah, forgotten in the bustle; equally unable to descend without assistance, or to make his wants known. At command, a silver ladder was raised against the kneeling beast, and Freeman entered, having had to wait his audience at Putteeala, as he had before to wait for the fifteenth amendment to bring him to the citizenship of the United States.

The music ceased. The prince, now turning to Mr. Seward, delivered an elaborate speech, in which he explained, in a strain perhaps not altogether free from Eastern hyperbole, the pride and satisfaction which he derived from Mr. Seward's visit to his capital, and to the palace of his ancestors. This discourse was followed by an address equally complimentary to each of the ladies. Mr. Seward replied that it was particularly gratifying to him to be received with so much consideration in one of the most important of the native states of India. These compliments finished, the infant son and heir of the prince was brought in, accompanied by twenty or more tutors, and attendants, and was formally presented to each of the visitors. The little boy, only four years old, is very pretty. He has large dark eyes and curling black hair. His small

rich scarlet-and-blue silk dress was loaded with jewels. An enormous turban, embroidered with gold, seemed enough to weigh him down. He stood erect and made profound *salams;* then one of his tutors, speaking in the child's name, said: "I had the honor of meeting your excellencies, in your morning drive, and I hope you have had a pleasant day. I shall always remember that I have seen you here." Having gone through his part with perfect propriety, the young prince, like any less distinguished child, laid his curly head on the arm of his great silver chair, and was soon sound

THE PRINCE OF PUTTEEALA

asleep. The maharajah now spoke of his domestic state, saying, however, nothing of wife or wives. He dwelt, as a proud father might, on his two children, the one who was now with us, and the other a girl, still younger, in the zenana. He then gave us a brief account of his father, who was distinguished for his heroism, and of his two sisters, one of whom is dead, the other a widow. This easy and pleasant conversation over, a troop of nautch-girls came upon the floor, more richly dressed and more graceful even than

those we saw at the regatta on the Ganges. The hall was now cleared. Fifty Sikh bagpipers, in British uniform, marched through the hall, discoursing familiar airs under the leadership of a Scottish piper, in tartan and kilts.

After these amusements, the *business* of the durbar was resumed. The maharajah's ministers of state were announced, appeared and made *salams* in a manner which elsewhere might be thought affected or obsequious, but here is graceful and dignified. Mr. Seward detained each, with questions in regard to the affairs of his department, and the form in which it is conducted. Next came the general and commanders of the army, not forgetting the Highland leader of the pipers. Putteeala has no navy. Last, a great number of persons, presented as "relatives of the prince," employed in judicial, political, and municipal trusts. No presentable man in the city was omitted. The presentations being over, a multitude of servants, "that no man in haste could number," came bearing silver trays on their heads filled with India fabrics of muslins, cambrics, cashmeres, silks, and jewels, and laid the whole at Mr. Seward's feet, the trays covering twenty feet square on the floor. The prince, with infinite gravity, invited Mr. Seward to accept this "small and unworthy collection" as a token of his highness's respect and affection. Mr. Seward, having been previously instructed, touched with his finger the simplest article, a turban scarf of purple interwoven with gold thread. The trays and their bearers immediately disappeared, but only to be replaced by a similar display, no less costly and elegant. These treasures were laid at the feet of one of the ladies, who was asked to accept this "poor trash." In accordance with an intimation through an officer, she touched a cashmere shawl. The train and merchandise disappeared, and the third and equal presentation was made to the second lady, who in like manner touched a shawl. The prince, who had looked on with an air of supreme indifference to the whole proceeding, then said to Mr. Seward, "I have a great many other things in the palace, which I should like to present to you, but I will not take up your time to look at them." Then, thanking Mr. Seward and the ladies for having accepted these "unworthy

trifles," he in a loud voice, and with an imperious manner, directed that all the articles which had been thus displayed and offered to us, should be conveyed to Mr. Seward's palace and delivered to his servants. For our part, we are quite sure that "these unworthy trifles" would have been sufficient to stock an Indian bazaar in New York. Price, Freeman, and Jeanie, who had been filled with admiration in witnessing the august ceremony, became suddenly perplexed to know how they should convey so large a quantity of precious baggage in our small special railway car.

The Prince of Putteeala now spoke with pride of the *salon* in which the durbar was held, and not without reason. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, sixty feet wide, and thirty feet high. The roof is supported by double rows of columns, between which are suspended crystal chandeliers, with variegated-glass shades for two thousand lights. The walls, on all sides, are hung with mirrors. Mr. Seward rose to take leave. The betel-nut was offered to our palates, the attar of roses to our hands, and we were dismissed with a suggestion that we should drive through those of the city parks and gardens which we had not yet seen, and then return for a final visit in the evening. The maharajah conducted us down the staircase and placed us in carriages. We drove an hour through the public grounds, being stopped every few rods by gardeners, who covered us with flowers, and filled our carriages with fruit. A band of music, on the way, gave us "God save the Queen," which tune these good people seem to think to be a national hymn of our own. On the way to our pavilion, we met the maharajah, driving his favorite "Hermit" before a dog-cart, at a furious rate, followed by a flying escort.

We returned to the palace at eight o'clock. All the two thousand candles were ablaze, and were reflected to infinitude by the broad, bright mirrors. Not only the *salon*, but the court, the grand stairway, the portico, the entire palace, with its thousand windows and balconies, were illuminated. So the ancestral hall of Putteeala was as brilliant as the mountain-palace in which Cupid visited the enchanted Psyche. We had an hour of conversation, which was the more interesting because informal. It turned chiefly

on the prince's intended journey the next year to England, and his desire to extend it to the United States. He presented his photograph to Mr. Seward, and requested him to write from different points on his travels in India. He then asked for a minute account of the painful event at Washington, in which Mr. Seward was a sufferer. He showed a deep interest in that subject, although his knowledge of it was imperfect. The maharajah now informed us that he had made all needful arrangements for our comfortable journey to the Himalayas. His thoughts then turned once more upon himself. He ordered in, and exhibited with much pride, his state-robes, among them the one in which we had seen him at the concert in Calcutta. All of them were stiffened with jewels. Estimated together, with his paternal shield and sword, their value is half a million dollars.

Taking a final leave, we returned to our pavilion, expecting that our late dinner would be a quiet one. We were mistaken. At the moment when the dessert came upon the table, the Minister of Public Affairs announced an exhibition of fire-works in the garden. We walked through a section of it which we had not previously had time to explore, and, amid the murmuring of cascades, took our seats in the balcony of a little palace or pavilion, the counterpart of the one in which we reside. The pyrotechnic exhibition had all the variety of our similar displays at home, but in excess. A party of a hundred artists on each side of the oblong lake were to alternate with a corresponding corps on the opposite side. These performers were, however, so emulous that, instead of making such a measured display as they intended, the whole exhibition went off simultaneously. There were lanterns, transparencies, rockets, serpents, trees, wheels, stars, ribbons, candles, balloons, naval fights, and bombardments; all these illuminations being reflected from the surface of the clear, smooth lake and surrounding cascades and fountains. The unexpected activity of the performers, while it produced much perplexity and confusion, had, nevertheless, one compensation for us; within twenty minutes from the time the display began, sun, moon, stars, dragons, serpents, and balloons, were expiring all around us, leaving only blackened frame-works on the ground.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLANCE AT THE HIMALAYAS.

Departure from Putteeala.—Along the Banks of the Jumna.—Protection from the Sun.—Reception at Pindarrie.—An Illumination.—Kalka and Kussowlee.—The British Commissioner.—A View of the Himalayas.—An Irish Home.

April 3d.—We left Putteeala, on the morning of the 1st instant, by a train of four-horse post-coaches, which the maharajah had placed at our service, and, under a farewell salute, began the last stage of our excursion to the Himalayas. After stopping here to lunch, we continued the journey thirty-five miles along the banks of the Jumna, making in all sixty-nine miles. Though the country over which we passed seemed sandy and barren, yet the firm metallic roads were crowded with bullock and dak mule-trains carrying freights to the troops, dwellers, and sojourners, in the mountains. All classes here regard the sun as their chief enemy, and the head as his point of attack. The natives, not content with covering it with a thick turban, draw all their garments over it, and even wear their pallet beds upon it. For ourselves, we have divided on this subject. The ladies wear the solar *topees* (pith hats) of the country, while Mr. Seward adheres tenaciously to his light, broad-brimmed "Panama." As the night came on, the dak animals, arriving at their frequent stations, were unharnessed, and, as they would say on the Plains, were "corralled." Their drivers sat down to enjoy their frugal meals under the trees. The breeze, however, on that day awakened a driving, blinding sand-storm, bringing on

thick darkness. Our road, sometimes crossing river-channels, now dry, and then winding across orchards of mango, tamarind, and date-palm trees, on the plain, became uncertain and unsafe. The only lights which appeared in the lonely journey were by no means inspiriting. They were Hindoo obsequies, and

"All around
Glared evermore the frequent funeral-piles."

The fearful sand-storm was laid by a pouring rain, which only made the darkness more intense. We were about sinking with fatigue and apprehension, when our spirits were roused by innumerable torch-lights. The people of Pindarrie, a town belonging to the Maharajah of Putteeala, looking for our arrival, had come out to meet us on the plain. Under this cheering illumination, they presented to us their "submission," and tendered the hospitalities of the place. They conducted us through crowded streets, and we alighted under a broad, high gate. Received here, we passed, by the light of the torches, a series of fountains with intervening cascades, like those of Putteeala—our guides at the same time informing us that the walks had been illuminated, but, much to their disappointment and grief, the storm had extinguished the lights. A pavilion in the spacious garden received us for the night. It differed from *our house* at Putteeala, being of purer Hindoo architecture, instead of being Moorish with European accessories. The dinner provided for us, though elaborate, did not detain us long. Clambering high, steep stairways, and passing through narrow corridors, we reached a suite of apartments, with balconies overlooking the fountains. We were most reluctantly awakened two hours later by an announcement that the storm was over, and that the garden was illuminated for our special entertainment. It is not in human nature to resist persevering kindness timidly offered. We dressed and performed with all alacrity the duty expected of us as admiring spectators. The light, refracted and streaming through the cascades, gathered into brightness over them, and glistening on the dripping foliage up through the orange-trees, lost itself in the pale, glimmering rays of the half-clouded moon. Unlike

our experience at "the metropolis," our sleep that night in provincial Pindarrie was not a complete success. Our house was indeed Oriental in its appointments as well as in construction. The atmosphere, cooled by the storm, was refreshing, and the music of rustling leaves and falling waters was soothing, but the princely pavilion, inhabited only on occasions like the present, has become the abode of owls, bats, rats, lizards, and centipedes. We had hardly fallen into a second slumber, when we were aroused this time to wage war with those malignant disturbers of human repose. The allied army was more than once put to flight, but it came back with a strong reënforcement of well-disciplined and practical mosquitoes. The trial was attended by only one equivalent: it enabled us to see, as the storm cleared away, and the full moon resumed her splendor, a range of the Himalayas stretching across the northern horizon.

The next morning, at an early hour, we drove four miles to Kalka, at the base of the mountains, the end of the carriage-road. In reaching Kalka, we had come twelve hundred miles from Calcutta, and gained an elevation of two thousand feet, without other evidence of it than a somewhat lower temperature, and a slightly perceptible difference of vegetation. We were now to climb five thousand feet higher, to the summit of the lowest range of the Himalayas, at Kussowlee, and to do this in a journey of nine miles. Mountain-travel here is done in three ways; by the *jhampau*, a rude sedan-chair; the *palkee*, a covered litter, in which the passenger is obliged to lie down; or in the saddle with mules and ponies. We took jhampaus and ponies. At the moment of departure, our guide, raising his arm almost perpendicularly, pointed to a white object, high up the mountain-acclivity, and said, "Behold Kussowlee!" Like all mountain-roads, these are engineered by torrents winding down deep, irregular, and dark ravines or *cañons*. At one moment we had the sun on our right, then quickly on our left, sometimes in front, and sometimes at our back, and as often directly overhead. Often we descended, by a long road hewn from the mountain-side, into shaded dells, and crossed noisy brooks, only to rise by a similar acclivity to higher hill-tops. Sometimes we looked for an indefinite distance over the smiling plain of the Jumna, almost

fancying that we saw its junction with the Ganges, and then suddenly found ourselves imprisoned within lowering, frowning walls of mountain-rocks. We passed a fortification, which, before the British occupation, protected the peaceful lowlanders against incursions from the wild and more vigorous invaders from Afghanistan. It hung so long over our heads that we thought this castle must mark the end of our journey. With much surprise, we afterward found ourselves looking down upon the same fortification, and as yet we were more than five miles from Kussowlee. The date-palm maintains its foothold for only a short distance on the mountain-side. Wheat-fields are seen at the height of three thousand feet. Those below are quite ready for the sickle, while the uppermost fields show the bluish-green blade, as we see it at home, when just unveiled from the snow. Wheat will be gathered on the banks of the Potomac long before that which is growing on these mountain-terraces. The palm and the mango gave place chiefly to the low *candelabra* cactus, which seems to require neither depth of soil nor constant moisture. This showy plant intermingles with elders and alders, white, blue, yellow, purple, and crimson mountain-flowers, here and there a dwarf rhododendron, and profuse "Virginia creepers." At the height of four thousand feet, the cactus gives up the struggle, and the small plateaus are covered with low spreading pines, with trunks of not more than eight inches in diameter. The road now becomes more steep, the precipices more abrupt. It is the season of drought. The mountain-sides are brown. There is, nevertheless, in every dell, a village or hamlet, the houses mainly built of sand-stone, with thatched-roofs, and surrounded by stacks of hay and small herds of small cattle, much more sleek and fat than those which are raised on the plains. Travellers who have visited the eastern part of the Himalayas tell us that, on heights greater than those which we reached, they found forests of oak and laurel. We did not see the eagle which those travellers describe as soaring over the mountain-peaks, nor the monkey which they say pelts the passer-by in the valley of Cashmere. Before we reached Kussowlee, thick clouds arose, as is their wont, leaving no towering peak, pinnacle, or distant range of mountains visible. Kussowlee, a not in-

considerable native town, is now occupied with army hospitals and a small garrison. Major Parsons, commissioner at Simla, had provided for us a pleasant lodge in the village. A lassitude came over us in consequence of our travelling in the upper air, and this commingled with feelings of disappointment that, although we had come so far to see the Himalayas, we were to see only their base. The British officers, considerate and hospitable, as we have universally found them, allowed us two hours for rest, before the entertainment at which we were to receive their families. Here, as at Pindarrie, we were awakened prematurely, but more to our satisfaction; the sky had brightened, and the snow-clad range was visible. We hastened to the veranda, and the Himalayas confronted us, stretching east and west as far as the eye could reach, looming half-way up to the centre of the heavens. The crest was an undulating field of dazzling snow; but presto, change! Even at the moment when we were aiming the telescope, black spots descended on that white mantle. The clouds came back again. Thenceforth, neither rocks nor snow-fields were to be seen. The distant Himalayas had disappeared as suddenly as they had come before us. Nevertheless, we were content. We stood on the giant's foot, and for one moment had looked him fully in the face.

At mid-day the horizon cleared, and we saw, eastward, the valley in which the mighty Ganges has his cradle; and, westward, the plain in which not only the Indus has its fountains, but also that from which the Jhylum and Sutlej spring. It was something to study, from this stand-point, the geography of the continent. From our eminence we distinctly traced the mountain-passes through which the northern invaders of India came—the Tartar, the Afghan, the Persian, and even the great Macedonian. We left with regret the interesting society which gathered around us at Kussowlee. As we descended the mountain, we remarked that we found this portion of the Himalayas as sterile and dull during a large part of the year as the Rocky Mountains. Neither the one nor the other can be cultivated without partial irrigation, but with it the now desolate valleys and table-lands may be made as luxuriant and beautiful as the peaks which rise above them are sublime.

It was nightfall when we reached our Hindoo resting-place at Pindarrie. All the way down, the guides were on the lookout for panthers, which infest this fine Government road, but we saw no wild-beast of any kind, though we heard all around us the mournful and distracting howls of the jackal. Cakes, tea, and wine, awaited us at Kalka—a generous supper, with renewed and successful illumination of the fountains, at Pindarrie.

Simple, gentle mountaineers! Pleased above all other pleasures when pleasing the stranger. When shall we see again hospitalities like those of town and country in Putteeala?

Taking our leave as soon as possible, we resumed our carriages at eleven o'clock, and by the light of the now unclouded moon we made our way down the bank of the Jumna, and found the gates and door of Major Tigh's Irish home wide open at three o'clock in the morning. What a happy realm Great Britain would be, if the English and the Gaelic elements were combined as harmoniously in the entire population of the islands as they are in that genial dwelling!

THE HIMALAYAS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALLAHABAD AND JUBBULPOOR.

An Interesting Debate.—Earl Mayo, the Viceroy of India.—His Murder.—The Vindhya Mountains.—Industrial Activity of Jubbulpoor.—An Elephant Ride.—A Night Voyage on the Nerbudda.—Romantic and Beautiful Scenery.—Hindoo Tenderness for Animals.

Government House, Allahabad, April 6th.—We arrived at a late hour last night. The rest which was so needful was broken at dawn by martial music. A detachment was escorting the viceroy from the railway-station to Government House.

We have had the good fortune to hear a very interesting debate in the Legislative Council, over which he presides, and also of dining with him and the members of that distinguished body. The viceroy is on his way with his court to the summer capital of Simla, in the same lower range of the Himalayas from which we have just descended. He rests here to-night, and the day after to-morrow he will hold the great durbar at Lucknow. The invitations to us to witness it are earnest, but the entire press of India is warning us to leave the country before the intense heat comes on.

Earl Mayo[1] has won our grateful regard by the studious care he

[1] On the 8th of May, 1872, this wise and benevolent statesman, able magistrate, and genial friend, received his death at the hands of a Mohammedan political prisoner, while on a tour of inspection of the penitentiary at Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. Our excellent friend Lord Napier, as Governor of Madras, succeeded him as Viceroy of India, *ad interim*.

has practised for our safety, comfort, and instruction, during our travels in the country. Mr. Seward is highly gratified in having had this opportunity to renew his acknowledgments, and to assure the viceroy of the evidences he finds everywhere of the success of his administration.

We take our departure to-night, and with it our regrets that we have not language to express to Sir William Muir and his family our appreciation and gratitude for all their kindness.

Jubbulpoor, April 8th.—We left Allahabad at midnight and opened our eyes this morning on a broad table-land of the Vindhya Mountains, the range which, traversing Hindostan from east to west, parts the tributaries of the Ganges from those of the Nerbudda and the Indus. These mountains, better known in early geography as the north border of the Deccan, intersect the lofty Ghauts which stretch from Cape Comorin quite up to the Himalayas. This region is less densely inhabited and more sparingly cultivated than the plain of the Ganges. Aboriginal tribes are still existing here, which have survived all the political changes of two thousand years, and still retain their primitive languages, religions, and customs.

Jubbulpoor exhibits much industrial activity. It is for Western India what Ogden is for the western region of the United States. The railways from Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, meet here. Mr. Grant, commissioner for the province, has received us with the same British hospitality and courtesies that have made our sojourn in India so agreeable. In this inclement season few Europeans travel even on the railways during the day, and none go abroad in any other way except at night. Nothing remains for us, therefore, on our arrival, but to enjoy a most welcome sleep.

April 9th.—Carriages were in waiting at our door last evening, and we drove through the pretty suburb of the town, and into the open country. Night had fully set in when we reached a wooded glen. As we descended from the carriages, two grim elephants

kneeled before us. These animals are used instead of ambulances in the army. A rough board or pannier is swung on either side of the elephant, with a swinging stirrup below it. The rider is secured to his seat, if he need, by a rope round his waist, which is fastened to the animal's head. Our elephants, though docile enough, were young and impatient. They tramped four miles in half an hour, in the dark, along a narrow path through the jungle, fording a broad and deep stream on the way, greatly to our terror. At the end of the march, we stood at the door of a dak bungalow, hanging half-way down a rocky precipice, with the Nerbudda meandering at its base. We rested an hour in the bungalow, and then with the aid of guides made our way cautiously three hundred and fifty feet down, and took our seats in a flat-bottomed boat. Patient Hindoos applied themselves noiselessly to the oars, and the voyage which we began, though dull at first, soon became one of absorbing interest. The Nerbudda here forces its passage through a mountain of white marble, and is twisted right and left by ledges projecting from either bank. The deep, dark river moves in its serpentine channel without perceptible current. The summits of the banks, changing position with every stroke of the oars, are covered with forest-trees, over the tops of which are seen the pinnacles of innumerable Hindoo temples, raised here by a sentiment of superstitious reverence for scenery so romantic and beautiful. The river has the breadth of the Delaware at the famous Gap. The waning moon now rose over our heads. First, the one white rocky bank received the silvery light, while the other was in dark shadow, then the other, and then, for only an instant, both shores. Now the temples and tree-tops intercepted the rays, then the luminary was reflected entire by the clear, still waters. The glistening, winding precipices, now in light, and now in shade, took on the shapes of castles, palaces, cathedrals, and temples. It seemed as if we were passing beneath the ruins of some vast capital like Benares. A dead silence prevailed, except that the owl, disturbed by our coming, poured forth his sad complaints from the overhanging rocks, and the jackal shrieked his despairing cry of hunger. All the while the river was smooth, and alternately black

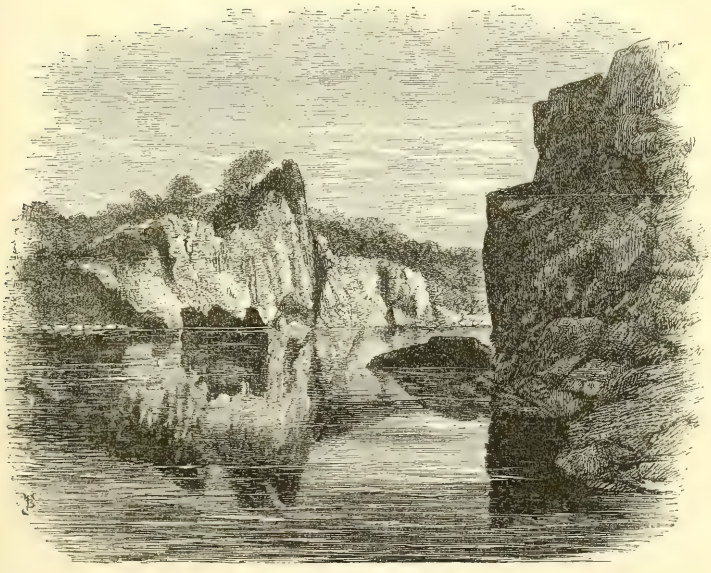
or shimmering in the moonlight. Suddenly our barge trembled, the stream beneath it broke into rapids, and we heard coming up before us the rumbling sound of a cataract. The voyage was finished. Returning by the same gentle beating of the oars, we studied under a more constant light all these enchantments in detail. The moon withdrew her light as we climbed the rugged bank and reached the bungalow. Then, laying aside our ambition for elephantine pomp, we contentedly took our seats in a jaunting-car, before which were harnessed two little white bullocks, leaving the elephants to follow with the servants. Our driver had an odd way of inciting the animals. Whenever they stopped, he had only to pull their tails, and away they went over hill and dale, down the crooked ravine, and through the perilous ford, with such speed that they reached the station half an hour before the stately elephants, who came up at their appointed time. Here we resumed our carriages. During the livelong night, wild beasts held high carnival around us on our homeward way. Jackals filled the air with their howls, and wild-boars dashed across the road, scarcely taking care to avoid the hoofs of our horses.

It is almost enough to raise a doubt of the unity of the human race, when one is called to contrast the perverse tenderness of the Hindoos toward animals, with the vigorous war which all other races make to subjugate or exterminate them. This tenderness is a fruit of the national Pythagorean philosophy, whose element is transmigration, and teaches that the souls of men, after death, enter the bodies of animals. To what height of absurdity has this idea been carried! The Thugs, now happily suppressed, found in it a religious warrant for plundering and strangling men, dividing the spoils with their altar of Kali. No Hindoo can be induced to pursue the tiger, the lion, or even the cobra de capello. It must have been in Hindostan that Mr. Darwin found his theory, which derives man from the monkey. The Hindoo farmer not only allows the simian race to feed on his growing crops and fruits, but also to glean in the harvest field. We felicitated the gardener at Putteeala on his fine crop of oranges. He responded that the monkeys would carry off the largest portion of the fruit. We

asked him why he did not drive them off. "We do frighten them away, but they come back again."

"Why do you not kill them?"

"Oh!" he replied, "if a man should kill one of those filching fellows, a hundred of them would come together, and they would never leave that man alive."



THE NERBUDDA.

CHAPTER XV.

BOMBAY.

The Ghaut Mountains.—A Cosmopolitan City.—The Natives of Bombay.—A Mixed Population.—Chinese, Siamese, Javanese, Cingalese, Sikh, Afghan, and Cashmerian.—The Races of the South and the North, of the East and the West.—Parsee Customs.—Parsee Religion.—Hindoo, Mohammedan, and Parsee Disposal of the Dead.—Admiral Cockburn.—The Great Heat.—An Excursion to Elephanta.

United States Consulate, Bombay, April 13th.—We arrived here on the 11th. The two mountain-ranges of the west coast of India, called the Eastern and Western Ghauts, resemble our own Alleghanies. Their loftiest peaks are several thousand feet high. Although our journey from Jubbulpoor lay across both ranges, the highest plateau we crossed was two thousand feet. The largest cotton-fields of India are found in the valleys of the Nerbudda and the Taptee. Marvellous engineering has been practised in bringing the railway down from the plain of Nerbudda to the valley of the Taptee, which carries the ocean-tide up to the once great and now not unimportant port of Surat, one hundred and sixty miles north of Bombay.

Our first impression on arriving here was that Bombay is more cosmopolitan than any other city in India. We experienced a feeling almost of regret when we left the cosy railway-car, which, for nearly a month, had been our rolling home. The stars and stripes were floating over the consulate not far from the railway station, and Mr. Farnham, the consul here, was awaiting our arrival. The Governor of Bombay, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, sent a secretary to

tender us the hospitalities of Government House, and we found, also awaiting us, that eminent native gentleman, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, with his three sons. Although the city of Bombay stands on an island, the railway-traveller is not made aware of its separation from the main-land. The terraced shore of the island looks across a bay, studded with lesser islands, and capacious enough for the commerce of the world. Lofty promontories, stretching out from the coast, divide the harbor into three not unequal basins. The native population here, more than in Madras and Calcutta, have engaged in European commerce, and they have also in a considerable degree come to adopt Western usages and customs. Indeed, it needs a close examination to distinguish between the streets and dwellings occupied by the natives and those inhabited by Europeans. The cocoa-nut palm seems a universal favorite for purposes of shade and ornament. It embowers and almost conceals the homes of the million inhabitants of Bombay. The railroad system, recently completed, which connects the city with Calcutta, as well as with the peninsula and the Punjab, has enabled Bombay to supplant Calcutta as the gate of India. The people of Calcutta are sharply divided between the native Hindoo population and the resident Europeans. Bombay, on the contrary, has a mixed population. You see this the moment you enter the Bazaar, for so is called the part of the city devoted to native trade. There the inevitable and versatile Chinaman—who is seaman, merchant, and banker—the effeminate Siamese, Javanese, and Cingalese of the south, mingle with the sturdy Sikh, Afghan, and Cashmerian of the north. The native Mahratta stalks with haughty bearing through the streets, followed by the Portuguese half-castes of Goa. The black native of Madagascar is here, with the Persian, the Arab, the Abyssinian, the Syrian, the Turk, and the Greek from the Levant. Here in Bombay, moreover, Asiatics aspire to and gain high commercial rank, and social and political positions, under the liberal patronage of the government. The Parsee merchant vies with the educated Hindoo in establishing charity-schools and hospitals, and both alike obtain seats in the Legislative Council. We have come even thus early under equal obligations to emu-

lous members of the two emulous classes. We were entertained at dinner on the 10th at Government House by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald and his mother. Some fifty ladies and gentlemen, all English, including the Bishop of Bombay, the members of the Legislative Council, and many officers of the army, were present. Though the dining-hall is furnished after the English fashion, the house is a spacious bungalow of one story, like most such structures in the tropics, with an encircling veranda as wide as the house. Our entertainment yesterday was equally hospitable, but of a very different character. Manockjee Cursetjee, our Parsee host, with his two sons, stood at the basement-door of a square house of four lofty stories. Every apartment of the house looks out upon either the sea or the city. Although it was not yet dark, every chamber was brilliantly illuminated. We thought, at first, that this style of dwelling belonged exclusively to the Parsee, but we have found out since that the Hindoo emulates the Parsee in the height of the house and the brilliancy of its lights. The Parsee's palace affords every convenience and comfort except the necessary easy staircase. We declined the offer of being carried up by chairs, and ascended instead the corkscrew which leads to the fourth story, where we were received in a grand *salon* by the accomplished daughters of our host. They were dressed exquisitely in the native costume, except that they were guilty of offence against the national sense of propriety by covering their feet with shoes, and their hands with gloves. Manockjee Cursetjee, Esquire, is a Parsee of good family, native here, who acquired an English education, and studied law in the English university. Having obtained a judicial appointment from the government, and discharged its functions for some years with ability and success, he visited England and travelled extensively throughout Europe, being everywhere received in high circles. His daughters, who have been instructed by English governesses, have also travelled in Europe, and they are understood to be the first Hindoo ladies who have done so. His two sons were educated at Oxford and Cambridge. The ladies assured us that when travelling in Europe they adopted the Western costume, but they conform here to the Oriental habits and the dress of their

people. The gentlemen make a compromise on the clothes question. They were dressed at dinner faultlessly in European fashion, but had on scarlet-velvet caps; while the father, throughout the entire evening, wore that strange, uncomfortable, ill-looking, funnel-shaped hat, by which the disciple of Zoroaster is known, and has been known a thousand years, wherever he has been seen throughout the whole world. Probably asceticism is inseparable from devotion; certainly it has revealed itself at some time in the progress of every religion. Moreover, asceticism has always seized

PARSEE CHILDREN.

upon the head to make it bear witness to the principle of humiliation. In Christian countries, the Friends and Shakers prescribe certain rules for wearing the hair and for the shape of the hat. The Roman Catholic orders, regular and voluntary, do the same thing, though not precisely in the same way. The Buddhist no less than the Dominican requires the bare and shaven head. At the very foundation of the Christian Church, Paul made it a point of discipline that man ought not to "cover his head," nor women

to wear "broidered hair." So rigid are the Parsees on the same subject that it is not lawful for one of the sect, man, woman, or child, to have an uncovered head within-doors or out-of-doors, by day or by night, awake or asleep. Perhaps this observation may not be thought entirely worthless, since it shows how inseparably manners are allied to morals. The intelligent Parsee insists that he worships not the sun nor fire, but that he adores one Supreme Spiritual God, though he admits that he reveres fire and the sun as an identical manifestation of the Deity. He does not claim, however, that the unenlightened members of the sect make, or are capable of making, this distinction. It is certain that every evening, wherever we may be, whether on the strand or on the terrace, we see the Parsee stop, stand still, and stretch forth his hands to the retiring god of day, in a posture of devout adoration. The Parsee temples are singularly plain. They contain nothing which is esteemed sacred except the fires which burn on the altars, and which, according to their belief, have never been extinguished. Their religion does not forbid animal food, nor are they divided into castes, but the sect has unconsciously taken upon itself the Asiatic idea of excluding women from society, and the Hindoo practice of premature marriage. Notwithstanding their accommodation in this respect to the customs of those around them, Parsees are more intelligent, inquiring, and enterprising, than any other class of society in the East. In all foreign countries, they bear the character of honorable and liberal merchants. Here, where they are at home, their honor is sometimes questioned, but their enterprise is universally conceded. Their light complexion and regular features prove them to be of a higher Caucasian type than the Hindoos.

In our drive yesterday, we passed a gate which disclosed an open area filled with the blaze of Hindoo pyres. We stopped to inquire into the form of the ceremony. Religion as well as custom requires that the nearest of kin shall apply the torch and watch the flames. The devout Bramin does not doubt that this act of piety performed by a son secures an instant opening of the gates of paradise to the departed parent. They tell us that until lately these burning ghauts were open on all sides, that they were found

offensive, and that the British Government made strenuous efforts to induce the Bramins to discontinue the practice of cremation, or at least to remove the scene to a more secluded place. The only change, however, which could be secured, was the consent that a wall might be erected around the ghaut.

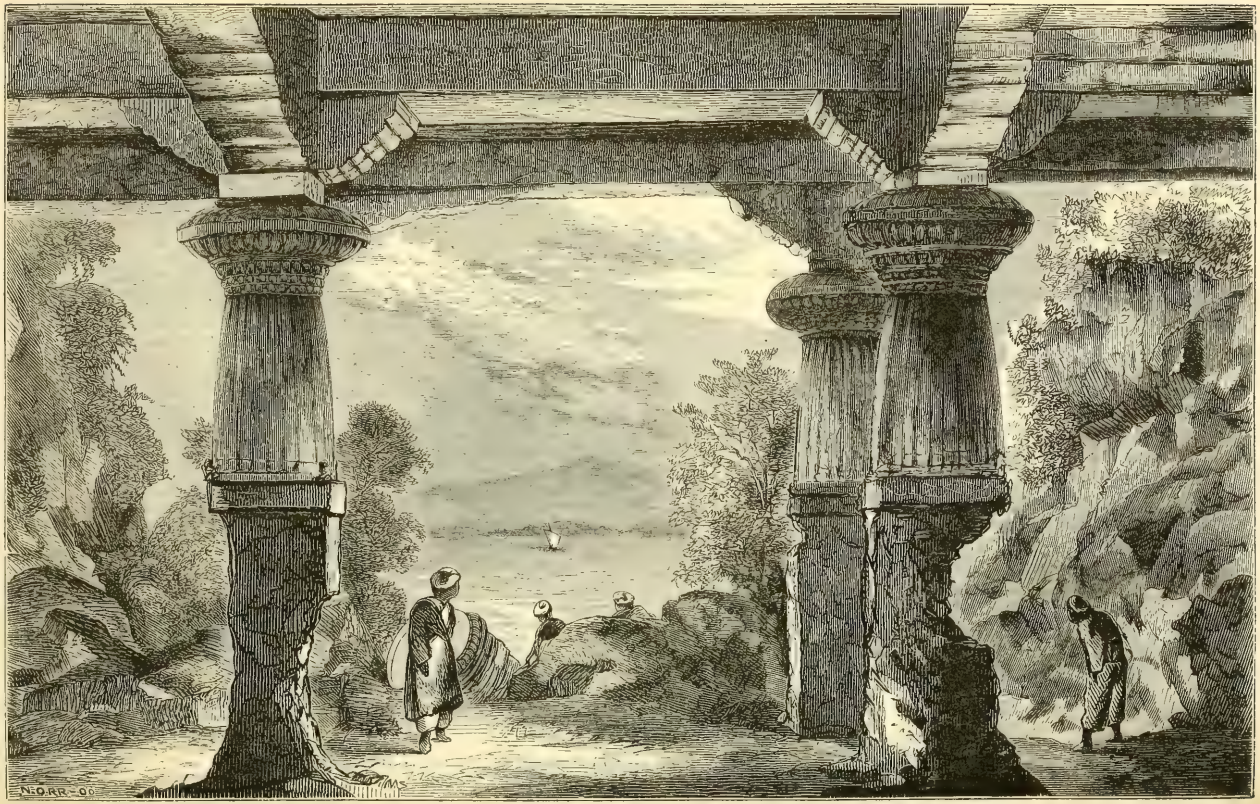
A large enclosure adjoins the ghauts. It is a Mohammedan cemetery. Their monuments and graves are not unlike our own. Last of all, we came to the Parsee's home of the dead. It is a hill, enclosed with a very high wall. On the summit there is a dense grove of lofty palms; in the centre of this grove, and high above its foliage, rises the "Tower of Silence." The tower encloses and protects a dark, deep, open well, and across the top of the tower is a firmly-fixed grating of iron bars. The dead body is laid upon this iron grate, the flesh to be the food of the birds of the air; the bones, as they fall asunder from exposure and decay, to drop into the promiscuous pit below. The Parsee who was our guide protests that this giving up the remains of friends and kindred to the vulture, the eagle, and the raven, seems horrible to him; wherefore, when he was not long ago called upon to deposit the remains first of a wife, then of a daughter, he protected them with a strong metallic screen, so that the remains were left to natural decomposition from the sacred heat of the sun, and were absorbed in the pure atmosphere which he enlightens. We, of course, commended this refinement of his, although, to our minds, the truest mode of disposing of the body from which the spirit has departed is "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

April 14th.—When in Northern India, we hastened our journey as much as possible to meet Admiral Cockburn, who had telegraphed us that he was waiting with the Forte, to convey Mr. Seward and his party up the Persian Gulf. On our arrival here, all classes of Europeans, Americans, and natives alike, protested that the season is too far advanced. As it so often happens at such times, travellers and letters have come down from Muscat, describing the heat there as absolutely frightful. They add that the small-pox is raging throughout the country, that a famine is extensively

prevailing, and finally that insurrection and civil war have broken out. Admiral Cockburn, prudent as he is generous, has been deterred by these representations. Under his advice, therefore, we have relinquished the cherished purpose of visiting Muscat, Bagdad, and the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.

We must pass by the many *recherché* entertainments given us by British residents in their beautiful villas on Malabar Hill, a place worth a graphic description.

But if we neglect contemporaries, we cannot afford to be thoughtless of the ancients. Yesterday we made a steam-yacht excursion in the harbor, with several ladies and gentlemen, among them the eminent Mahratta physician and scholar, Dr. Bhau Daji. The sail disclosed to us the beautiful environs of Bombay, especially the harbor and islands. The landing at Elephanta Island is represented by travellers as very difficult, but the Duke of Edinburgh was here, and, of course, the caves of Elephanta must be shown, at whatever cost, to the scion of England's royal line. In this emergency, the municipality of Bombay issued bonds and erected a convenient pier. We, alien republicans, now landed on that very wharf, not unmindful of our obligations to the Council of Bombay, or of our good fortune in coming after, and not before, Victoria's sailor son. We ascended an easy flight of stone steps to a plateau one hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This esplanade as well as the entire island is deeply shaded with the beautiful, round-topped Palmyra palm. A decrepit Irish soldier, with his family, in a bamboo shanty, thatched with banana and palm leaves, keeps watch and ward over the place. Passing to the centre of the plateau and turning to the right, we confronted a work of human art, gigantic and marvelous. It is a subterranean temple. The builders, beginning half-way up the mountain declivity, and cutting down perpendicularly, have removed the mountain-face to the depth of thirty feet, and to the width of three hundred feet. The perpendicular wall thus disclosed is of basalt. This rock, they have hewn and chiselled away to the very centre of the mountain, and wrought it into a temple with perfect architectural forms and just proportions. The excavation consists of four chambers, the central one is majestic with gateways,



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE ELEPHANTA.

abutments, porches, columns, pilasters, cornices, and vaulted ceilings, as complete and perfect as if, instead of having been carved in the rock, they had been detached from it, framed and erected on the ground. While no architectural element is omitted, all are perfectly finished. The broad pavement is as level and smooth as that of the rotunda at Washington. The ceiling needs no preparation to receive either fresco or gilding. The dome is spherical, while the columns upon which it rests, or seems to rest, have regular bases, bands, flutings, and capitals, though all alike are shaped from the undisturbed rock. We even thought it necessary to examine the lintels of the doors to see if they were not detached pieces of the rock itself. Standing in the porch or within the temple, and looking inward, you confront the farther wall. In its centre, a deep recess twenty feet square, reaching from floor to roof, is surmounted by a bold arch. Within this recess is a colossal figure, or combination of figures, the triune god: Brahma representing the creative power, Vishnu the preserving power, and Siva the destroying power. Each of the figures is twice the human size. Brahma is looking forward in an attitude of calmness and contemplation; at his feet is a crouching lion. Vishnu rests on a bed of lotus-flowers. Siva in one hand wields a drawn sword, and in the other holds a cobra ready to strike. The gigantic group is completed by the accessories of dwarfs and inferior gods. The ceiling of the recess is decorated with a crowd of not less than fifty or sixty figures, such as, if found in a Christian temple, would be taken as representing angels. Every figure within the niche has a distinctive character, and is not deficient in force. But this group within the recess is only one group, the entire temple being a gallery full of like statuary. On either side of the principal hall or temple are lesser chambers or chapels, and the walls of these are covered with allegorical works, illustrating the transformations, incantations, battles, triumphs, marriages, and miracles of the several members of the Braminical trinity. It is the opinion of Dr. Bhau Daji that this temple was excavated about twelve hundred years ago. No wonder that it remains complete in its forms and proportions! No storm can penetrate it, and no flood can invade it. Even the earth-

quake has spared it. Not so the demon of religious zeal. The intolerant followers of the false prophet mutilated these heathen faces and forms in the fourteenth century, and the no less fanatical Portuguese, who came in the wake of the Mohammedans, finding the task of defacing with the hammer too slow, brought a battery of cannon to the temple-door, and battered the stone gods. What human sentiment is so strong as that of devotion? The passions of love, hate, and pride, have covered the surface of the earth with their monuments. But here, in this cave of Elephanta, devotion has written its sublimest faith in the very centre of the earth itself! The chamber which is at the right of the temple, as you look inward, contains a spring of pure, ever-flowing water. The Bramins think it possesses a healing virtue, and it is among their fond conceits that the purifying water comes through a subterraneous passage from the Ganges. However this may be, the Irish custodian of the temple assured us that it is the "swatest wather for dhrinking in all India." When we looked at his suspicious blackened eye and damaged nose, we regretted for his sake that he does not confine himself to "that same."

The cave-temple of Elephanta is by no means a solitary monument. There are two others scarcely less spacious and elaborate on the same small island. In other parts of this coast, as well as in Ceylon, there are not only excavated temples of Brahma, but also of Buddha, of dimensions so vast and execution so marvellous as to throw these of Elephanta into the shade.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXCURSION TO GOA.

A Voyage on the Coast of Malabar.—A Perilous Predicament.—Dubious Navigation.—Situation of Goa.—Official Courtesies.—History of Goa.—The Old City.—St. Francis Xavier.—Miraculous Cures.—Character of Xavier.—Public Institutions.—The Governor's Villa.—Historical Reminiscences.—A Goa Poet.—A Cordial Farewell.

Off the Coast of Malabar, April 19, 1871.—We were in a strait on Friday last. An excursion down this coast to ancient Goa, the first effective European settlement in India, and always the capital of the Portuguese Indian possessions, promised a pleasure not to be lost, and seemed a study not to be omitted. But Mr. Seward had engaged to dine with the Byculla Club of Bombay to-morrow, and the semi-weekly packet to Goa could not be relied upon. With twenty-four hours' knowledge of this dilemma, the Government fitted out a revenue-cutter lying in commission. The captain was unacquainted with the route, and an extra one was appointed; crew, furniture, and provisions, were extemporized, and, to make assurance of an exact return doubly sure, we sailed on Saturday at sunset.

The Camel, besides her proper British colors, was courteously invested with the stars and stripes, and we were accompanied by Mr. Farnham, the United States consul. Proceeding merrily, with a speed of eight knots, we began to inquire about dinner and sleeping arrangements. Sea-sickness came earlier than dinner. The cabins were spacious enough, but unavailable. The

vessel sat low in the water, and the ports were necessarily closed, the thermometer standing at ninety degrees. Cabins were improvised on deck by means of flapping sails. These privations gave the voyage something of the zest of a picnic, and we endured them with the resolution to enjoy discomforts, usually practised on such occasions.

Our double captaincy unanimously decided, the night being dark, that we should push directly out to sea. We pushed so far that it was not until noon on Sunday that we came back in sight of land. We proceeded until nightfall in full view of the Western Ghauts. Notwithstanding the loss of time during the previous night, we found ourselves on Sunday noon so far advanced that our Siamese captain determined to "slow down," that is to say, "slacken up," so as to avoid reaching Goa before daylight the next morning. With the pleasing intimation that we should leave the ship at sunrise, we retired to our mattresses at nine o'clock, the crumbling Portuguese forts on the Goa shore looming up on the coast, and the disdained Bombay packet just before us, leading the way. Our sleep was "murdered" by a mutiny among the crew, which was only quelled when the leader was tied up at the forecastle. Monday's dawn, instead of the summons to go ashore, brought blank consternation! We were not at anchor in the harbor, but once more afloat on the sea, no land in sight, neither of our navigators knew where, and, stranger still, neither knew how we came there. Sunrise gave not only light but an unmistakable object to steer by. Joy radiated from the faces of the captains; and, for ourselves, nothing but our early training in the first of the ten commandments which came down from Sinai, prevented us from becoming Parsees and worshipping the fiery orb on the spot. We steered due east, and the first land-mark showed that we had left Goa twenty miles behind. We made it, however, though not without peril from hidden rocks, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

If the gallant officers who had been waiting for us twelve long hours, in their tight, uncomfortable uniforms, were surprised to see us coming through a dangerous southern channel, as if from Mauritius, instead of the safe northern one from Bombay, their aston-

ishment did not exceed that of our two commanders, who until this very time are unable to account for their error of navigation. The native pilot, they say, disobeyed their directions; "there was suddenly a strong outward current unknown in this sea before;" moreover, "there is indicated in the chart just there an iron mountain, which deflected the needle;" moreover and furthermore, "the ship's compass, useless in harbor movements, had not been adjusted for this outside navigation."

Two rivers, the Narwar and the Mormugoa, form a deep estuary, and the island of Goa, upon which the town is built, rises out of this estuary very much like Manhattan Island at the confluence of the Hudson and East Rivers in the bay of New York. The green banks of both rivers are crowned with fortifications, which are well preserved, and with churches and convents, none of which are dilapidated, but of which some have been converted to secular uses.

On reaching the bar we were boarded by the officer of the port, and delayed until the fort on shore delivered a salute in honor of Mr. Seward. Our flags dipped in acknowledgment, and an hour later we came to anchor before a quaint and picturesque little city. An extensive fortification standing immediately on the wharf is now the palace of the governor-general. The buildings, unique though plain, seem to speak from their open windows and graceful balconies a hospitable welcome. An infantry battalion was drawn up on the esplanade, and the river-shores were crowded with a swarthy but well-dressed and gentle-looking people. Mr. Seward was conveyed by the governor-general's staff in a well-manned barge to the other shore, where he was welcomed by the Secretary of State, and received with military honors. The band employed on this occasion, although it consists exclusively of natives, excels any we have heard in India. Western arts and customs seem capricious in taking root in these strange countries. On our journey to Peking, we noticed that the band of Admiral Rodgers's flag-ship was composed chiefly of dark natives of Goa. They executed better than any other performers the "Charta," as they called the beautiful national air of Portugal. Associated as it is in our rec-

ollections of those cold and tedious travels, it was peculiarly pleasing when that noble hymn burst upon us from the instruments of a full band of the same sympathetic race, in their own tropical home.

Captain Major's family, the only American one residing here, divided the care of our entertainment with the governor-general, the Viscount de São Januario.

The Goa where we were received so kindly is only by derivation the Goa of history. Ancient Goa stood eight miles higher, on the same left bank of the Narwar. Founded by Albuquerque, the most renowned of all the Portuguese admirals, after Vasco de Gama, it was laid out on an imperial scale, and surrounded by a wall and fortifications, which rendered it for more than a century impregnable. An immense population gathered there. It contained the magnificent palace of the viceroy, the college, the hospital, the archiepiscopal see and the halls of the Inquisition, while on every attractive height was built a church, monastery, convent, or *château*. Armies two hundred thousand strong were repelled from its walls, and imposing embassies from the barbaric kings and princes of the East trod its spacious and shaded streets. One hundred and fifty years ago, it was found to be unhealthful and was abandoned. Although life has since disappeared from that once-busy stage, some remnants of its activity and glory remain. We proceeded in carriages over a firm and well-preserved causeway, which once resounded with the tramp of pageants and of armies, to the ruined city. By the roadside and in the neighboring jungle, moss-covered monumental crosses, decorated daily by pious hands with fresh flowers, indicate scenes of violence and suffering, perhaps of miracles or martyrdom, enacted here. Cocoa-nut groves and mango-orchards now shade grounds once covered by bazaars and hostelries. Here and there a deserted palace, closed but not yet in ruins, testifies of wealth and luxury passed away, and the curious tourist is warned not to penetrate its mouldering courts and tangled gardens, lest he come unaware upon the most venomous serpents of India. Of a hundred religious houses, only one convent remains, and that has a lone sisterhood of three nuns. A high, arched gate, overgrown with creepers, is all that exists of the viceregal palace. While the col-

lege and hospital have been renewed in the new town, happily no trace of the Inquisition remains in either city. The Government has kept the cathedral and churches in repair. They are built in the style of the sixteenth century, and, though fine structures, they are less imposing and costly than the churches built by the Spaniards of the same period in Mexico and South America. They are, nevertheless, far superior to religious edifices in the United States.

The Church of Bom Jesus contains the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. It will be remembered that he was associated with Ignatius Loyola in establishing the Society of Jesus, and that he came out on his apostolate to India, even before the papal allowance of the new order was granted. Perhaps this church was the first of the many thousands which have arisen in all parts of the world, under the labors of that mysterious community which has been so indomitable and indefatigable while encountering so many vicissitudes. The mausoleum is an oblong pedestal of Carrara marble, ten feet high, panelled with bronze bas-reliefs, representing the miracles of the saint. Upon this pedestal is a sarcophagus of gilded copper, which contains the embalmed remains, and is enclosed in an elaborately-wrought case of silver. The Grand-duke of Tuscany only expressed the reverence of Catholic Europe for Xavier, in presenting this exquisite monument to the Church of the Jesuits, which is so closely identified with his labors. The tomb stands in a vaulted chamber, the walls of which are graced with admirable devotional paintings, but unfortunately it is so small and dark that not only the pictures but the monument itself is deprived of its just effect. The sarcophagus is opened at long intervals by permission of the King of Portugal, and on these occasions deserted Goa is reanimated by hundreds of thousands of natives, assembled from all parts of Asia. It may well be believed, as we are told, that not only the faithful Catholics, but even the unconverted Hindoos, confidently expect supernatural effects to follow from the contact then allowed with the sacred remains. India is filled with traditions of the saint, and the Jesuit writers have carefully collected, collated, and published them. According to these traditions, St. Francis Xavier not only relieved the poor with money

brought out from the depths of the sea, healed the sick, made the dumb to speak, cured the lame and blind, cast out devils, and raised the dead, by simple invocation of the mercy of God, but he performed more of those miracles than the Gospels record of the Saviour, and his chosen twelve apostles. A resident of Goa, reliable for intelligence and candor, told us that, when the sarcophagus was last opened, a lady well-known to him became the subject of a supposed miracle. Having been hopelessly lame from birth, she solicited parental leave to attend the ceremony and touch the venerated dead. Her skeptical parents refused; she persisted, and in the moment of contact she became whole, and so remains. Our informant of course ascribes this extraordinary cure to the influence of her excited imagination.

But the homage paid to the memory of Xavier may well be regarded without cavil or regret even by those whose education obliges them to reject his alleged miracles. He surpassed his spiritual contemporaries in faith, hope, charity, patience, courage, zeal, and perseverance. He committed no crime, indulged no vices, and though he tolerated African slavery and the Inquisition in the East, it must be remembered they were the errors of his time, and he was less severe against the recusants of the Church than in self-condemnation. It was his noble maxim that the Gospel is advanced more by the blood of martyrs than by the sweat of missionaries. He found India wholly a pagan and Mohammedan land, and by his teaching and example, using neither force nor fraud, he made more Christian converts than can be found on Indian soil at the present day. It was not, however, for St. Francis Xavier, nor the Jesuits, nor the Catholic Church of the sixteenth century, to bring India and the East into Christian civilization. It must be sadly admitted that this remains yet to be done. It is to be hoped, however, that the great work has begun in the humble schools for native men and women which have been opened under missionary auspices in various parts of the country.

A dinner at the palace closed the day. Although it was attended by the provincial court, and supported by a military band, it was animated and cordial. The governor was eloquent in his

admiration of the United States. A throne, which stands in the grand *salon*, although it has no occupant—the viceregal dignity having been abolished—is still respected on state occasions. What interested us more were the queer old portraits of viceroys, governors, generals, admirals, and missionaries. Need I say that we carefully studied the lineaments of Vasco de Gama, Dias, Cabral, Alureyda, Albuquerque, of Xavier and Loyola? An artistic performance of Chopin by a young secretary enchained us until a late hour.

On the 18th we visited the public institutions. The military force consists of two battalions of artillery and two of infantry, maintained at an annual cost of two hundred thousand dollars. These seem quite enough for a territory of only a thousand square miles, with a population of four hundred thousand. The military academy trains one hundred and fifty cadets, through a seven years' course. The garrison barracks and hospital are excellent. We looked into the finance department. The revenue is six hundred thousand dollars. The salaries are low, and there is no complaint of taxes. The college of science and medicine is conducted by eleven professors, several of whom are natives of Goa, and is well attended. There are four newspapers, three of which are conducted by natives, and all in the Portuguese language. One-third of the population is Roman Catholic, the rest are Hindoos, Mahrattas, and Mohammedans. The good order and perfect cleanliness which pervade the little city explain the curious fact that it supplies the foreign residents of all India with their best household servants.

We drove with the governor to his suburban villa on the summit of the cape which divides the two rivers. The palace was formerly a monastery. Its chapels are now reception-rooms and banqueting-halls. Its cloisters are card and billiard rooms. The garden supplying vegetables, fruits, and flowers, is still retained. The site was chosen with the customary sagacity of religious communities, who seldom fail to find material comforts while they secure the solitude needful for meditation, and natural associations which sustain enthusiasm. The place is not less adapted to its

present use. There could be no more refreshing retreat from the stagnant air and burning heat of the city than this breezy, rocky cliff, which breaks the ocean-tides, while it looks down upon the old town and the new, half buried in palms, mangos, and cypresses, and far up the primeval river-channels to their sources in the mountains, which are lost in the horizon. Our minds were crowded, in the hours we passed on the turreted veranda, with the thoughts of the events which had happened beneath it: of Camoens and his romantic career; how, crossed in love at home, he came to this far-off and misty East to make by adventure a name with which to return and wed the maiden with the "sweetest eyes were ever seen;" how, after shipwreck and amid privations and persecutions, he wrote here his "Lusiad," and then returned to his native land, only to find his mistress dead, and to die himself, of a broken heart, in an almshouse. We thought of the arrival of armed fleets from Lisbon, in the now quiet bay; of the building and fortification of a great city; of native armies gathered in siege around it—of the brave and chivalrous defenders who defeated and dispersed them; of the expedition of squadrons for the conquest of Aden and Ormus, in the Arabian Sea; of Malacca, the key of the Sea of China, and of the Moluccas in the Archipelago, and of their triumphant return laden with spoils; of the homeward dispatch of argosies loaded with spices, pearls of Ceylon, and diamonds of Golconda; of the coming in of the humble Jesuit missionaries, their fortunes and their fate, sometimes received with affection and gratitude, and often meeting the martyr's crown; of the baptism of whole tribes, provinces, and nations; of their subsequent relapse into their primitive idol-worship; of the enterprise of the colonists on land and sea, extending the fame and sway of Portugal, always brilliant, but ending in defeat and overthrow at last, when they came into collision with European rivals equally ambitious and stronger than themselves. This, which is the story of Goa, is also the history of Portuguese colonization. Of the vast empire which Portugal established in both hemispheres on the track of the great discoverers, there remain now only this little province of Goa, in India; the already decaying city of Macao, in China; and the yet barbarian colonies

of St. Paul de Loando, and Mozambique, in Africa. Portugal won that empire bravely, she improved it as she could with the light she enjoyed, and she lost it chivalrously. The nations which have profited by her discoveries and conquests will not deny her honor and sympathy.

An early dinner at Captain Major's was attended by the governor-general and other officers of the state, including M. Riberio, a poet of whom it is said we are likely to hear more, through some translations by Longfellow.

The hour of five, the first in which tide would serve, had been appointed for our departure. Mr. Seward, as usual, was proceeding promptly to the wharf, but was detained for a parting demonstration. The governor addressed him with emotion; Mr. Seward replied with equal feeling. The military saluted him, and then the barge conveyed us to our familiar deck. Even when the last of the forts had dipped its flag and fired its farewell guns, and the setting sun had left us only the hazy twilight of the tropics, signals were still seen waving adieux from the palace balconies and from the wharf. Whatever else of the ancient Portuguese character may have passed away with the decline of imperial power, the element of chivalrous courtesy certainly remains.

The crew of the Camel is now obedient. The Hindoo helmsman steers faithfully, the ocean-currents flow smoothly, the iron mountain no longer diverts the needle, while the compass has been satisfactorily adjusted. Our captaincy is pleased with itself and with us. We are equally satisfied, and go to our rest with the Bombay light shining brightly before us. Goa has been gained, and the Byculla Club is not "going to be disappointed."

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAYS IN BOMBAY.

The Byculla Club.—Mr. Seward's Speech.—His Grateful Acknowledgments to his Entertainers.—The Indies of the East and the Indies of the West.—Growing Civilization of the East.—A Progress Irresistible.—The New Concord.—Policy of the Anglo-Saxon Race.—Miss Wessner.—Departure from Bombay.

Bombay, April 21st.—The Byculla Club is less a local society of Bombay than an association of the gentlemen who are engaged in the military and civil service throughout India. Not only Americans, but foreigners of all the Western nations, fraternize cordially in its circle.

Its spacious and elegant rooms, highly illuminated, were filled last night, and the entertainment was attended by all the members in the city and many ladies.

The Honorable Sir M. R. Westropp, Chief-Justice of Bombay, presided, and spoke of Mr. Seward's public life. Mr. Seward replied as follows:

"I have been more than once heretofore kindly invited to meet societies in Asia, but those privileges were lost by reason either of fatigue, or some other exigency of travel. I have, therefore, accepted this courtesy of yours, as a social welcome tendered me by the Europeans residing in India, while at the same time my preparations for an early departure oblige me to take my final leave of the East here. Having learned much and enjoyed more, I am oppressed with many grateful thoughts, though the time scarcely

serves for a full utterance of one. When the spring fills up, however, we must choose the vent through which the stream shall flow. First, I must thank you sincerely, profoundly, for bringing me to an acquaintance with your enlightened and spirited association, for bestowing upon me the honor of its membership, and for giving me this felicitous expression of its elegant and generous hospitality. I have been frequently asked, "What do you think of Bombay?" I answer now: "The Byculla Club is a just exponent of a great and growing Oriental metropolis." Two hundred years ago this magnificent bay came to a King of England as the dowry of a Portuguese princess. Who could then have foreseen that, under British rule, it would become the gate of the East, the Constantinople of a new historical era? Yet, this high destiny is one of the assured and immediate results of the Suez Canal. I shall, indeed, continue my past endeavors to hasten on a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien—a work which can hardly fail to give new importance to queenly Calcutta. But India is a vast country, and can maintain two great commercial cities, as the world already has need of two interoceanic channels of commerce.

"Gentlemen, I owe manifold acknowledgments outside the Byculla Club. Please suffer me to make them here; to his excellency the viceroy, and many members of the Council of India—to the authorities of Madras, Bengal, the Northwest Provinces, the Central Provinces, the Punjab and Bombay—to the Maharajahs of Benares and Putteeala, and to many other native statesmen and scholars—for attentions which have made my travels in India equally a tour of pleasure and an interesting study. If I could think it possible that what I may now say could pass the confines of British India, I would add not less grateful acknowledgments to the Portuguese authorities of ancient Goa, the authorities of the vigorous Straits Settlement, and the government of the marvellously fruitful Netherlands Indies, as well as the native governments of just awakening China and Japan. Thus far in a journey round the world, I have had the pleasant part of St. Paul's experience on his voyage from Joppa to Rome: 'So when this was done, others also came, who also honored us with many honors.'

"Gentlemen, immediately after the Western discoveries of Columbus, and the Eastern discoveries of Vasco de Gama, a new and significant, though inaccurate nomenclature obtained in geography. The world was at once divided into two parts: one, the old and well known, the other, the newly-discovered or explored Indies, which embraced nearly all of Asia, and the whole of America.

"The old and well-known Western nations came suddenly under a new and vast responsibility. This responsibility included nothing less than a regeneration of an effete civilization in the so-called Indies of Asia, and the establishment of an original civilization in the so-called Indies of America. A profound sense of this responsibility sustained the labors and shaped the characters of Columbus and De Gama, of Chatham and Burke, of Washington and Jefferson, of Xavier and Heber. Tell me not, therefore, that this responsibility is merely a conceit of an ardent imagination.

"It is, I trust, gentlemen, to a sympathy which exists between the now ruling classes of the East and my countrymen, in this elevated and humane sentiment, that I am indebted for this consideration which it has given me so much pleasure to acknowledge. We may well, gentlemen, cherish and cultivate it. It need not make us one whit the less British, American, French, Portuguese, Italian, Danish, German, Dutch, or whatever else we may have been, or love to be, to accept the simple and sublime truth that comes down to us as an instruction from the throne above, that whatever governments we may establish or maintain amid the *débris* of Asiatic empires or in the chaos of America, those governments must be established and maintained not alone nor chiefly for the advantage of the foreign founders, but for the welfare and happiness of the native races among whom they are founded.

"Despite skepticism, avarice, and reactionary resistance, civilization in America, the Indies of the West, is a manifest success. I am happy to declare, as the result of my observation, the conviction that regeneration in Asia is equally proving itself to be a success. There are, indeed, parts of Asia where Western ideas, principles, and inventions, are only tolerated with undissembled reluctance. These are the regions which were last reached by Europeans. But

I know, on the other hand, those ideas, principles, and inventions, are accepted and embraced cordially in other portions of the East, which have been more early and conveniently accessible. Witness Japan, the coast and rivers of China, Java, Burmah, Madras, Bengal, Goa, and Bombay. There modern civilization is triumphant. Progress is irresistible. The inventions of steam, railroads, telegraphs, and missionary colleges and schools, have come in good time to enable us to carry on that work of regeneration peacefully and humanely, which has so often been prosecuted blunderingly as well as cruelly, with the aid of gunpowder. It cannot be long before the British Government will be relieved of the necessity of maintaining an Indian army to protect their possessions, and a European army to watch the Indian one.

"You must have noticed, gentlemen, as I have, a new and pleasing trait in the temper of our age. Europe does, indeed, still remain a theatre of international jealousies and ambitions, but I think all the nations of the West have come at last to an harmonious agreement that European conflicts shall no longer be extended into Asia, Polynesia, or America." ("Hear! hear!")

"You like this new concord, gentlemen—I know the reason: because it is the harbinger of peace and progress in the East. I like it for the same reason, and also for another: it is the saving 'Monroe doctrine' of America. I am, of course, aware that the assembly before whom I stand, and to whom I am so much indebted, consists largely of Britons. I am an American. Our nations are severed—our extraction largely the same. The very work of extending modern civilization in the two hemispheres, of which so large a share of responsibility has devolved upon each nation, has a tendency, perhaps, to make us rivals. There are passionate and prejudiced men in both countries who would aggravate this rivalry into hatred, but such a temper is in any case insular and provincial, and unworthy the matured genius of either nation. I am not sentimental enough to rely on a distant consanguinity, which is daily becoming more remote, as an enduring bond of friendship between our two countries, but I have always seen that, situated as they are, on opposite sides of a great ocean, equally dependent on a

peaceful commerce with the whole world, speaking the same language, and holding the same religious faith, equally educated above the powers and blandishments of despotism, and conscious of their common responsibility in regard to universal progress, the welfare and happiness of each demand that they shall be friends, and mankind cannot consent to their alienation. Far from thinking that the Anglo-Saxon race, so proudly and happily advanced, will fall into internecine conflict now or hereafter, I, on the contrary, steadfastly believe that neither of its two great branches will lose any thing of power or prestige while their colonies are increasing, multiplying, and replenishing the waste places of the globe.

"My parting words to you, gentlemen, therefore, are: Let mutual respect and cordial friendship prevail between Great Britain and the United States of America, until British scorn of arbitrary government and American love of educated liberty shall encircle the earth!"

April 22d.—It is a day of leave-taking, and a busy one. A large representation of the intellectual society of Bombay, not only British, Americans, and Continental Europeans, have been with us, but also Parsees, Mohammedans, and Hindoos. All alike express their sympathies with Mr. Seward, and their appreciation of the sentiments he uttered the day before yesterday.

While we were at Shanghai, Miss Wessner, a Bavarian lady, then travelling in that country, gave an interesting account of her journey to Peking. When we returned to that capital, she had gone to Java. All the way hither she has been flitting away just before us, but we have failed to overtake her. To-day the bird was caught, and a pleasing acquaintance established. She exhibits great force of character in making alone an exploration of the world, which is universally thought to require masculine energy. Just at the moment of making this friendship, which promises so much, we are grieved with the intelligence of the death of a friend, and our countrywoman, Alice Cary; not less gifted than true, brave, and womanly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM BOMBAY TO ADEN.

Once more at Sea.—The Steamer Deccan.—Mr. Seward's Remarks on India.—Natural Religion.—The Characteristics of the Hindoo Mind.—England's Hold on India.—The Regeneration of India.—The Island of Socotra.—Arrival at Aden.—An Extinct Volcano.—Wise Old England!—A New Stage of the Voyage.—Red-Haired Negroes.

Steamer Deccan, April 25th.—Once more at sea! But where? The waters which roll between the Indian Peninsula and the Arabian Promontory are the Arabian Sea. The waters south of them are the Indian Ocean. We left the Indian Peninsula behind us on the 22d, and are now making a bee-line from the Malabar coast to Aden, on the southwest coast of Arabia. On which of the two seas are we? Our steamer is the largest one of the Peninsular and Oriental line. Having three keels, she rides the sea as squarely and as smoothly as an American side-wheeler. Our fellow-passengers being English, and many of them acquaintances made in India, we are not suffered to feel that we are strangers.

While watching the flying-fish skipping over the unruffled sea this morning, which of all the reflections that occurred to us during our sojourn in India shall we record? Mr. Seward said: "India has a very imperfect and unsatisfactory civilization, but it never had a better one. The native population could never achieve a better one if left to themselves. Their whole hope of a higher civilization depends on the instruction and aid of the Western nations, and, taking circumstances as they are, that hope de-

pends chiefly on the guidance and aid of Great Britain. It is a subject for profound study how it has happened that thus far India has had an experience so different from that of the nations of the West. Although the Western nations have not at all times been progressive, they have, nevertheless, as a whole family, been continually advancing. How is this to be accounted for? The first intellectual want of which man is conscious is, not that of a guidance in obtaining a supply of the necessaries of life, but a desire to know who and what is the power that created him, and on whom he is entirely dependent. Man feels himself capable of seeing and enjoying good, and also of doing and suffering evil. He asks, What is good, what is evil? When do good and evil come, and how? Where does the Supreme Power reside, and what is it? Is it one, or is it many? Is it altogether good, or altogether evil? How can the Supreme Power be both good and evil? Has the Supreme Power created only good and been baffled by an equal or superior power that has interjected evil? How could a power that is supremely good create evil? Does the Supreme Power delight in virtue and the happiness of mankind, or does it derive pleasure from their crimes and suffering? The Supreme Power has so far revealed itself in Nature that man can attain to the knowledge that it is a single power, that there is one God, not many gods, and that this one God requires from man the practice of virtue, and desires his happiness. This truth must be seized upon and become a spiritual conviction. Until a national mind grasps and cherishes this spiritual conviction, it must ever continue to revolve in a condition of uncertainty and doubt about the providential appointments of good and evil, which render it incapable of a firm advance in knowledge and civilization. This is only saying, in other words, that such a nation becomes bewildered in the subtleties of metaphysics. This bewilderment has hitherto been, and yet remains, a condition of the people of Hindostan. All studious observers have agreed that the Hindoos are not intellectually inferior to the Western nations. They early framed a language, the Sanscrit, which the learned of every nation unite in asserting is superior to every other vehicle of human thought; they have ethics

equal to those of Confucius, and his are equal to the morals of Plato. They have many municipal laws as just as the common law. They have skill in productive art and manufacture, which has made their fabrics objects of cupidity and envy among all nations. Their literature of fiction furnished a model for the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments' as well as the poems of Ariosto and Chaucer. They gave to Greece the science of notation, and they have always excelled in mathematics generally, and practical hydraulics. Nevertheless, the Hindoos have never known how to constitute a civil government, or to organize a beneficial ecclesiastical system. They have never even written a history of themselves, unless we accept, as such, fables which cover a chronological period of many millions of years, with four successive ages: first, one of perfect human strength, purity, and happiness; second, one of a slight admixture of weakness, rendering human government necessary; third, an equal admixture of vice and virtue; and, fourth, the predominance of evil, which has only endured five thousand years of its appointed term of four hundred and thirty-three thousand! Unable to establish a plausible mythology, they require us, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to accept a pantheon of thirty-three millions of gods! It is not for us to determine whether the pertinacious metaphysical bias of the Hindoos is natural to the Hindoo mind, or is accidental. Its fruits are palpable enough. They are, a persistent adhesion to the Pythagorean theory of transmigration—a theory which equally subverts the relation of man to brute, and the relation of both man and brute to the common Creator; a degradation and debasement of woman, which not only exclude her from society, but render her incapable of it; caste, which extirpates coöperation, emulation, and charity, annihilates the inherent conviction of the equal rights of manhood, and delivers all governments over to the caprices of ambition and the chances of anarchy. The remedy for India is and can be nothing less than a regeneration of the Hindoo mind. The Mogul conquerors attempted this by teaching the Mohammedan faith, and enforcing their instructions by the sword of the prophet. They failed even to establish a severe despotism. The

superior political science and greater toleration of the British nation enable them at least to rule India in peace, but not without a constant exhibition of military power. It is but too apparent that the native population of India have not yet, under British rule, established any firm advance. If the British Government should withdraw itself from Hindostan to-day, the country must inevitably relapse into the wretched condition in which it was found by the Europeans. But Great Britain has a difficult task. India cannot be colonized by British subjects, or European races, as North America and Australia were. Climate forbids this, even if *caste* does not. On the other hand, Great Britain, now constantly present in India, and in all parts of it, with her arts and her arms, protects and coöperates with the philanthropists who come as missionaries and educators. These can hardly fail under such circumstances to produce a change in the practices, habits, and languages, of the people of India. The work of regeneration must indeed be slow, for it requires nothing less than the destruction of *caste*, the restoration of woman, and the conversion of the natives, if not to Christianity, at least to a religion more rational and practical than the Braminical faith. Through this slow process, the idea of the dignity and rights of man may be expected to develop. It may seem sanguine to expect that, among the vicissitudes inherent in all political affairs, British control in India will last long enough to secure this great consummation. But, even if this should not be so, the Western powers which should relieve Great Britain in India must necessarily assume her responsibilities. I do not think her situation in India precarious; certainly no European power has now the ability to displace her from the position she has attained through long perseverance and at great cost. The perils of British authority in India, if there are any, are those which threaten the stability and peace of the realm. So long as Great Britain shall be content to employ Sepoys, and subsidize native princes, she will be quite safe in India, and during all that time the habit of submission to British law may be expected to increase, and so reduce gradually the difficulties of the situation. We have not found the British residents in India one-half so hope-

ful of the regeneration of the country as this, but all great and benevolent enterprises, however slow in progress, are sure to be successful at last. The regeneration of India is an old talk of the Western nations. It dates from the invasion of Alexander. It was the task of the Mohammedans. Caste and superstition are far less omnipotent in India now than they were two thousand years ago, four hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, nor is the condition of the people as low now as it was at any of those periods."

Indian Ocean, April 26th.—We are just passing the island of Socotra, which belongs to the Sultan of Muscat. It is commercially known for its exports of aloes and the gum of the dragon's-blood tree. Admiral Cockburn recently visited the island with a view of suppressing a small slave-traffic which is carried on there with traders from the opposite African coast. So we see that, although the African slave-trade has been abolished among the civilized nations, it still lingers among those which have not been reclaimed from barbarism. The admiral found the inhabitants of the capital, Tamarinda, little better than aborigines, though they speak the Arabic and profess Mohammedanism. Before Mohammed, however, they were not pagans, for St. Francis Xavier, in relating his voyage to India, states that his vessel entered the harbor of Socotra, and was detained there many weeks for provisions and repairs. He found the inhabitants hospitable and docile Christians, using a ritual-service which they claimed to have been left them by the Apostle St. Thomas, to whom they attributed their conversion. They had never heard of the Pope, nor even of the division of the Church between the Greek Patriarch, whom they acknowledged, and the Bishop of Rome.

April 27th.—After eight months' travel in the incomprehensible East, with its stagnant civilization, we are now passing into another region still more incomprehensible and hopeless.

On our right hand is Yemen, once "Arabia the happy," and still known in poetry as a land of light and beauty, but now the dwelling of Arab hordes, who are sinking every day deeper into

barbarism. On the left, we are passing Soumala, that part of Africa which stretches from Mozambique to Abyssinia. It is inhabited by aboriginal negro tribes, which, from the beginning of time, have defied civilization. Thus we have the same experience, in our approach to Europe, as when we listen to a vague and confused prelude which precedes the full harmony of the symphony.

Aden, April 28th.—Elevated plains on the Arabian coast, too distant for minute observation, were our landmarks as we neared Aden.

Many centuries ago—we must consult geology to know how many—a great fire was pent up in the lowest depths of the promontory that now bears the name of Aden. That subterranean fire, becoming at last uncontrollable, burned the whole promontory out, and left it upside-down. The top of the hill was gone, and nothing remained but a huge cylindrical bowl, six miles in diameter at the bottom, with a rim fifteen hundred feet high. No one knows what that convulsion of Nature was for, any more than "Caspar" knew what the battle of Blenheim was about. Everybody, however, said that Blenheim was a "famous victory," and everybody agrees that Aden was a great volcano. Aden, thus hollowed into basin-shape, is joined to the Arabian coast by a low and very narrow isthmus—a place so entirely desolate it has never before been our fortune to see. On it, or in it (which will you have?), there is not a tree nor a plant, except where, here and there, is a patch which man's hand has planted, scarcely bigger than that hand, and which he continues to water daily. The Portuguese discoverers stopped here on their voyages of exploration. They found here, as at Socotra, a colony of Syrian Christians. The Mohammedans from Mecca invaded them with fire and sword. They invoked relief and protection from the Portuguese Indian capital at Goa. The Portuguese intervention proved ineffectual, and the promontory remained under native Arabian sway, and ultimately came to be a province of Muscat. The kings of Muscat lost it, as they lost every thing, and the promontory remained under the control of native chiefs. The British Government early saw its importance to their Indian do-

minions, but awaited an opportunity. In 1839, under the pretext of redressing an insult, Great Britain, with sword in one hand, and a liberal purse in the other, seized the promontory and fortified it.

ADEN.

It is now used as a coaling-station in the European voyages to India, whether they are made around the Cape of Good Hope, or through the Red Sea. Aden commands the latter navigation, and in this sense is the key to India and the whole East, as Singapore is the key to China, Japan, the Archipelago, and Australia. Aden is politically dependent, not directly on the Home Government, but on the presidency of Bombay, and is held and maintained at the cost of the government of British India.

Wise old England! How she fortifies her Island Realm, and yet all the while develops and improves the energies of her people, while she does not hesitate to undertake the police regulation of the

world! She knows, moreover, when and where and how to establish the necessary police-stations. If jealous of the United States, what could she desire more than that they shall be content with complaining of the Alabama grievances, hesitate at taking a police-station in Alaska, and utterly refuse to take one, even though offered, in the West Indies? That hesitation and refusal recall President Lincoln's story of the intrusion of the Universalists into the town of Springfield. The several orthodox churches agreed that their pastors should preach down the heresy. One of them began his discourse with these emphatic words: "My brethren, there is a dangerous doctrine creeping in among us. There are those who are teaching that all men will be saved; but, my dear brethren, *we* hope for better things!"

Aden is a fortification and harbor, and nothing more. The fortification is without a model, and there is no duplicate of it, for the simple reason that the volcano shaped it. All that science had to do was, to perfect what the volcano left unfinished. The Government has simply hewn the concave rocky surface of the crater into bastions, palisades, covered ways, parapets, martello-towers, and castellated batteries, so as to repel approach from the sea, on every side, and at the same time to command every foot of the interior area. The base of the interior area has two depressions, doubtless produced by two distinct eruptions, separated by a barrier of rock, indicating that there must have been two volcanoes. The larger area of these excavations contains the town of Aden, the other the arsenal. A passage which has been hewn through this volcanic rock connects the arsenal with the barracks in the town. This passage has a ditch along its side, parallel massive walls on both sides, and a battery at each end, commanding the plain in either direction. The outer sides of the circular mountain are so steep and so indented that they furnish deep and convenient bays for safe anchorage at their base. The rocky precipices which enclose the crater leave no sufficient space for barracks or dwellings. The population of Aden, including all classes, is contracted, therefore, within the basin, and so under control of the fortifications. You reach this basin, not by driving under the encircling

rim and rising within, nor by climbing over it, but by a road hewn through the rim itself. Some military critics among our British acquaintance tell us that these defences are not impregnable. Mr. Seward asks, "But can they not easily be made so?" They assent. "That," he says, "is all that is required of any fortification." The force at present stationed here is only one regiment.

The latitude of Aden is 12° north. The heat is so constant, as well as so intense, as to suggest the apprehension of new subterranean fires. Sometimes three years pass without the blessing of rain. It is, therefore, a severe study of the government to provide fresh water for town, garrison, and shipping. The earlier owners of Aden had a considerable city within the basin, which they supplied with water by collecting the rain which occasionally fell on the crests and interior declivities, and conducting it to a dozen tanks or reservoirs. The water thus gathered and hoarded from tropical tempests would be sufficient, if left to its natural flow, to deluge the bottom of the basin. These reservoirs remain in perfect preservation, and are admired for their masonry. The walls of each bear a tablet on which is stated its capacity in gallons. The supply furnished by these ancient reservoirs is quite inadequate to the present demand of the town, which is provided for by the use of steam-condensers of sea-water. It is a curious thing to see English artisans here using coal from Cornwall, to extract water from the ocean to slake the thirst of the savages of Asia and Africa. Who shall question that the British people are a commercial one, when he learns that the government at Aden sells the water, which it thus manufactures, at a penny a gallon?

We realize here that we have reached a new stage of our round-the-world voyage. We are leaving, rather, let us say, we have left the far East and the South behind us. Though not yet arrived at the West and the North, we are on their confines. Not one Mongolian or Malay do we see, only a few Hindoos and an individual Parsee, who applies to Mr. Seward to be appointed consul of the United States. The people are Arabs, Turks, swarthy Jews, and Abyssinians; the dominating races, Abyssinians and Soumalans. The Hindoos are servants; the Jews, bankers and pawnbrokers;

the Arabs and Abyssinians, traders in coffee, frankincense, myrrh, amber, and ostrich-feathers. The Arabs also supply the people with fruit, mostly dates, and with the mutton of the Berber sheep. This small animal is invariably white, with a black head. The Soumalans are not prepossessing in appearance. We happened to be in our state-rooms when the Deccan came to anchor. These natives swarmed thickly around the steamer, in the smallest and most rickety of all boats and rafts, to see if happily some passenger might want them, either to carry baggage ashore for a penny, or to dive into the sea for the same price. Before we were aware, they were climbing over the ports, naked, except at the waists, peering with their large, yellow-black eyes into the ship—black as Milton's darkness, strong and lithe, with great white teeth, flat noses, low foreheads, and thick hair, curly, and varying in color from carrot-red to tow-white—Scandinavian hair on African heads! At the instant they appeared at the vessel's side, the command rang through the ship, "Close the ports!" and a guard was stationed on deck to prevent their apprehended larcenies. Failing to find employment as porters, they passed the whole day diving into the sea. On shore we found invariably the same light hair on the heads of the same race. "Verily," we said, "though in the times of Jeremiah 'the leopard could not change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin,' the latter has since that time learned to change the color of his hair." The Soumalans are laborers, that is to say, the women are. Blessed are the customs of these aboriginal Africans, far more blessed than those of semi-civilized Asia. These Soumalan women, with their glistening white teeth, red lips, and yellow eyes, are the only women we have seen in the enjoyment of personal freedom since we left the United States, except the Mongolians in the Nan-Kow Pass. This enjoyment is not perhaps too dearly purchased, even at the cost of performing the servile labor by which their black lords live.

The buildings here are constructed of lava-rock, without any pretension to elegance or even convenience. The governor is a gentleman of long experience, extensive information, and great candor. The fortunate coincidence of finding Admiral Cockburn

here with the Forte is especially gratifying. We have passed the day on shore, and concerted a plan for a future and hopeful correspondence.[1]

It is not always safe to trust to fellow-passengers, or hastily-made acquaintances, for an explanation of what you find curious in foreign travel. We inquired of every one how it happens that these black men of Soumala have red or tow hair. The first answer we received was, that they are the "beaux" of Africa, that they dye their hair to make themselves attractive. Others answered that the race are red-haired men. The true explanation was given by the governor, but it requires some caution in setting it down. Water is scarce in this burning climate; the Soumalans use lime as a substitute, and this effects two important savings: one, the expense of soap; the other, the cost of a fine-tooth comb.

"Oh, tell me, where is fancy bred—
In the heart or in the head?"

It has often been a study of ours, Where are fashions bred? We think we have found out that the fashion of long-pointed finger-nails, now so much the vogue in Europe, is borrowed from the *élite* of China. Prince Kung's nails are so long and so exquisitely cultivated as to discourage emulation in European diplomatic circles; and all the gold-dust, diamond-dust, or dyes of Paris, are ineffectual, compared with the lime-wash of Soumala, for bleaching hair.

[1] *March* 21, 1872.—It is with deep sorrow that we record the death of this chivalrous and pious gentleman. He fell a victim to the Indian climate.

PART V.

EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE RED SEA AND SUEZ CANAL.

The Gate of Tears.—The Rock of Perim.—The Port of Mecca.—Imaginary Terrors — Pleasant Weather.—The Coasts of the Red Sea.—The Division of the Races.—A Refreshing Atmosphere.—The Track of the Israelites.—Suez.—The Ancient Canal. —The New Canal.—Its Inauguration.—Its Prospects.

Steamer Deccan, Red Sea, April 30th.—Last night we came through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb (the Gate of Tears). Though we had a growing moon, we were unable to discern either shore, or the Rock of Perim, long famous for its supply of tortoise-shell, and rendered notorious, in our own time, by the abortive attempt of the French to secure it as a *counter-salient* to Aden. We are quite sure that, with the aid of a strong glass, reënforced by a more powerful faith, we discerned this morning the Arabian shore, and even the minarets of some town. We are now sailing past a series of low, sandy, uninhabited islands which lie off the Abyssinian shore.

May 3d.—We have just passed Jiddah, the port of Mecca. Although some of the European powers manage, in spite of the fanatical ferocity of the natives, to maintain consulates there, the port is visited only by Egyptian craft. On the western shore, we have taken leave of Abyssinia, and now we make the towering peak, Ras-Elba, which tells us that we have come far upward along the desert shores of Nubia. From the day we formed our first acquaintance with European sojourners in the East, at Yokohama,

the one peril of our Western voyage, which was represented as the most fearful, has been the scorching climate of the Red Sea. We have been told that the steamer, driving before the wind, often reverses its course to procure relief, and that passengers die in their cabins, merely from the oppression of the atmosphere. We as constantly opposed these fears, because we knew that latitude would be in our favor, and we thought we might expect to meet reviving breezes from the Mediterranean. We were right; not the Pacific Ocean, nor even the Indian Ocean, furnished us a more pleasant voyage than the Red Sea. The surface ruffled by the gentlest of zephyrs, its waves, this morning, reflect rainbows broken with myriads of prisms, as brilliant and as distinct as those which, on a summer day, dance in the spray below the cataract at Niagara. It is not easy, perhaps, to ascertain on what grounds this great gulf, twelve hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, acquired, so early as the time of Herodotus, the name of Red Sea. Probably it was so named from the banks of coral which underlie its waters, and which render its navigation dangerous. Certainly the water is not red; this morning it assumes a hue of emerald-green.

Pleasant as the voyage is, however, no one expresses a desire to explore either coast of the Red Sea. The reason is, that such an attempt would be dangerous. On the Arabian shore, the inhabitants are relapsing into barbarism; while, on the African shore, the people have never been reclaimed from the savage state. This, therefore, is the most forlorn region through which we pass on our voyage. Nevertheless, not only history, but even revelation, is at fault, if we are not just now nearing the cradle of civilization. How melancholy a thought it seems, that while we find prosperity, improvement, and progress, or at least philanthropic effort, attended with hope in all parts of Asia through which we have passed, as well as on the steppes of Northern Europe, and in the most desert parts of America—and indeed civilization reclaiming the islands of the sea near the North and South Poles—yet darkness continually gathers in this, the oldest and most favored, region of the earth! This must have happened because the two great divisions of the human family, the white races and the dark races, meet here on the

opposite shores of the Red Sea, and the opposite banks of the Nile. They did not commingle, and they could not remain together. They parted, perhaps by consent, more probably by instinct, the dark races retaining Africa, and, moving southward and eastward, peopling India, Burmah, Thibet, China, Japan, the Archipelago, Oceanica, and Western America; the Caucasian race, on the contrary, leaving Asia as well as Africa to their dark competitors, spread themselves continually northward and westward on the European Continent, the islands of the Atlantic, and the eastern American shores. The shores of the Red Sea have been practically abandoned by both races. How strangely this divergence of the white and the dark races perplexes the problem of the ultimate civilization and unity of mankind! The darker races, following the light of Nature, and rejecting or extinguishing that of revelation, have stumbled, and are scarcely making any progress since the separation. The white races, more willingly accepting the greater light, though they also have stumbled, have reached a higher plane. Man can go no further in unravelling that perplexity. The designs of Providence are not unintelligible, but they are not man's ways.

May 5th.—How refreshing and invigorating is this cool atmosphere, after the intemperate heat we endured so long in India! We are now bearing westwardly into the Gulf of Suez—the western of the two gulfs which divide the Red Sea at its upper termination. The eastern one is Akabah. The Gulf of Suez contracts gradually from forty miles to ten in width. The African coast of the Gulf of Suez is a desert table-land, rising into equally sterile mountains. These plains and mountains divide the Red Sea from the fertile valley of the Nile. We suppose that we have already crossed the path the Israelites took in their miraculous passage. We need not, however, have come here to learn that the track cannot now be precisely ascertained. The topography of the region so far supports the Scripture account as to indicate that the exiles from Goshen might most naturally have come down the western bank of the Gulf of Suez, and thence across the gulf to the end of

the Sinaitic promontory; thence they would have passed through Edom and Moab, now Arabia Petræa, along the eastern shore of the Dead Sea to the mouth of the Jordan. If we suppose, on the contrary, that they travelled around the head of the Gulf of Suez, their journey would have been much longer and more exposed to pursuit by Pharaoh, but in that case it would lose altogether its marvellous character. If we assume that they crossed through the waters, it is purely absurd to suppose that any landmarks or traces of the miraculous passage could now be found. It is not so with their march northward from the head of the Red Sea. Sinai and Horeb are two of a cluster of yellow mountain-peaks, which crown the peninsula and divide the Gulf of Akabah from the Gulf of Suez. While it is certain that we are at this moment looking from the deck of our steamer upon both of these celebrated mountains, it is nevertheless impossible to identify them. On the western shore of the Gulf of Akabah is the port bearing that name. It is not doubtful, however, that this same Akabah is the Ezion-geber of sacred history. It is no unimportant part that this place, now so obscure, has held in the progress of human society.

"And when we passed by from our brethren the children of Esau, which dwelt in Seir, through the way of the plain from Elath, and from Ezion-geber, we turned and passed by the way of the wilderness of Moab."

"And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Elath, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom."

"Jehoshaphat made ships of Tharshish to go to Ophir for gold: but they went not; for the ships were broken at Ezion-geber."

By-the-way, there has been a great revolution in exchanges since Jehoshaphat's time. The Western nations, instead of bringing gold from India, now carry the precious metals into that country.

Suez, May 6th.—It is difficult to say which of the two places is the most forbidding and gloomy, Aden or Suez. Aden is scooped out of black volcanic rock, Suez is built on a monotonous gray

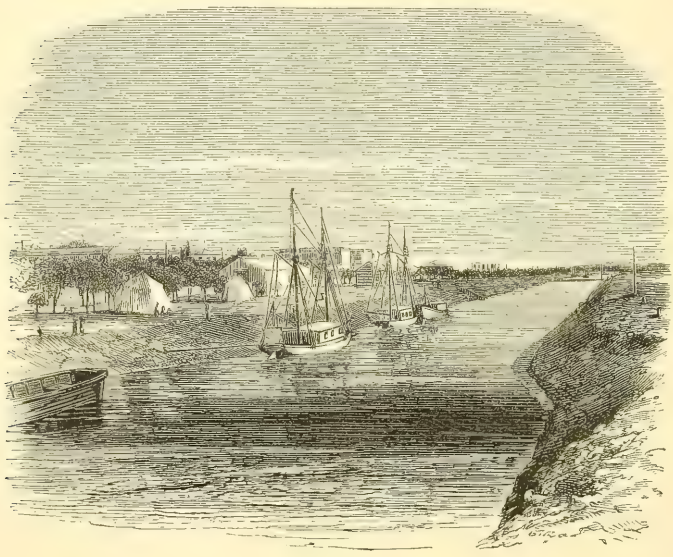
sand-beach. It never rains here, naturally there is not moisture enough to sustain a germ of vegetable life, or slake a camel's thirst. Neither flood nor desert, however, can perpetually defy the improving hand of man. A stream of fresh water has been brought through the desert from the Nile, which supplies the most pressing wants of the town, and even a tiny garden occasionally smiles on the desert-shore. The Suez Canal Company has made a safe harbor here, with convenient wharves, upon which are constructed the railway-station and engine-houses.

Suez, like Omaha, is a great place in the future. At present it contains the taverns, storehouses, and machine-shops, which are required by a trade which is only recently opened. Some travellers assign to it a population of twenty-five thousand. We think there may be ten thousand. All the buildings are of stone, except occasionally a small frame structure used as a boarding-house, and, because of its frail, fanciful construction, called an "American" house.

Telegrams from Cairo were received on our coming to anchor here, and soon afterward Betts Bey, a confidential officer of the Khédive, came on board, with the United States consul-general for Egypt, and our esteemed American friend from Washington, Mr. Charles Knapp, of "great-gun" notoriety. Betts Bey tendered us, in behalf of the Khédive, a special train for travel at our own convenience.

Ismaïlia, May 6th.—We shall not now undertake to say whether it was Sesostris, or some other Rameses or Necho, who, seven hundred years before the Christian era, built a ship-canal across the desert from Suez to Bubastis on the Nile. Nor do we think it necessary to say that at the period of the first invasion of Egypt by the Turkish Mohammedans, fourteen hundred years later, that ancient and important navigation was so effectually lost that even its route across the desert had entirely disappeared, and its channel has never even been ascertained. Some good always comes out of the greatest evils. Napoleon's invasion in '98 was a severe scourge to Egypt. But the Suez Canal is the fruit of the

suggestions and surveys he then instituted with a view to restore that invaluable highway. Seventy years were occupied with explorations to remove speculative difficulties. These were—first, that the elevation of the Mediterranean and of the Red Sea were unequal, rendering necessary a lockage, dangerous if not impracticable; second, that no safe harbor could be built on the Mediterranean coast; third, that the deposits of the Nile on the Mediterranean shore have made an oozy bed, incapable of holding water; fourth, that the sands of the desert, near the Red Sea, are incapa-



ISMAÏLIA.

ble of retaining water; fifth, that the *siroccos* of the desert would fill any channel with sand as fast as it could be excavated. There were difficulties also of a political nature. The British Government was unwilling that the canal should be built under French auspices. The Divan at Constantinople distrusted the loyalty of the Khédive, and was subservient to British influence. All these objections, however, gave way at last, and in 1859 M. Ferdinand Lesseps, with the effective support of the then Khédive, Saïd Pacha,

organized a company and commenced the work. Now, in 1871, although not fully completed, the canal is in practical operation. Before leaving Suez, we examined the wharves and docks. We arrested the train at Serapeum, twenty miles, and at Ismaïlia, fifty miles from Suez, and inspected one of the deepest cuttings of the canal. We saw how easily ships of three thousand tons can pass.

We left the northern end of the canal to be examined when we shall have completed our trip in Southern Egypt. We mention now a few only of the more remarkable matters belonging to the great enterprise.

The canal is a hundred miles in length. It is carried on embankments raised in four successive natural lakes, Bitter Lake, the Timsah, the Ballah, and the Menzaleh. The depth of the water is twenty-six feet, its width at the bottom two hundred and forty-six feet, its minimum width at the top is three hundred and forty-six feet. It is without locks. Steam-vessels—as yet none others use the canal—make the transit in twenty-four hours. The harbor at Port Saïd, on the Mediterranean, is formed by two projecting piers, constructed of artificial stone made on the spot. In prosecuting the work, a diminutive fresh-water canal was first constructed by using the waters of the Nile. On the auxiliary canal, the barges conveying men, machinery, and supplies, were transported. The water of the Suez Canal, where we examined it, is of the same delicate blue that we had observed in the Gulf of Suez. The canal seemed like a narrow glossy ribbon, stretched across the yellow desert. Lake Timsah is a large basin of salt-water which supplies what is necessary to keep the canal at its proper level between the two seas. The canal-water is unpalatable to man and beast.

M. Lesseps built a house near this lake, when he commenced the work. He brought the Nile water then through the lesser canal, and planted a garden. Contractors came there to reside, a town grew up in the Arabian Desert, equal in magnitude and rapidity of growth to Cheyenne. But the Frenchman made his town very beautiful. A population of fifteen thousand gathered there in seven years. Broad avenues and streets were marked over the sand, and soon were well paved, although stone is rarely found,

even at the bottom of the canal. Catholic churches, foreign consulates, villas, banks, shops, and all other elements of the city, were there. The town was justly named Ismaïlia in honor of Ismaïl Pacha, the Khédive, and became at once a provincial capital. All this was while the canal was in process of construction. What did Ismaïlia want more? It wanted only the formal opening of the canal to assert itself a commercial and political centre. The day which the new city so impatiently desired came at last. Ismaïlia determined to introduce herself to the world by a grand festival. The season was propitious. The American civil war, which had filled the world with gloom, was ended. The French emperor had withdrawn his invading armies from Mexico. The "sharp, short, and decisive" war between Prussia and Austria was over. Not even a signal-note was then heard of the Germanic-French War, which last year broke upon Europe. The Temple of Janus was closed. All the world knows how the Khédive appointed a day for a celebration of the great enterprise, the greatest of the age. Of course, he invited Napoleon, the imperial patron of the work, the empress, in the fashionable sense "the light of the world," and with them all the kings and all the queens, and all the princes, and all the presidents, statesmen, warriors, and *savants* of the earth, to come to Ismaïlia. Nearly all who were invited came, personally or by representative. They were received on the sea-shore, and at Port Saïd. Splendid steam-yachts conveyed them up the Nile, showing them the Pyramids, the ruins of Memphis and Thebes, while waiting for the appointed day. Meantime the Khédive, with the energy and the profusion of Haroun-al-Raschid, built a palace at Ismaïlia, and gave it all the spaciousness and embellishments suitable for the entertainment of the majesties of the world. They came, they passed in barges, brilliant as Cleopatra's, through the canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. They spoke, they drank, they danced, and they made the dreary desert for the first time a field of chivalry and merriment. Ismaïlia was happy in the lofty discourses it heard, the superb pageants it saw, and the magic entertainments it enjoyed, as she was proud in the prestige which this magnificent celebration confirmed. All Egypt was happy.

Only a year and a half has elapsed since that magnificent demonstration, and how sadly has Ismailia changed! We found the population of the town reduced to less than two thousand. The beautiful palace, now knowing neither master nor guest, has already become monumental. The *siroccos* blow the sands of the desert on the paved streets of Ismailia, and there is neither man nor money to sweep them out. Contractors and workmen, their work being completed, have disappeared, and no merchants, mechanics, or laborers, have come in their place. The Suez Canal, however, remains, a commercial success. European and American steamships-of-war, as well as mercantile vessels of the largest size, pass and repass, but as yet bring no trade either to Ismailia or to Egypt. They pay very large tolls, but the company not only makes no dividends, but demands a new subscription of ten million pounds sterling to its stock, to secure the work against accident or waste. The Egyptian Government, owning half the stock, is embarrassed, if not unable to make the subscription, and reports come in from Europe (how credible we do not know) that M. Lesseps and the company are offering to sell the canal to British purchasers, German bankers, American speculators, or whoever will buy. But, notwithstanding all this, the Suez Canal is safe. The permanent interests of Egypt, France, Great Britain, Germany, the United States, of civilization itself, will not allow it to be closed. The tolls, already ample to compensate its superintendence, will increase with the steady increase of steam navigation, and that increase is inevitable. The steam-voyage from Europe to India, whatever rate of toll the Suez Canal may demand, will be cheaper than the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. Heavy freights can always be carried more cheaply by steam on the sea than on the land. All that can happen or will happen of misfortune will be that new stockholders will obtain the stock at reduced prices, and the original and meritorious projectors and prosecutors of the enterprise will lose the whole or part of their investment. This, although a sad result, will only be a renewal of an old experience of public benefactors.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SUEZ TO CAIRO.

The Bedouin Arabs.—A Wady.—Goshen.—Nubian Troops.—A Splendid Sunset.—The Palace of Repose.—The Khédive.—The Population of Egypt.—The Khédive's Improvements.—A Visit to the Harem.—The Female Slaves.—Egypt and Utah.

Cairo, May 6th.—From Suez to Cairo is one hundred and thirty miles. Leaving Ismaïlia at five o'clock, we continued our monotonous way for two hours. The desert has no inhabitants, except a small force of Arab laborers employed in keeping the canal and railroad free from the whirling sands.

On this journey we have made our first acquaintance with the Bedouin Arabs. They were encamped with their camels and horses on an oasis of hardly thirty rods in circumference, its vegetation being due to a leakage of the small "Sweet-water" Canal. The Bedouin tents indicate vagrancy. The encampment had no women; the men are stalwart and handsome. How long will it be before these travellers of the sands, dispensing with their caravans, will be buying "excursion-tickets" on railroads and steamboats?

It is a singular contrast of man's enterprise against Nature's impassibility that our path through the desert is marked out, not only by the interoceanic canal, but also by an interoceanic railroad, and by several telegraph-lines. Of these, the first is the Egyptian line; the second, the European and Indian line; the third, the Suez-Canal line. The whole of Egypt, Upper and Lower included,

does not furnish sufficient timber for telegraph-poles. These are brought from the forests of the Danube.

At the end of our two hours' ride, we crossed a broad piece of interval land, here called a *wady*, which is partially irrigated by one of the innumerable canals taken from the Nile. This wady is generally understood to be within the district of Goshen. The ruins of a large town on its borders are said to bear evidences of Jewish architecture. We, however, can state nothing, for we found, on arriving here, a traveller who, having inspected the site, pronounces the claim apocryphal. We came soon upon the plain of the great river, where land and water are always changing, and found it covered with tropical vegetation, luxuriant and abundant. We had scarcely entered the plain before we observed troops of lank, half-famished dogs, resembling the jackal. No one claims them, and they know no master—they are not unjustly described as pariah-dogs. We rested in Goshen for half an hour, enjoying the sumptuous lunch which we found awaiting us there. Resuming our way, we passed a large encampment of Egyptian troops, all black, athletic Nubians, in clean white uniforms. Next in splendor to the sunset at Yeddo, which we have recorded, was the sunset which welcomed us to the banks of the Nile. Beyond fields of ripened wheat, alternating with the springing Indian-corn, and vegetable gardens, everywhere shaded by the date-palm, the Pyramids towered clear against the horizon. Colorless as the rocks and sands on which they stand, they scarcely attained a darker shade as the sun went down behind them. For a moment, the monotonous coloring of sand, pyramids, and sky, gave place to the soft, hazy, commingling of crimson, violet, and gold, through which the god of day delights here to enter his dark chamber in the west. All of this came quickly to an end, and the desert and the horizon, resuming their dark, leaden hues, left it uncertain which had absorbed the other.

Kasr Nudjii, Cairo, May 7th.—Our reception at Suez, and our journey hither, under the conduct of the viceroy's commissioner, had not at all prepared us, as they might have done, for the gentle

hospitalities we are receiving. This palace, "the Palace of Repose," is embosomed in gardens.

The outside world seems never to have come to an agreement with the Egyptians as to the title of their sovereigns. In Hebrew literature, we read of Pharaoh, as if that were a proper name, whereas it is simply the Egyptian word for king. Khédive is, in modern Egypt, the title for which the Europeans use the word viceroy. Ismail Pacha, the present Khédive, is a son of the eminent Ibrahim Pacha, and grandson of the illustrious Mehemet Ali, the restorer of Egypt, after its ruin under the sway of the Mamelukes. He succeeded his uncle, Saïd Pacha, in 1863, and is fifty-five years old. By a treaty, which he made last year with the Sultan, the succession is confirmed to his family in a direct line. His derivation is from Macedonia, and his appearance is decidedly European. He was educated, in part, in France. He speaks the French language, and inclines to French tastes and affinities. Arriving this morning, at six o'clock, from an excursion on the Nile, he appointed eleven o'clock to receive Mr. Seward at the Palace of Ghezireh. Sentinels were placed, at convenient distances, along the outer wall of the palace, and a small guard at the gate. The chief-of-staff and other officers met Mr. Seward at the door, and conducted him to an audience-chamber where the Khédive was standing dressed in the Egyptian military uniform with the *tarboosh* or fez. Receiving Mr. Seward kindly, he conducted him through several antechambers to an inner audience-room, and invited him to a seat at his side on a divan. Coffee and *chibouques* were immediately offered. Although the Khédive's countenance is dull and heavy, he converses in French with ease, sagacity, and intelligence. He expressed a high appreciation of the United States, and especially of the justice they practise in international relations. He desired to do all that might be in his power to make Mr. Seward's travels in Egypt safe and agreeable. Conversation of half an hour ensued, in which the Khédive appeared equally free from pretension, affectation, or reserve. It took a broad range, embracing politics, agriculture, internal improvement, and popular education. Mr. Seward says, if he had met the Khédive in a social circle *incognito*,

he should have thought him an accomplished country gentleman interested in education and social reforms, or a railroad contractor, a speculator in lands, or a planter, just as the subject of conversation might happen to turn. He has two traits most admirable in administrator or prince—perfect good-nature and equanimity.

Hardly had Mr. Seward returned from his audience when the Khédive, attended by his prime-minister, Chérif Pacha, arrived at the Kasr Nudjii, to return the visit. When Mr. Seward presented the ladies to him, he at once engaged in agreeable converse with them, and cordially expressed a hope that they would visit the ladies of his family. The well-trained stewards of Kasr Nudjii needed no instructions to serve the guests with the purest of Mocha coffee in the tiniest of golden cups, and the most fragrant Latakieh tobacco in jewelled chibouques with amber mouth-pieces. The Khédive remained with us an hour, conversing freely on political affairs, and the subjects of interest in our travels.

The population of Egypt is eight millions, consisting of two classes. The paramount class consists of immigrants or sojourners from Christian countries, European or American. They lead in commerce, banking, and manufactures. These foreigners, whatever be their distinct nationalities, are called Franks, and they retain, by virtue of treaties called "concessions" between the Sultan and Christian states, their respective nationalities and allegiance. They are not only exempt from the judicial authority of the Egyptian Government, but also from taxation. Thus, they constitute a governing class, independent of the Government itself. In short, they replace the Mamelukes. The Khédive's great difficulty consists in conducting his administration so as to satisfy this class without arousing the jealousy of the natives, and thus avoiding intervention by foreign powers. The native class are of mixed races. A small portion of it are Copts, descendants of the original Egyptians, now Christians. A large population, principally near the Mediterranean coast, are chiefly of Arabian extraction, and are Mohammedans. Both these classes are illiterate and poor, and are called *fellahs;* besides these, there are Nubians, Abyssinians, and other Africans. Over all these native classes, the Khédive exercises

absolute power. He taxes, conscribes, and even confiscates, at pleasure. But this despotic authority has one practical, though not constitutional limitation. The majority of his subjects, being sincere and bigoted Mohammedans, never cease to regard the Sultan of Turkey as their sovereign. The Mohammedan natives of Egypt are not troubled with metaphysical distinctions between matters temporal and matters spiritual. They make it a condition of loyalty to their Khédive that he shall in all cases be loyal and submissive to the Sultan. The Khédive's administration is a personal one, even more so than that of his friend and late ally, Napoleon III. Every transaction of the Government is conducted with his personal knowledge, and by his direction. Without his direction, nothing can be done. It is due to the Khédive, to say that his administration is successful, and even popular. No nation has a bolder projector, or more liberal patron, of internal improvements. He is reconstructing the city of Cairo. Five years hence, it will no more resemble the Grand Cairo of the Saracenic age than modern Paris resembles the Paris of Louis Quatorze. He has already extended the Alexandria and Cairo Railroad one hundred and fifty miles toward Upper Egypt, and is intent upon carrying it to the Soudan, the extreme southern province in his dominions. We have already spoken of his munificence to the Suez Canal, but these improvements are prosecuted by him in his political character. Individually, he is the largest land-proprietor and greatest agriculturist in Egypt. They tell us that he owns one-fifth of the tillable land of the country. In this distinct private character he has a private treasury, and credit in the financial circles of Europe. His wealth is estimated in billions. The claim that is made for him, that he is the richest man in the world, is not incredible. What is more marvellous is, that he superintends his personal estate as well as public affairs.

May 8th.—Soon after the Khédive left us last evening, Betts Bey communicated the invitation of the Khédive to the ladies of our party, to visit the harem at the palace of the Khédive's mother, the Princess Validé, at the Kasr Ali, at eleven o'clock to-day.

There was a difficulty, for the ladies, after so many months' travel, were reduced to black or white morning costumes. Although no color or form of dress was prescribed in the invitation, we learned that on no account would black be allowed. A prejudice, either national or religious, prevails in the harem, that, if any misfortune occurs in the palace within a period of six months after a black dress or trimming has been worn there by any Christian woman, the visitor is responsible for it. Through the help of our countrywoman Mrs. Stone, the necessary dresses of blue and lavender were procured, and the ladies repaired to Kasr Ali attended by a governess of the young princess, and by Betts Bey. Two companies of Nubian troops, which guarded the high arched gate of the outer walls, presented arms as the party entered. Crossing a broad paved court, they received similar honors at the second gate, and again at the third gate. Here Betts Bey stopped, and the ladies, as they alighted from the carriage, were met by eight jet-black eunuchs in Egyptian uniform, and conducted through a beautiful garden to the vestibule of the palace. As they approached the vestibule, they saw that it was filled with young Circassian slave-girls, dressed in gay-colored gauzes and muslins, some with little turban-hats. Two of these, wearing richer dresses than the others, and displaying many diamonds, took each of the visitors by the hand, and conducted them through endless corridors and *salons*, the slaves following. These corridors and chambers were furnished with carpets of velvet, curtains of damask and lace, satin sofas and divans, great mirrors and crystal chandeliers, but were destitute of such works of art and articles of *vertu* as are deemed indispensable in a palace of the West. With this attendance, they were at last ushered into a *salon* not inferior in dimensions or construction to the East Room of the White House. The Princess Validé is the first lady of the state, taking precedence of the viceroy's wives and daughters, all of whom are called princesses. When the ladies entered, she was reclining on a divan at the farther end of the hall, one of the "princess-wives" sitting near her, and sixty slave-girls formed in a crescent-shaped group at her left hand. The women who followed the guests arranged themselves

in a corresponding half-circle on the opposite side. The visitors advanced between the two groups toward the divan, and were received by her Highness standing. Her dark eyes are sharp, her face expressive of great cleverness, her voice clear and pleasant. She received the ladies with perfect courtesy, and presented them to the princess at her side, and then invited them to seats on her left. The princess was dressed in a long white satin skirt which covered her feet, and a black-velvet jacket with long pointed Turkish sleeves. A fold of violet satin, with variegated border, was fastened around her head with a band of diamonds, the whole surmounted with a *solitaire* diamond of immense size. A large medallion likeness of the Khédive, set in diamonds, was fastened like a "decoration" on the left lapel of her jacket; an enormous diamond graced the first finger of her left hand.

The princess-wife wore a green-silk dress with lace, hat, gloves, boots, and fan, which must have been lately imported from Paris or London, and her light-brown hair was dressed in the latest Parisian fashion. The harem-ladies confess being very partial to the European *modes*. They have already ordered outfits from London, with the request that they may be counterparts of the *trousseau* of the Princess Louise. The conversation was in Arabic, the English lady-governess acting as interpreter. After an exchange of compliments, which were perhaps no more commonplace than is usual on such occasions in other countries, the slave-girls brought on a golden salver iced water, Turkish and Egyptian conserves, among which were sugared rose-leaves in enamelled cups, with golden spoons that might serve a fairy, then chibouques, one of which was offered to each lady. The bowl of the chibouque is of the red clay of Egypt, the stem, five feet long, of the fragrant Danubian willow, with an amber mouth-piece eight inches long. The Princess Validé's chibouque had a jasmin-stem and mouth-piece of black amber profusely set with diamonds. Etiquette forbids a guest to decline the chibouque, which is smoked by allowing the bowl to rest in a small silver tray on the floor. With the chibouque came delicious coffee, black, and flavored with the attar of roses. The princess-mother explained the condition of the slave-women. She says they

are brought from their native land when quite young, and are provided with husbands and dowries. "They are very lucky," she said, with a laugh. Two hundred were seen on this occasion. They are neither pretty nor graceful, and appeared, as they went through their ceremonial attendance, like the chorus-singers of a German opera-troupe. The princess-wife said that she was from Circassia, without mentioning that she had been a slave. "We can get no more slaves from my beautiful country" she added, with a sigh, "since the Russians have taken it." It is quite usual for the viceroy to choose a wife among the slaves. When married, they become princesses, their former state being forgotten. Beyond these details, voluntarily given, the conversation was little more than a catechism of the guests on frivolous subjects, such as: "How old are you? How many brothers and how many sisters have you? What are their ages? Are you married? Why not? Are you going to be? How old is Mr. Seward? What does he travel for? How many sons has he? How old are they? How many of them are married? Has he any grandchildren? How old are they? How many are boys, how many are girls?"—and the like. The conversation betrayed a provincial deference for the Sultan's harem, and for Stamboul. Ten girls now entered with violins, citherns, and other instruments, and, arranging themselves in a crescent, gave some very sweet music. When this was ended, ten other Circassian girls came forward, in short pink-and-white satin dresses, covered with silver lace and spangles, long white-satin Turkish trousers and French boots, and began a dance that, with short intervals in which they rested and the guests drank coffee, lasted three hours. These *artistes* were somewhat prettier than the slave-girls in direct attendance on the princesses, and they made a marked display of their luxuriant blond hair. The Princess Validé told us that, since the ladies of the harem were allowed to see the European opera and ballet at the theatre in Alexandria, they have become quite disgusted with the native performances of their own country. In our judgment, however, the "shawl-dance," rendered by the Circassian slaves, is as graceful as any European ballet, and is entirely unobjectionable. In

taking leave, the Princess Validé cordially invited the ladies to renew their visit. In passing through the antechamber, deliciously delicate iced sherbets were served in golden goblets, then a large, gold-embroidered and fringed muslin napkin was tendered to each guest, with which she touched her lips, and passed on. The slave-trains, in crescent platoons, followed through the corridors to the vestibule, bringing to the visitors their cloaks, smoothly folded, in perfumed satin bags. The eunuch guards made the same homage to the guests as when they entered, and the inseparable and invaluable Betts Bey was at the gate.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's incomparable letters were, we think, the first revelation of harem-life to Western society. They made that life seem innocent and attractive. It wears the same aspect in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." It is not strange that it should make that impression on occasional visitors, who see only its elegance and repose, while the jealousies, vice, and crime, which it so often develops, are concealed. We have been content to speak of what we saw, and as we saw it. The princess-mother seemed a matron who would be held in respect in any court or in any social circle. Notwithstanding the assurance she gave us, concerning the education of the Circassian slaves, they seemed, without exception, illiterate and dull. While the harem betrayed nothing of immorality or impropriety, all the inmates except the Princess Validé seemed simply idle and frivolous. There is, however, much reason to believe that, if the life is capable of elevation and refinement, it will assume that character under the direction of the present emulous and enlightened Khédive, who is having his daughters trained by English governesses, and his sons by French and English professors. From our stand-point, the harem is the last school to be chosen for the education of wives and mothers, of rulers and statesmen. We see nothing here to shake our conviction that the system of early Jewish polygamy is rendered more completely degrading to woman as well as to man by its combination with Mohammedan sensuality and jealousy.

We cannot leave this subject without instituting a comparison between polygamy in Egypt and polygamy at Salt Lake. Happily,

the institution as established in Utah is free from the odious slave-trade in women, by which the harems in the East, for a thousand years, have been supplied by Circassia. Happily woman, on the American Continent, has never been cursed with that odious and disgusting class of police which the eastern harems have had from the dawn of human history; happily still, the forced attempt to reëstablish the institution in Utah is attended by the necessity of educating the children, if not the inmates of the harem, up to the standard of civilized Christian countries. From this contrast, we think we may infer: first, that the wretched institution of polygamy is essentially and favorably modified at Salt Lake; and second, that, even with such modifications, it cannot long be maintained there or elsewhere.

A GIEL OF CAIRO.

CHAPTER III.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

The Road to the Pyramids.—The Style of the Viceroy.—Interior of the Great Pyramid.—The Sphinx.—Mariette Bey.—Use of the Pyramids.—Rapacious Arabs.—The Phœnix.—The Site of On.—Ruins of Heliopolis.—The Tree of the Holy Family.—Mohammed Tauphik.—The Americans in Egypt.—The Citadel of Cairo.—A Museum of Antiquities.—Modern Cairo.—The Copts.—The Nilometer.—The Tombs of the Caliphs.—The Cemeteries of Cairo —The Mosques.—The Dancing Dervishes.—Ghezireh.—Polygamy.—The Cairo of To-day.

Kasr Mudjii, May 9th.—We have given the day to the Pyramids. They deserved it, as they have exhausted it. From the time, twenty-five hundred years ago, when the Greek first explored Egypt, until just now, a visit to the Pyramids was a laborious undertaking. Whether the traveller advanced toward them from Alexandria, or only from Cairo, an infinite preparation, of boats, and guides, and camels, of donkeys led and donkeys driven, of tents and provisions, for a tedious and circuitous journey among the dikes and canals of the Nile, was requisite. Now, all this is changed, or at least it has been changed for us. The Khédive, in preparing for the Suez-Canal celebration, built a high, embanked road, across the valley of the Nile, to the very foot of the Pyramids, planting it with full-grown shade-trees. He constructed also a fine kiosk, at the base of the Pyramids, in the desert. These improvements are popularly said to have been made as an especial courtesy to the Empress Eugénie. We, however, have participated in their benefits, just as we did in the use of the pier which was

built for the Duke of Edinburgh, at Elephanta, in India. We made the journey, from our house to the Pyramids, in open barouches, with four horses and postilions. We notice here a practical difference in the style maintained by the British Viceroy of India and that of the native Viceroy of Egypt. The former dresses his postilions in the brilliant colors and graceful costumes of the East, and caparisons his horses in leopard and tiger skins. The Khédive copies the awkward liveries and trappings of the West: his postilions are French jockeys.

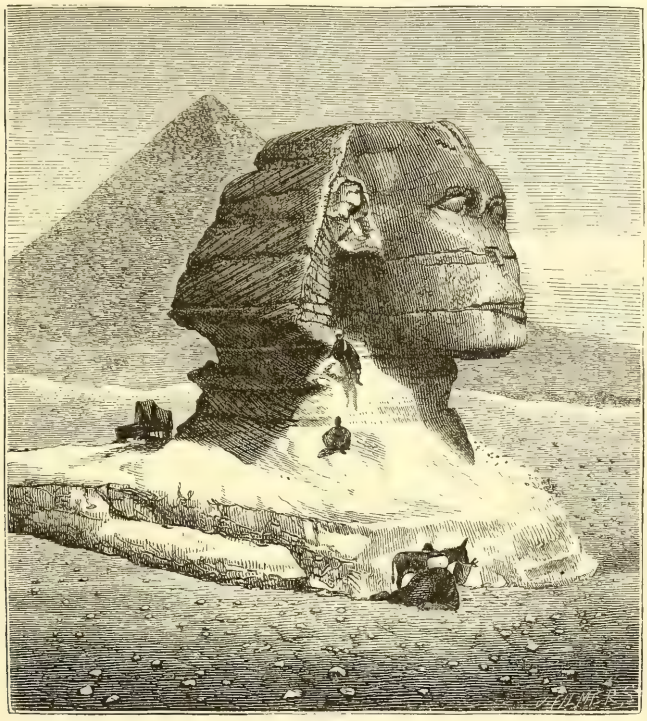
THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

The Pyramids have not disappointed us, as they do most travellers. Even at the greatest distance they do not seem diminutive. We had reason to regret, however, that the Khédive's highway did not continue into the interior of the great Pyramid of Cheops. The only entrance is by an aperture which the Greeks found hermetically sealed, and which is now partially opened. This aperture is now forty feet above the ground, and is reached only by climbing the outer wall. By the dim light admitted through the aperture, we descended to the interior of the pyramid by an inclined plane perhaps forty feet, and then, turning at right

angles, by another inclined plane a hundred feet, covered ankle-deep with the sands accumulated for ages. Here the guides lighted torches, and, making a zigzag way right and left, we walked half bent along other planes, until we entered, through a very narrow door, the lowest explored apartment in the pyramid, called the "Queen's Chamber." It is perhaps twelve feet square. The walls are of highly-polished red granite. The chamber is dark, silent, and vacant. From it, by upward ways not less perplexing than dangerous, we ascended to the greater apartment, called the "King's Chamber," thirty feet by twenty, the walls like those of the "Queen's Chamber." Near one end of the room is an immense open sarcophagus, also of red granite. It was doubtless prepared to receive the remains of the builder of the pyramid. But history tells of no relics contained in it. It is exactly in the condition now in which the first explorers described it two thousand years ago. The feeblest utterance in either chamber produces stunning echoes from the stupendous walls. The architects evidently had no idea of ventilation. Instead of coming back as strong as when they entered the "King's Chamber," the ladies, quite unconscious, were literally borne out by the sturdy Arab guides.

The Sphinx, however, is the most attractive of all the monuments. It is more than sixty feet high, its human head more than twelve feet long, the nose four feet long, the mouth two feet wide. Archæology bears little testimony concerning the conception of the Sphinx. It was built after the Pyramid of Cheops. Most of the innumerable pictures of the Sphinx are in profile. A front view shows that the face, especially the nose, has been mutilated. Nevertheless the expression is one of supreme benignity. The Sphinx does not seem to wonder while it excites the wonder of the beholder. The effect cannot be conceived unless, together with the colossal figure itself, we bring up its associations. Taken with these, the grim gigantic Pyramids, the indefinable *débris*, and the cloudless, treeless, limitless sterility of the scene, and they awaken in the beholder imaginations of events and of men of whom memory, history, and tradition, alike fail to impart any knowledge. Mariette Bey, an indefatigable antiquary in the Khédive's service,

has within the last six years excavated an area between Cheops and the Sphinx, in which he found a subterranean temple. We explored it. It is one story high, built entirely of red granite,



THE SPHINX.

without arches, inscriptions, ornaments, painting, or sculpture of any kind. It contains ten spacious chambers, all opening into each other. Mariette Bey has been unable to form an opinion whether this temple was designed as a place of worship of the remains of the kings interred in the Pyramids, or whether it is a temple erected for the worship of the god Anaraches, who is supposed by some antiquaries to be represented by the Sphinx.

No unsophisticated person, who for the first time sees the Pyramids, the sarcophagus of Cheops, the newly-disclosed temple, and

the Sphinx, can for a moment doubt that they are simply sepulchres of the dead, safe depositories, where the embalmed bodies of the kings might rest in secure concealment during their appointed term. We know from history that the ancient Egyptians believed, after a manner, in the resurrection of the dead. They believed that the departed spirit would pass through a series of migrations in inferior animal forms, more or less happy or miserable according to their deeds, when living as men; that this period of migration would continue three thousand years, and at the expiration of that term they would return and resume the bodies they had originally inhabited, and enter into a new existence on the earth. In accordance with this belief arose the ancient Egyptian custom of embalming the bodies of the dead, and of preserving them in cases which excluded the air and other elements, and depositing them thus protected in dry, rocky caverns, hermetically sealed so as to defy the prying search of man and beast.

Our exploration of the Pyramids was not altogether free from the experience of which travellers always complain. A crowd of rapacious Arabs gathered from the dismal hovels of the villages around, who continually demand a *backsheesh* for services which were officious and unsolicited. Half a dozen of these at every point obstructed our way, under the pretence of showing it. One planted himself at the foot of the Sphinx to serve as a standard by which to measure its height. If you refuse their offer to carry you to the top of the Pyramids, they run up the steep acclivity themselves like so many lizards. You decline their support in walking through the sands; they compensate themselves for the denial by telling you how the Pyramids and the Sphinx were raised in a single night. Notwithstanding these annoyances, our excursion was successful, and ended with a pleasant entertainment in the luxurious kiosk.

Cairo, May 10th.—Herodotus says, in his account of the Egyptians: "They have also another sacred bird, which, except in a picture, I have never seen, and which is called the phœnix. . . . According to the Heliopolitans, it comes there but once in five hundred years, and then at the decease of the parent-bird. If it have any

resemblance to its pictures, the wings are partly of a gold-color and partly of a ruby-color, and in form and size it is perfectly like the eagle. . . . They say that it comes from Arabia to the Temple of the Sun, bearing the dead body of its parent enclosed in myrrh, which it buries. It makes a ball of myrrh shaped like an egg, as large as it is able to carry, which it proves by experiment; this done, it excavates the mass, and introduces the body of the dead bird. It closes the aperture with myrrh, and the whole becomes of the same weight as when composed only of myrrh. It then proceeds to Egypt to the Temple of the Sun."

We drove this morning to the site of ancient On, otherwise called Beth-shemesh (Heliopolis), ten miles northeast from Cairo, twenty miles from ancient Memphis. Of course we found there no "images," "no house of the sun," no city of Heliopolis, no phœnix, nor the grave of any

> "lonely bird
> Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
> And in music and perfume dies away."

What we did find is a plain, with here and there a low mound of pulverized bricks. There is a dispute whether these *débris* are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun or of the walls of the city. A monolith obelisk of red granite rises between two of the mounds. It is sixty-eight feet high, and bears an hieroglyphic inscription which recites a date two thousand and eighty years before our era. An Arabian historian of the middle ages describes another one, which stood near the present obelisk, as an embellishment of the Temple of the Sun. The ground at the base of the existing obelisk has been excavated, and the pedestal is found buried to the depth of six feet. It is inferred from this fact that the plain of the Nile here has been raised by its inundations six feet in four thousand years. On the west and south sides of the monument the bees have made honey-comb dwellings, which completely cover the inscriptions. The plain north of Heliopolis is strewed with rocks, easily detected as having been formed by petrifaction, of fallen and broken trees. It bears the euphonious name of the "Petrified

Forest." This is all that remains of On, where Joseph found his wife—of that Beth-shemesh against which Jeremiah pronounced the curse—all that remains of that Temple of the Sun, which was the chosen cemetery of the Arabian phœnix, and later was the school where Solon, Eudoxis, and Plato studied.

On our return to Cairo we stopped at Mataria; here are the remains of a garden, in which, according to Coptic tradition, accepted by the Roman Church, was the home of the Virgin, the Holy Child, and Joseph, in their flight from the dreadful decree of Herod. They showed us here, not only the very sycamore-tree which afforded shade to the Holy Family, but a natural spring in which the linen of the Divine Infant was washed. We are told that the Khédive presented the tree to the Empress Eugénie. We are thankful that she did not remove it, so as to deprive us of the physical and moral virtue, if any, which its foliage imparts.

This morning visits were exchanged between Mr. Seward and Mohammed Tauphik, eldest son and heir-apparent of the Khédive. He is about twenty, handsome, intelligent, and carefully educated by European masters. We learn that his sagacious father, notwithstanding religious prejudices, insists upon Tauphik's mingling freely with European society. Mr. Seward is also visited by the Khédive's ministers, some one among them dining at Kasr Mudjii every day. Chérif Pacha, president of the Council of State, and prime-minister, is a very able and sagacious statesman. Noubar Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is an Armenian Christian, spirited and well informed, but somewhat restless under the restraint imposed on the Khédive's government by the Christian powers, as well as by the Ottoman Porte.

The Americans in Egypt are a mixed though interesting family. The Khédive is reorganizing his army on the Western system of evolutions and tactics. For this purpose he has taken the loyal General Stone as chief-of-staff, and the loyal General Mott as aide-de-camp, and with these some eight or ten military men who distinguished themselves in the Confederate army. All of these Americans visited Mr. Seward to-day. While he expressed pride and satisfaction in finding his countrymen thus honorably

trusted and employed in a foreign service, he nevertheless remarked, with characteristic tenacity, that he disapproved and lamented a proscriptive policy at home, which exiled even former rebels to foreign lands; but it was due to the American people to confess that, in no other civil war, had the victorious party practised so great magnanimity as the party of the Union has done.

May 11th.—Although the citadel of Cairo has been rendered unreliable as a fortress, it very justly excites admiration. Like those of India which we saw, it is a combination of fortifications, palaces, and mosques. It stands on a rocky bluff of the desert, three hundred feet above the Nile, and, while it overlooks the entire city, it commands a view not only of the Pyramids of Gizeh, but also those of Lucena, and a view of the Nile, from ancient Memphis, far down the Delta. A well which supplies water to the citadel is an object of much curiosity and interest. It was excavated by Salah-ed-dyn (Saladin), otherwise known as Yussef-ebn-Ayoub, and from him called Joseph's well. It is two hundred and seventy feet deep, and consists of two stories or chambers. The water is raised from the bottom one hundred and twenty feet into the chamber, worked by men stationed at the bottom. Thence it is brought to the top of the well by another mechanical process. A winding staircase leads from top to bottom. Popular superstition, seizing on the legendary history of the patriarch Joseph, long regarded him, and not Saladin, as the Yussef who made the well; and at last, by an exercise of still greater credulity, it has come to be regarded, irrespective of topographical evidence to the contrary, as the veritable "pit" into which Jacob's pious son was thrown by his naughty brethren, in revenge for his having received a pretty coat.

We see also in the citadel the court in which the Mamelukes were treacherously massacred by order of Mehemet Ali in 1811. The magnificent palace of Saladin, its audience-chamber graced with thirty-two majestic monolith columns, was injured thirty years ago by an explosion which necessitated its removal. In its stead was built the last elegant palace of Mehemet Ali, which is now

the residence of the young prince Mohammed Tauphik. But a more imposing modern structure, however, in the citadel, is the mosque of Mehemet Ali, and the tomb of that great chief and ruler. The mosque, which, by reason of its advantageous site, its grand dimensions, and its lofty dome and minarets, is the most conspicuous and admired object in Cairo, is of purely Saracenic construction. Within and without, including walls, pavements, columns, and dome, the material is Oriental alabaster. The mosques we saw in India, though many of them have a more exquisite beauty, pretend to no such grandeur as this mosque of Mehemet Ali. An order from the Khédive opened it to us, not as tourists, but as guests. The remains of Mehemet Ali rest in an immense alabaster sarcophagus, always covered with rich tapestry. The cover was removed, and disclosed an elaborateness of workmanship and inscriptions worthy of the restorer of Egypt.

The Jews, in the time of the patriarchs, found Egypt a storehouse of wheat; the Greeks, at a later period, found it a storehouse of monuments and relics. With the loss of its ancient policy of government, and with the exhaustion, if not extirpation, of the early races, the country has, since that time, been unable to defend itself, much less to preserve those invaluable treasures. The Western nations have been violent and rapacious in carrying them away. Monolith granite obelisks and monolith sarcophagi of porphyry, not to speak of marble statuary, the spoils of Egypt, are found in Constantinople, Rome, Naples, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, and London. The ornaments of its queens, the domestic utensils of its people, their provisions and medicines, and even its exhumed dead in their grave-clothes and coffins, are exhibited in the same capitals, or hawked as spectacles over the civilized world for "a shilling a sight, children half price." Those who have no better opportunity to examine the antiquities of that wonderful country, may with advantage study it in those stolen monuments and relics. They are, however, inadequate to convey an exact idea of the ancient civilization of Egypt. In regard to that study, they are what zoological gardens are to the knowledge of foreign animal races, or what exotic plants in a greenhouse are to tropical vegetation.

Ismail Pacha has kept Mariette Bey well employed since 1863 in the task of saving such of these invaluable relics as yet remain in the country. The collection which has been made is not so vast as the stores which are scattered in foreign countries, but is of vastly greater worth than any one of the foreign museums. The monuments, tablets, hieroglyphs, images, ornaments, pictures, and relics, which it contains, are seen here in the very region where they were first produced, and in just relation to the different regions of the country, and of the different eras of its history.

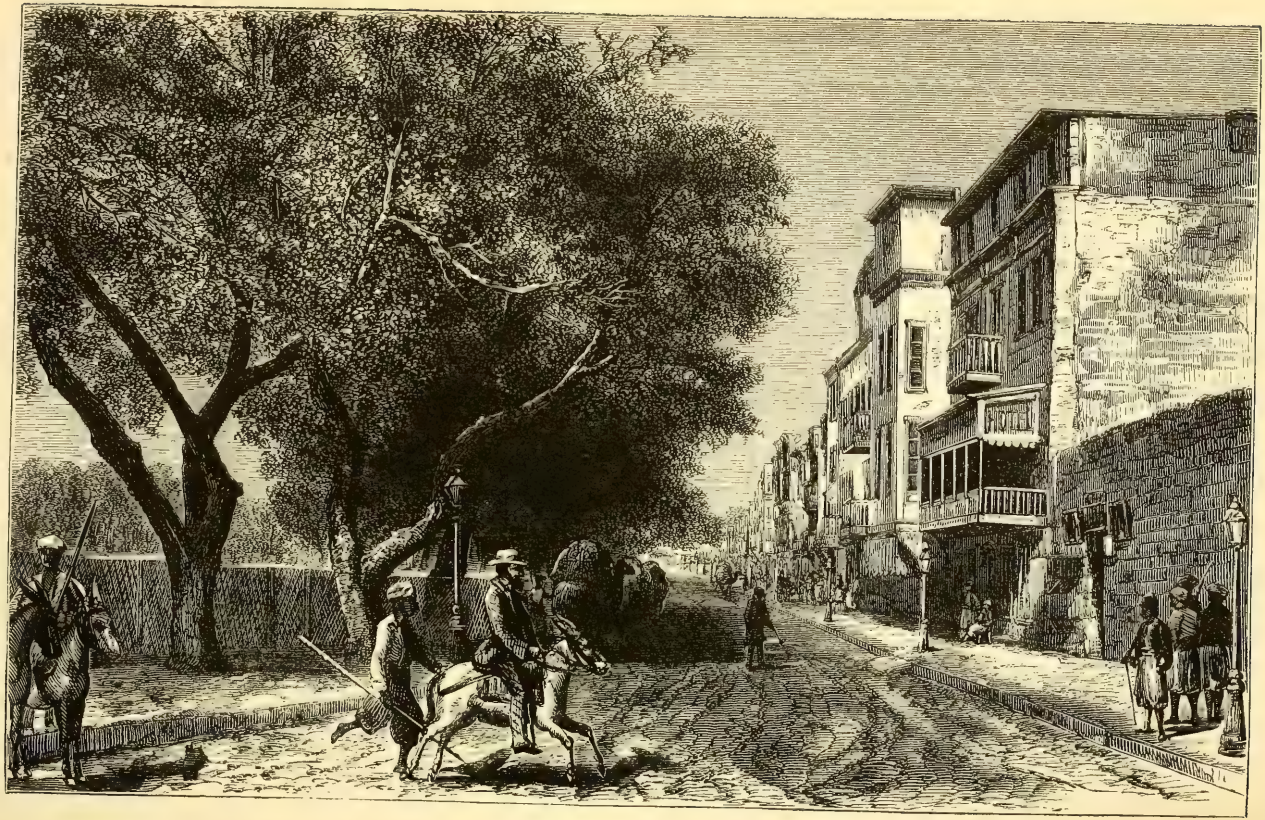
May 12th.—We must drop the antiquities of Egypt for a day or two, and confine ourselves to modern times and the city of Cairo.

A STREET IN CAIRO.

It is a Mohammedan creation, and was founded about A. D. 970 by Moez, an Arab caliph from Western Africa, who called it *El Kahireh*, or "The Victorious." Its first site was at Fostatt, eight miles

up the river. The original site is now called Old Cairo. The government transferred its seat from Old Cairo to the present city in the twelfth century. Our visit to the old city was full of interest. There is the "House of Light" (Kasr-ech-chama), which, like the citadel at New Cairo, was at once a citadel and a palace of the first Mussulman rulers. From some unknown cause, this great Mussulman ruin has become the retreat and home of the Copts. Though they have partially mixed their blood with their Nubian and Arabian neighbors on either side, they are universally recognized as the only true descendants of the ancient Egyptian race. They accepted Christianity in the first century, and, adopting the asceticism which was affected by the disciples of our faith in that early period, they incorporated a church with a powerful hierarchy and monastic institutions, the models perhaps of those institutions that have so long existed throughout Christendom. They established a litany. Although now reduced in number to one hundred and fifty thousand in Egypt, they still preserve their hierarchy, those monastic institutions, and that litany. In the great theological dispute which distracted Christendom from the fourth century to the tenth, they rejected equally the supremacy of the Patriarch at Constantinople and that of the Bishop of Rome. In the main they go with the Roman Church in requiring celibacy for the clergy, while they adhere with the Greek Church to the abstruse metaphysical doctrines that, after the incarnation of the Saviour, His nature was one, and not a double nature, and that the Holy Ghost "proceeds," not "from the Father and the Son," but from the Father alone.

The Copts have at least two convents, perhaps more, in the old "House of Light." We visited that of St. George; a part of it is, beyond all doubt, much older than modern Cairo. This part is a cave, in which there is a Christian church, which contains carvings, pictures, and inscriptions, illustrating the Nativity and the sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt. The Copts universally hold to the tradition that Joseph, Mary, and the child, dwelt in this cave, and that the church was built on the consecrated place to preserve it. The cave, or, as it is here called, the grotto, is divided into three



STREET IN CAIRO.

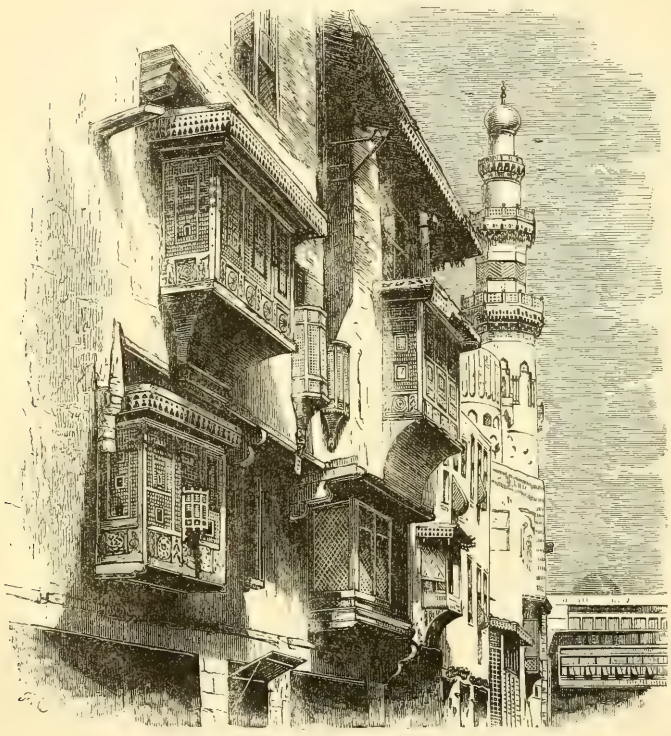
chambers, an outer, an interior, and a middle one. In the first is a Coptic baptismal font; in the second, within a niche, a stone bearing the impress of the Saviour's foot; in the third, a similar track.

The so-called Tombs of the Caliphs constitute a feature of Cairo which no traveller neglects. They are situated just outside of the Bab-el-Nini (Gate of Victory). They are the tombs, however, not of the Mohammedan conquerors, but of their Mameluke successors. These structures, like the imambarras of the Moguls, are mosques. They are fine specimens of the Saracenic style, but have no pretension to grandeur. Surrounded by the sands of the Desert, they are falling to decay and dilapidation. Many of them contain fine Arabesque wood-carvings. A visit to the sepulchres of the countless sovereigns of Egypt may well make one doubt whether the ambition to be remembered after death is even wise. At least it is possible to be remembered too long. Who cares now for Cheops, even if his ashes still remain secure within his majestic tomb? Who is there living now to honor or delight in the memory of Sesostris or Rameses? Who can envy the Mameluke Sultans, whose tombs are resolving themselves into the sands of the desert, while their hated race has been extirpated from the country over which they tyrannized?

It was a relief, after an inspection of the tombs of the Mamelukes, to visit the modern cemeteries of Cairo. The ruling family, and perhaps others, occasionally build mosques over their tombs, but smaller and less imposing even than those of the Mamelukes. The Khédive has erected a mosque which covers the remains of Said Pacha and other members of his family. Here, as in most of the monumental mosques, prayers are hourly chanted, year after year, by lay readers employed for that purpose. The tombs are invariably of white marble, gaudily painted in oil. A carved tarboosh at the head of the monument indicates that the sleeper is a man; a veil, that it is a woman.

Cairo has three hundred mosques. This is only saying in another way that Cairo is one of the most beautiful of all cities, insomuch as the gentle slope of its site, from the desert to the river-bank, allows every imposing structure its full effect; and, of all

architectural forms, the mosque, with its always graceful domes and slender minarets, is the most pleasing. The Mosque of Amrou, lieutenant of the Caliph Omar, in the old city, built in 642, is not only the oldest mosque of Cairo, but the oldest in the world. In a state of dilapidation, enough only of the structure remains to give an idea of its original grandeur and simplicity. The columns of



MOSQUE AND HOUSES IN CAIRO.

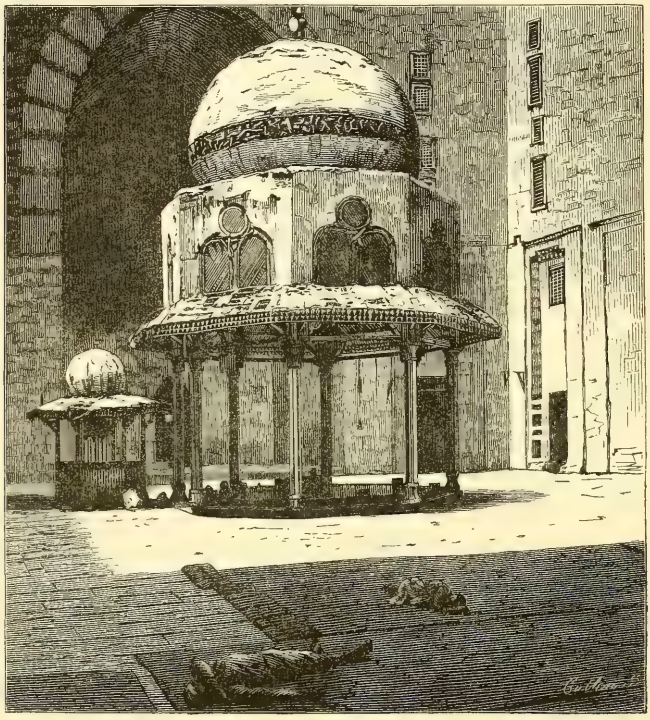
granite and porphyry, which it borrowed from the temples of a more ancient worship at Memphis, have disappeared, and the marble tablets, on which the full text of the Koran was written, have gone with them.

Next after the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, already described, the most important is that of Ahmed-ebn-Souloun, built in 877, in the

earliest Saracenic style. It is two hundred feet by one hundred. Another very grand mosque of Azhar, though built nine hundred years ago, was repaired in 1672, and is in admirable preservation. Its principal use, however, is not that of religious worship. It is the most popular university in Egypt. The scientific course pursued here embraces the Koran, versification, grammar, civil law, commercial law, and ecclesiastical law. Two thousand students, of different ages and sizes, sit on the floor in circles, whose circumference is as regular as if they had been described by the compass. They sit cross-legged, facing inward, while the professors stand at convenient distances so as to hear and instruct several circles. Each student has a book before him, and commits its text to memory by rehearsal, constantly swinging backward and forward during the exercise, not only the students in one circle, but all the students in all the circles rehearsing in chorus. We inquired in which of the schools of philosophy of ancient Egypt this form of instruction was instituted, but received no satisfactory answer. We think it must have originated at the Tower of Babel!

Mosques in Mohammedan cities, like temples in pagan countries and churches in a Christian land, are so much alike, that wandering through them becomes monotonous. We finished our tour with a visit to a mosque of dancing dervishes. The mosque is a rude, unfurnished structure, containing one square room for men, with a circular gallery for women. It is open to spectators, though few were present on this occasion. The brethren came into the chamber and took seats on the floor within the railing. They wore a uniform habit, consisting of brown serge, extending from neck to feet, with full skirt, and fastened with a girdle, and a round, high hat made of gray felt. It was easy to see that they arrayed themselves according to fixed order. The sheik entered and took his seat on the floor, directly opposite to the lay members. His costume differed from theirs only in being of a purple color. When he had taken his seat, a brother rose, walked slowly around the chamber, and made a salutation to the superior. Each other brother followed performing the same ceremony. A strain of solemn music, on the flute, was heard from an upper recess, whereupon

the brothers rose, one after another, and began a whirling motion, at first slow, but gradually increasing in rapidity, the right arm stretched upward and the left correspondingly depressed, as a bal-



INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE, CAIRO.

ance. Their full, heavy skirts had weights at the bottom which held them down while they expanded like round sails with the movement. This dizzy exercise continued until the entire body of the brotherhood were spinning around like so many tops, their dresses spreading out over their feet. The performance had lasted, as we thought, about an hour, when the music suddenly ceased, as if the musicians instead of the dancers had given out, and, on the instant of the music ceasing, they came to a rest. Then they walked in solemn procession around the room, each making a

salam to the superior. All the dervishes were men of full age, save one, a boy of twelve, who for some reason seemed to be held in great respect as a leader. He whirled with greater gravity, if possible, than his companions. We supposed him to be designated by birth or some other cause for preferment. The dervishes withdrew from the mosque without any manifestations of sanctimony, and, when we met them after the exercises, they seemed to us as cheerful and business-like as mechanics and artisans. They made no show of mendicity. It would be a curious study to trace to their source, in a common principle of human nature, the worship of the Shakers in our own country and that of the dancing dervishes of the East.

Having been received by the Khédive and his family, and domiciled in one of the state palaces, it would have seemed to us a manifestation of unbecoming curiosity to visit the other viceroyal residences. But the palaces of princes are objects of pride to them, as villas, mansions, and cottages, are to humbler proprietors. The Khédive intimated to us that the ladies of his family would have notice of our coming, and so our visits to the other palaces would not take them by surprise. Most of these palaces are simpler and plainer, and more after the European style, than we had supposed. Shobia is the most pleasant one. It is a palace built and arranged in a quadrangular form, exclusively for social entertainments, and encloses a lake of two or three acres, which is filled with curious fishes, and rare aquatic birds. All its halls, corridors, reception-rooms, banqueting-halls, billiard-rooms, and baths, connect with each other. The Khédive has been especially lavish in enlarging and embellishing Ghezireh, which is the most favored home of the princesses, although they always attend him wherever he resides or sojourns. It was manifest, on arriving there, that the Khédive's instruction for an admission had not yet reached the palace. The Nubian eunuchs drew swords upon us. We sauntered in the gardens while waiting for the necessary explanations to be made. These gardens are laid out on the European plan, and exhibit a blaze of scarlet geraniums, and yellow flowering plants, without a trace of white, blue, or purple. Chinese gardening has been adopted

to produce a rocky mound on an island, in a pretty artificial lake, and in the mound is a picturesque labyrinthian grotto, divided into Moorish chambers, refreshment-rooms, drawing-rooms, and pavilions; while light is flashed upon you at every turn by innumerable stalactites, mirrors, fountains, and cascades. Coming upon earth again, from this fairy subterranean maze, we wandered through the extensive menagerie, meeting, on the way, the princess-wife, whom the ladies had seen at Kasr Ali. She was enjoying a sunset promenade, attended by a long train of ladies, slave-girls, and inevitable eunuchs. The princess was arrayed in a dress of orange-and-white shot silk, which completely enveloped her tall, graceful figure, and covered the lower part of her face. Her eyes were partially veiled with the customary, very becoming, single fold of white illusion. She interposed her little green parasol between her eyes and our party as dexterously as a Broadway coquette. The women of the seraglio were looking down upon us through latticed windows, when the captain of the eunuch-guard opened the doors, with an apology for the previous delay, and proceeded to execute his instructions by showing us a long range of luxurious apartments. Gilded ceilings, marble floors, Persian carpets, damask divans, and French mirrors, alone justify the preference of the inmates for Ghezireh. A cultivated Western taste would have introduced here books, paintings, statuary, and a thousand works of art and beauty, but we found nothing of the sort, except one table of Florentine mosaic, which was presented to the Khédive by Victor Emmanuel.

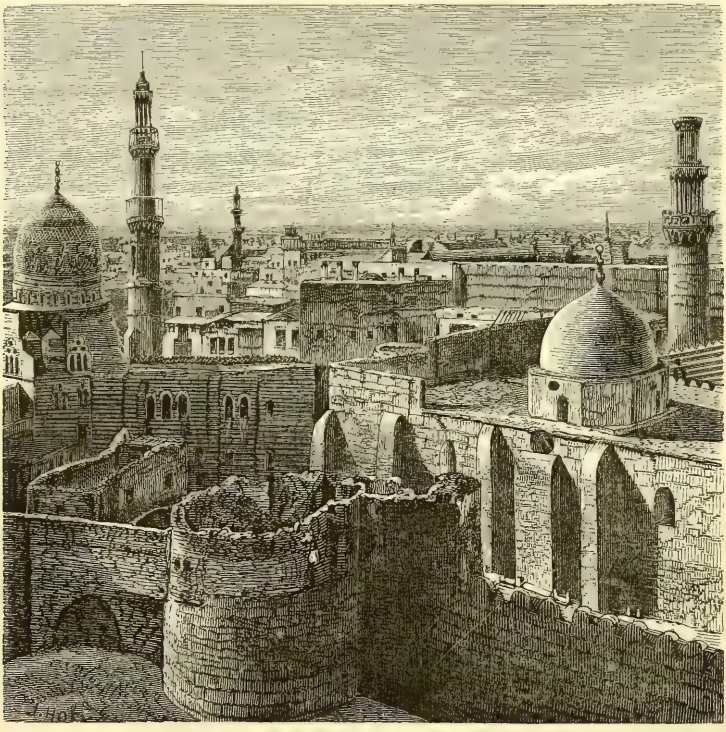
Is this a place and time to renew our speculations concerning the harem as a domestic institution? The Mohammedan provision for woman is a prison in which her sufferings from jealousy are consoled by the indulgence of her vanity. She is allowed the society of her own sex with far less restraint than is ordinarily supposed, and she displays before her visiting friends with pride the wealth and ornaments which lighten her chains. She goes abroad in Cairo, but always in her carriage, and looks upon the busy world in the streets with veiled eyes and under *surveillance*. She attends her lord in his state progresses from palace to palace in Egypt,

from Cairo to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to Stamboul. But she goes no farther, and never alone. She never reads, and, so far as possible, is required never to think. The Mohammedan law declares that the supreme object of her existence is to be married, and to have children for the benefit of the state; to be unmarried, even to be widowed, is a reproach, and to die in either of those conditions is to forfeit happiness in a future state. It is true, indeed, that, though she fulfils her appointed duties and destiny in obedience to the law as well as she may, she has not even in that case the promise of association with the faithful in paradise. For them *houris* are appointed, an especial creation, more beautiful, more fascinating than woman. For the faithful Mohammedan wife there is reserved, however, in paradise, a condition which, while it is a seclusion from the other sex, is gay, glorious, and perfectly happy.

The Cairo of to-day is not entirely the same Cairo which "Eöthen" and the "Howadji" have so well described. This active, restless, innovating Khédive, Ismail Pacha, lays out and paves broad and direct avenues, plants spacious parks and gardens, and builds or buys European hotels, banking-houses, warehouses, and what not, to such an extent that a sojourner here, who confines himself within the improved district, might fancy himself in Vienna or Milan. Nevertheless, the Grand Cairo of history and of romance, the Cairo of the "Arabian Nights," of Saladin, and the Mamelukes, remains a great city, a maze of majestic mosques, latticed palaces, and brilliant bazaars, variously built of stone, unburnt brick, and of wood, all streaked fantastically with red and yellow paint, and quaintly ornamented in Moorish arabesque. The narrow streets, sometimes too narrow for any travelling beast but the donkey, often end in a *cul-de-sac*, while other streets, winding, turning, and twisting, lose themselves in close, dark, mysterious courts, or come out upon acacia avenues leading to steaming baths and sparkling fountains. The people of all sorts, conditions, occupations, and races, known among men, seem contented with themselves, and equally gentle toward all comers. The Italian, the French, the English, the American, and the German, jostle alike the children of Ishmael and the children

of Israel, the Greek, the Copt, the Berber, the Abyssinian, the Nubian, and the Soumalan.

The merchandise carried on here is as various as the races, supplying equally all the luxuries of courts and the lowest wants of the nomadic tribes of the Arabian and Libyan Deserts, not to speak of the supply of the traveller with antiques and articles of *vertu*. We noticed the sign of an ingenuous as well as ingenious Italian that he fabricates and sells "Egyptian relics."



CAIRO, FROM THE EAST.

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE NILE.

Embarkation at Ghizeh.—The Pyramids of Saccara.—The Two Deserts.—Siout.—The American Vice-Consul.—Sultan Pacha.—Character of the Nile.—Slave Boats —Arab Villagers.—The Birds of the Nile.—The Population on the Banks.—Domestic Animals.—Personal Arrangements.—A Tippling Monkey.

Rhodah, on the Nile, May 12th.—We shall never cease to felicitate ourselves that we had sufficient resolution to go to the Great Wall of China, though it was November; and through India, though so late as March. We are not particularly satisfied with ourselves for having yielded to remonstrance, and given up our projected visit to the Euphrates. An excursion on the Nile in May is equally contraband. Though the Khédive has provided for it like a prince, yet, like a judicious merchant, he warns us that he does not insure our lives.

We took our seats in a special railway-train at Ghizeh, on the west bank of the Nile, opposite Cairo, at one this afternoon; and now, after a journey of two hundred and ninety miles, we are embarked in the steam-yacht Crocodile. Our journey at the very beginning afforded us one of the most beautiful views which the valley of the Nile presents. On our right, the Libyan Desert, with its eternal sentinels, the Pyramids. The river winds almost at right angles toward the east, and is covered with lateen-sail-boats freighted with the grains and fruits of Southern Africa. Before us the undulating bank beneath the cliffs of the Arabian Desert

stretches out widely, and displays endless groves of mimosa-trees and date-palms. Below these, and on our left, is the great city of Cairo, crowning the acclivity from the water's edge to its towering citadel. The rainless clouds are pierced by the slender, gleaming minarets of the great historical mosque, whose walls are lost in the distance.

We had not lost sight of Cheops and Cephren, when we came directly under the shadow of the Pyramids of Saccara, like the former sepulchral monuments of departed kings, but of inferior magnitude. We passed, as we were assured, over the site of ancient Memphis, without seeing one stone resting on another there. More of this, however, when we shall come down the Nile.

Rhodah has three distinctions: it is the southern terminus of the great Railroad of the Nile, which begins at Alexandria; it has a palace of the Khédive; and extensive sugar-manufactories, which are his private property. The people received us kindly here, and conducted us to the yacht, with the courtesies of a pleasant serenade, torch-lights and bonfires.

Siout, May 13th.—The mountains of the two deserts, between which the Nile makes its way, are much nearer than we had supposed. Alternately the Arabian Desert and the Libyan one crowds the river, and gives it a serpentine direction. These promontories often rise abruptly to the height of a thousand feet, leaving scarcely a ribbon-width of green plain at their feet. We passed such a one yesterday, which was terraced from the river's surface far up toward its summit with galleries of vaulted tombs excavated in the rock, and long since rifled of their deposits. Many of these tombs have now living Arab tenants.

This afternoon we planted our mooring-stake for the first time, in the high shelving bank of the river near this town, the name of which we write from a French map Siout, but which English travellers call Assiout. Now the flourishing capital of Upper Egypt, it is in history Lycoptera, the "Town of the Wolf," or, as the ancient Egyptians named their towns from their temples, the "Town of the Temple of the Wolf." Whatever else its present in-

habitants may do now, they do not worship the most ferocious and cowardly of wild beasts. Siout is the terminus of a caravan-trade which penetrates through the Libyan Desert to the great Oasis. The population is thirty thousand. One-third are Copts. The streets are narrow, the thronged bazaars filled with cheap articles of trade, the buildings either of stone or adobe. One or two mosques redeem the city from a general aspect of vulgarity and meanness. The town is built on the edge of the Libyan Desert. The plain, somewhat more than a mile wide between it and the river, is annually inundated, but the traveller passes safely over it on a broad embankment, which must have been built as long ago as when the dwellers of the place confessed the wolf for their god. Our chief interest at Siout consists in the insight it gives of the ancient Egyptian form of burial. The abrupt rocky desert face, which looks down over the place, is pierced with sepulchral caves. These caves are of vast extent and are divided into numerous chambers; all are dark, but, with the aid of torch-light, we found them hewn and chiselled with elaborate architectural shapes, with portals, columns, roof, and architraves. While we were pushing our exploration, Freeman fell from the floor on which we stood, into another chamber four or five feet below. He was unhurt, but after it we concluded to leave the million bats and owls within to the quiet enjoyment of their at least possessory right.

The Governor of Upper Egypt, Sultan Pacha, has a palace here, and with his staff has kindly accompanied us in our excursion.

The United States vice-consul here is a native, though an Armenian Christian. He has entertained us at his house, and brought around us his sons and many of his neighbors. Being a man of wealth, he prides himself on his dwelling, which he fondly thinks he has built on European plans. It is at least an improvement on the Egyptian style. We entered it from the street, by crossing a barrier two feet high at the door, and descending without steps to what seemed a basement, but proved to be a broad vestibule, paved with solid stone, and covered with sand three inches deep. We made our way through a dark gallery, without pavement or floor, to the lofty consular saloon, with a divan stretching

across one end, a row of attendants on either side, and a table in the centre. The room has no external ventilation of door or window, and is lighted day and night by lamps burning American petroleum. The reception was extremely kind, but, for want of acquaintance with Western manners, was excessively ceremonious and tedious. Coffee, champagne, sherbets, bonbons, and chibouques, were served, and many African curiosities presented to us. The consul insisted that we should stop on our return, and enjoy an entertainment of native music and dancing. We returned to our yacht, where Mr. Seward entertained Sultan Pacha and the vice-consul at dinner. The governor, a dignified and courteous man, was only once beyond the borders of Egypt; this was when he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The vice-consul has never been beyond the summit of the deserts between which he was born. Both expressed great wonder at Mr. Seward making such long travels, and plied him with questions concerning the United States, of which they have only the one idea, that it is a land of universal freedom and unmixed happiness. The governor is making an official voyage, through Upper Egypt, in his own steam-yacht. We shall see more of him. We sleep to-night, as last night, under strains of music, and with an illumination blazing on the shore.

On the Crocodile, May 14th.—So far as circumstances and incidents are concerned, the experience of one day on the Nile is that of every day; even the scenery, though unique and picturesque, is monotonous. The river swells in the middle of June, and attains its greatest height about the first of October, after which it falls continually lower until the next annual flood. It is now near its lowest stage. The soil of the valley is not different from that of the Mississippi. The river is of very unequal width; in some places ten rods wide, at others it spreads into shallow lakes, which leave scarcely any tillable land on either bank. Like the great American river, it is always changing its channel, wearing away a high and fertile bank on one side, and transferring the soil to positions lower down and on the opposite side. At every point of the voyage, the entire width of the valley is seen. Its average is six

miles. Irrigation fertilizes every acre; the water, at whatever stage, is raised for that purpose by all the contrivances known to Prof. Ewbank, from the primitive well-sweep and bucket, and the endless chain and pitcher worked by mules and oxen, to the steam-engine, which is employed on the great sugar-plantations.

So many channels are made for distributing water over the surface, that Egypt truly boasts of more miles of canal than Java, China, India, Holland, or the United States. The mountains on either side are of solid rock, varying from sandstone to limestone and granite. Huge bowlders of all these rocks are seen on either declivity, or resting in the valley; but the river-bed itself is free from stone. We are now five hundred miles from its mouths, and yet, throughout all that distance, there is not a rock which hinders navigation. Sand-bars formed by shifting currents render navigation, at low water, impossible for vessels drawing more than three feet, and even those venture to move only by daylight. The downward current is everywhere strong. Our yacht makes only five miles an hour against it, although our motor is an engine of forty horse-power. The only relief we have from the intense heat comes with frequent changes of the wind from south to north. At every turn we see, on the one bank or on the other, clumps of dwarf cypress, and of palmetto, or of date-palms. With these exceptions, there is nothing of forest, and, of course, little of shade. We can well imagine that tourists, more fortunate in their choice of season, sailing on a full river, level with its banks, find the country exceedingly beautiful, the broad plains being then covered with wheat, Indian-corn, rice, lentils, sunflowers, cotton, sugar, and tobacco—a magnificent display of verdure under the frowns of two gigantic deserts. Such enjoyment, however, is not for us. The cultivated banks are higher than the chimneys of our steamboat; we catch only an occasional glimpse of the fields, now in their brownest and most exhausted condition. No rain has fallen for a year. Not a cloud passes, between the sun and the soil, by day or by night. The earth is parched and cracked; the winds, which in other climates amuse themselves by driving storms of rain and snow over the earth, here make their wild sport only with the

black dust of the valley and the yellow sands of the desert. For all this, the voyage is, none the less, one of deep interest. The valley, more than a thousand miles long, is densely inhabited. Like the great river of China, the Nile is animated by travel and traffic. Three classes of boats are employed: the steamer, of course small, and only recently introduced, is, as yet, monopolized by the Government; second, the *dahabéeh*, a boat using the lateen-sail, gracefully constructed and gayly painted; third, the vastly more numerous and effective class of small boats, also using the lateen-sails, and managed by the natives. These bring down to Cairo the surplus produce of Upper Egypt, and carry back merchandise, chiefly of the cheapest and coarsest clothing, and indispensable utensils and articles of furniture. Occasionally, too, one of these boats is seen, in spite of all foreign protests, and of the Khédive's interdiction, bearing a group of jet-black men, women, and children, whom some native African chief, beyond the Egyptian border, has sold as prisoners of war, or exchanged for the trinkets so highly valued in savage life. They do not seem unhappy. Mohammedan slavery, in fact, wears rather the character of domestic service than of exhausting labor and hard bondage.

The people cluster in towns on the banks, in small, low, oven-shaped dwellings of sunburnt brick, without windows. A house of two stories indicates the residence of a successful merchant or speculator. It is sure to be ornamented with Venetian blinds, painted brown. Its double-latticed, narrow windows are designed to indicate that its proprietor is a Mohammedan, blessed with a harem. The Mohammedan church maintains, through all administrations, its rich foundations of mortmain. The mosque, therefore, dominates everywhere. Aquatic birds swarm on the beach and the sand-bars—cranes, ducks, geese, bright flamingoes, and stately vultures. Not the splashing of our propeller, nor even the shrill steam-whistle, startles one of these birds. The crocodile was a native of the Nile, and in the ancient mythology a god. All books of travel written twenty or thirty years ago are filled with accounts of that hideous monster. Champollion relates that he saw fourteen at one time. It has entirely disappeared since the in-

troduction of the steamboat, and the traveller who should speak of seeing a crocodile below the cataracts would be thought as extravagant as Sinbad.

The inhabitants are nearly all fellahs. A large portion of them are of Arabian descent, often intermixed with the more swarthy Abyssinian and black Nubian. They are strong, slender, and patient. A very small class, consisting of official persons, merchants, or "middle-men," wear a white Moorish turban or red tarboosh, and dress quite tastefully in black-cloth coats and white pantaloons, imported by wholesale from England. But the common people uniformly wear the heavy turban and blue-cotton blouse, with bare feet and legs. No one of any class, however, neglects to carry a camel's-wool cloak, butternut colored, for his bed at night. The children, as in other tropical countries, wear nothing. Ophthalmia is universally prevalent. Women, either Mohammedans or Copts, are never seen with men in either town, country, or village. They are seen only occasionally, and then in small groups, but, on being approached, they timidly hide themselves in their wide blue mantles, and retire to the road-side or into some dark corner. It is painful to notice how much toil and time are expended for domestic wants; but for the people it seems only a pleasant exercise. The Nile is the one indispensable supply of the comfort of life. Men are seen everywhere driving their small herds into the river for drinking and bathing, and, on their return, bringing home a domestic supply of the water in skin-bottles. At sunset and sunrise women are seen coming in long, dark processions from distant towns, by winding paths, to the water-side, and, as in patriarchal times, bearing the family supply in large earthen urns poised gracefully on their heads.

There is no lack of domestic animals among this people. The horse is small, but strong and well shaped. The ugly water-ox is the beast of the plough; the donkey is the common carrier of the country; while the camel not only shares that labor with him, but also labors in the field. There are immense flocks of sheep and goats, the latter all black. It is difficult to decide which party manifests the greater affection, the fellah for his mute beast, or

the donkey for his kind and gentle master. They are inseparable. The Arab is violent in altercation with his fellow-man, and often deals a passionate blow, but he never strikes or reproaches

A WOMAN ON THE NILE.

his beast. The people, isolated from all other races, show a great fondness for birds. We have heard the report of neither rifle nor fowling-piece, and every house in every town has a fanciful dovecote with alluring twigs at its windows. Although the Arabs have no prejudice against animal food, the domestic pigeon is held as sacred here as robin red-breast is in Massachusetts. Pigeons have multiplied so much that political economists compute their consumption of the products of the valley at one-twentieth part. When we reason with a native on the subject of this extravagance, he replies that the bird compensates for it by supplying guano for the production of water-melons.

A word now of our personal experience in the voyage. The weather is intensely hot, and of course grows hotter as we go south. Our party, including Betts Bey, consists of four and our three servants. Each passenger has a large state-room opening into a comfortable after-cabin. The forward-cabin was arranged as a dining-room, but Mr. Seward overrules the arrangement, and causes the table to be spread always under an awning on the after-deck, and he persists also in using the same airy apartment for his own sleeping-room. It is impossible for us to be on shore in the daytime, on account of the insufferable heat. We make our calculations, therefore, to move up the river in the middle of the day, resting, sleeping, trying to keep cool, and writing our notes. We go ashore at as early an hour as possible before sunrise, and at as early an hour as possible after sunset. At every landing-place the authorities, having been apprised of our coming, are found awaiting us with the chairs, horses, camels, mules, and donkeys, needed. Whether we dine on board or in a ruined temple on the shore, the servants who attend us spread the table with the same abundant and delicate supplies as at Cairo. Our captain and crew belong to the naval service, and are skilful and polite. The captain never fails personally to provide our Mocha coffee, flavored with attar of roses, as in the Turkish harem. Chibouques, exquisitely wrought and loaded with gems, are served at every meal by a personage whose sole duty in this life is to keep them safe and sweet. Instead of iced water, we have water cooled in porous earthen jars, which are hung over the stern of the boat. The wine is cooled by laying the bottles well corked in the troughs of the boat, and pouring a stream of river-water over them. A small Abyssinian monkey affords us infinite amusement by stealing these bottles, extracting the corks, pouring the wine into the gutter, and drinking it thence until he attains the height of human intoxication. We attempted to correct this habit by chastising him, but he dropped from our hands into the river, and instantly disappeared. After searching river and bank three hours for him, we gave him up for lost, when, to our surprise, he appeared squatted on the seat of the life-boat which was swinging at the stern.

CHAPTER V.

FROM ABYDOS TO THEBES.

The Ruins of Abydos.—The Sheik of Bellianeh.—A Misunderstanding.—A Dinner in the Ruins.—A Night in the Temple.—Exploring the Ruins.—By whom were they built?—Germs of Religious Ideas.—The Temple of Dendera.—Mr. Seward's Birthday.

Abydos, May 15th.—Though we were unfortunate in reaching Bellianeh at a late hour last evening, we found sedan-chairs, fellahs, donkeys, and camels, awaiting us on the river-bank. The sheik of the district, and the United States vice-consul, a Copt, met us, and proceeded with us immediately to the ruins, where we now write.

These ruins stand on the verge of the Libyan Desert, and overlook the level plain of the Nile, here seven miles wide. Mr. Seward came in a chair, the ladies on donkeys, the official persons on horseback, the servants, the beds, and the provisions for the night, on camels. It happened unavoidably that the procession broke into groups, which left some of its members without guides whom they could recognize. Night came on before we crossed the plain. We arrived at an Arab village, passing through very narrow and crooked streets, and under low Moorish arches. There we alighted and climbed some stone steps, by the light of torches held out for our guidance. We entered a court, or chamber, which opens to the sky. How could we doubt that we were at least in the vestibule of the Temple of Memnon? It was a surprise to have the room quickly though feebly lighted up, and to find the floor

covered with Persian carpets, on which divans were placed, and to have Arab servants come in loaded with water-melons, rose-water, coffee, and chibouques. Impatient to bivouac, we asked for the rest of the party, but it did not come up. We now noticed that no part of our own furniture or baggage had come in. *Was* this the Temple of Memnon? If not, Why and by whom were we received here with so much courtesy? If it was that temple, it was a very small one for so great a god, besides being quite modern in architecture, and built of adobe. We demanded an explanation, and received it—in Arabic. We afterward learned that the Sheik of Bellianeh had opened his castle for our reception and entertainment during the night. This, although an excellent hospitality, was not the feast to which we had bidden ourselves. That feast was to be served in the Temple of Memnon, in the excavated city of Abydos. It was not without much and earnest expostulation, nor without accidents of overturned chairs, and falls from the backs of the donkeys, that we reached the temple, two miles farther onward, and found the residue of the party there awaiting our arrival with much anxiety. So far as ancient temples are concerned, we had hitherto seen at Memphis only the place where they are supposed to have stood—at Heliopolis, an obelisk which graced the porch of the Temple of the Sun, and, at Ghizeh, a subterranean temple. So we were quite unprepared for the vast, imposing, and perfect structure that now towered before us. We passed through the *propylæum*—a majestic gate-way flanked by lofty edifices on either side—into a vestibule, more spacious than any cathedral or church in the United States. Beyond this vestibule, we entered a court enclosed by grand open corridors, of which only the basement, a double colonnade, and the architraves, remain, the solid roof having entirely fallen in, the massive slabs remaining, with the exception of here and there one long since removed. This court is the inner vestibule of the temple. It was too dark to see more. Dinner had been laid in a long, dark chamber, which might be the nave of the temple, and our mattresses had been spread in high-vaulted chambers at the side. Were not these magnificent accommodations for travellers? Perhaps our banqueting-

hall was the nuptial chamber of Isis and Osiris, perhaps it was the mausoleum of Memnon. Perhaps our sleeping-rooms were the sacristies of the priests who assisted at one or both of those ceremonies. We had scarcely sat down to the much-needed entertainment before we were smothered and sickened by an atmosphere of heat and mould. We beat a hasty retreat to the open corridor. Here we had for a table a broad granite slab, which had fallen from the roof many ages since. We dined with the shadows of the massive columns projected over us by the torch-lights of our bearers. The ladies retired to their stately rooms, but a trial of half an hour proved sleep, and even life, impossible there. The pallets were brought out and spread on the floor of the open dining-hall. All were wakeful, and contemplated for hours this strange experience of sleeping in the Libyan Desert under the starlit sky. Our thoughts wandered through the past and in the infinite, but we were occasionally brought back by the heavy breathing of our sleeping, staff-armed Arabian sentinels, the braying of the donkeys, or the piteous moaning of the weary camels, at the outer verge of our unrivalled chamber.

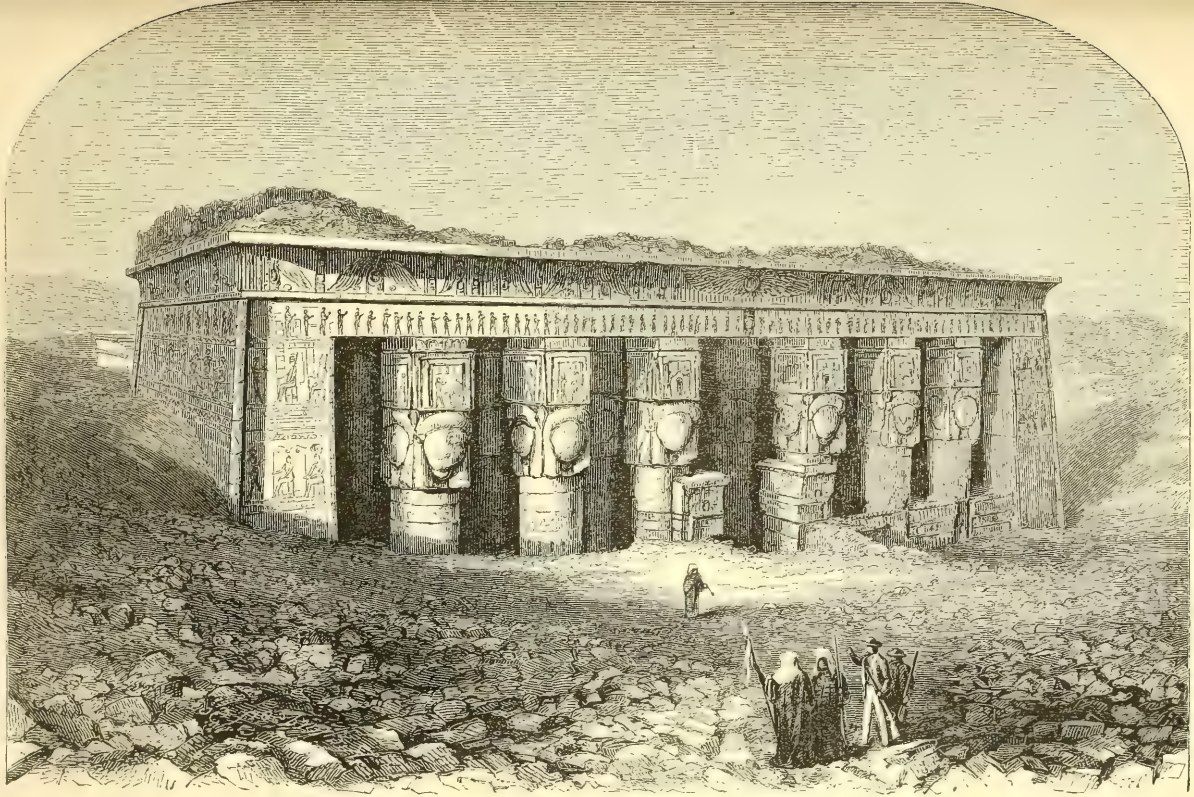
We rose before the sun, and, while the air was yet comparatively cool, explored the edifice, which consists of seven parallel naves or complete buildings, each with a vaulted roof, each nave two hundred feet long, and terminating in an elaborate and imposing sanctuary. This peculiar form of the temple suggests the idea that it was dedicated to the worship, not of one god, but of seven gods. Archæologists, however, are not agreed on that point. Besides the naves and the sanctuaries, there are other spacious chambers, some behind the latter, and others behind the propylæum. Of these chambers some may be supposed to have contained vessels of sacrifice, some sacred treasures, and others to have been the cells of the priests who were vowed to chastity, poverty, and penance. No part of the temple was adapted to the accommodation of a mass or congregation of worshippers. On the wall of an interior corridor is a tablet which contains a chronological record of the names and seals of seventy-six successive kings of Egypt, beginning with Menes, the founder of the monarchy and builder of Memphis, and ending with

Setis, whose statue, with that of his son Rameses, stands at the base, as if reading the interesting genealogical record, a mutilated copy of which is preserved in the British Museum, and there called the "Stone of Abydos." Every part of the walls, the interior as well as the exterior, is covered with sculptures and hieroglyphics. Some of these pictures represent the birth of Osiris, his marriage with Isis, his death, and his apotheosis. They present him also in three beneficent characters, as the god of the Nile, the god of the sun, and the god of agriculture. And they exhibit Isis in her three attractive characters, as goddess of the moon, goddess of wine, and goddess of love. Other pictures present, allegorically, Osiris, Isis, and their son Horus, as the benevolent deities receiving sacrifices, and the treacherous brother Typhon, who dethrones Osiris, as the god of evil—in other words, the devil. With the benevolent deities are associated animals of a gentle nature, also exalted to the divine, as in the Christian pictures of the middle ages the lamb is associated with the beloved disciple John. The ox is a sacred emblem of Osiris, and the cow of Isis. The evil deity, likewise, has his brute representative in the crocodile, the hippopotamus, and the ass.

The first inquiry that a disciple made, on hearing the fearful prophecy of the Saviour, was, "Master, when shall these things be?" The first inquiry that a traveller makes, when he confronts the devastated walls of Abydos, is, "When were these things built?" History records that Abydos flourished before the Persian conquest, and that it fell into ruin at the time of the Mohammedan invasion. Until the reign of the present Khédive, the vast ruins lay buried under a mean Arab village. The hieroglyphics on the tombs at Abydos show that they were built within a period of nine hundred years, which period began with the year 3700 before our era—of course, five thousand five hundred and seventy years ago. The builders must have had some experience in architecture before these majestic structures could be produced. If this account does not agree with Archbishop Usher's chronology, it is not for us to reconcile the conflict. History also has settled some other points of interest concerning this temple: First, that

its construction was contemporary with the Egyptian obelisk at Luxor; second, that it was dedicated to Osiris; and, third, that it was called Memnonium. But where is the tomb of Osiris? The same veneration which the Christian world bestows on the sepulchre at Jerusalem was paid by the Egyptians to the tomb of Osiris. According to Plutarch, it was the destination of their pilgrimages in life, and the place near which, if circumstances allowed, they caused themselves to be buried. Adjacent to the great Temple of Abydos is the Temple of Rameses II. A dilapidated wall, now only four feet high, encloses an immense mass of *débris*. Mariette Bey confesses his inability to reproduce, from these ruins, the plan of the original structure. At the side of this Temple of Rameses there is a high hillock, called the Kom-ses-Sultan. This hillock has been formed by tiers of catacombs one above the other. Many valuable funereal treasures have already been removed to the museum at Cairo. Mariette Bey is encouraged, by discoveries already made, in his hope of finding among them the valuable tomb of Osiris.

Let us now reflect a moment. We have here, at Abydos, ascended to a very early age of human civilization. We have learned from this study that in that age mankind were no less perplexed than they now are with the problem of the origin of good and evil; that, incapable of tracing the beneficent and injurious natural forces to a first and just Creator of both, they deified and worshipped those natural forces themselves, magnifying and blessing the good, and deprecating and propitiating the evil. In ancient times, nations were more isolated than now, but the perplexity of the human mind concerning good and evil was as universal then as it is now. Each nation improved and adopted any supposed discovery of another. The mythologies of Greece and Rome, supposed to clear up the mysterious origin of good and evil, were borrowed from Egypt, and it seems probable that those which still linger in Hindostan and China were brought from the same primitive source. Finally, we have learned here that the monastic and ascetic systems, which yet prevail in every part of Asia, and which still have a strong foothold among Christian na-



TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

tions, existed here, under a theology which has untimely perished, leaving neither priest nor votary on the face of the globe. There are more reflections of a less general character. When the children of Israel insisted that Moses should set up a golden calf for their worship, did they do more than adopt the Egyptian dedication of the ox and the cow to Osiris and Isis? Was the Egyptian apotheosis of the crocodile and the serpent the germ of the idea of the evil serpent which tempted our first parents to their fall in Eden? Was it the germinal idea of the brazen serpent which Moses "lifted up?" Has the capacity of man for religious knowledge its limit, beyond which it cannot go, and is each of its various systems, although perverted, based on some intuitive idea or abused revelation?

Kenneh, May 17th.—We planted our stake here at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and immediately proceeded to explore the Temple of Dendera. It is more modern and better preserved, though less interesting, than the Memnonium. Its construction was begun by one of the Ptolemies, two hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, and was completed under the Emperor Tiberius, while our Saviour was yet living in Jerusalem. Some of its decorations were added in the reign of Nero. It has thus happened that, though it does not combine the profane with any thing sacred, it does combine illustrations of different profane systems. It combines the history, mythology, and science, of ancient Egypt. It is elaborate equally in design and execution. We can hardly count its halls and chambers. The walls, the ceilings, the columns, the doors, the windows, the capitals, the surbases and pedestals, and even the staircases, are crowded with texts and bass-reliefs. These have such a mutual correspondence that the antiquary finds it not difficult to penetrate their meaning, and even the ceremonies of worship. The temple was designed as a hall in which to celebrate the inauguration of the sovereign of Egypt in three characters, as King of Upper Egypt, King of Lower Egypt, and chief pontiff in the worship of Isis. The ceremonies consisted in stately processions, sacrifices, prayers, and offerings. There is a well-marked

division of the chambers into four groups: the first, a vestibule or open hall, in the place of the propylæum, which was customary in Egypt; a grand gate-way, which was opened to the king alone; with lesser ones on either side, which gave access to priests and others who brought offerings. A bass-relief on the north side shows the progress of the sovereign as King of Lower Egypt; a similar tablet, on the opposite side, his entrance as King of Upper Egypt. In these ceremonies, two deities, Thoth, who was a brother of Isis (and whom the Greeks recognize as Mercury), and Horus, her son, pour on the king's head the water of purification. Two goddesses invest him with a double crown. Then, two deities, one from Heliopolis, in Upper Egypt, the other from Thebes, in Lower Egypt, take the king by the hand, and conduct him into the presence of Isis. The second group of chambers, ten in number, were all closed and painted black. The procession was formed in one of these silent halls, and the offerings were prepared for a feast in another. The walls of one of them are ornamented with four boats, like those now in use on the Nile, the boats being carried in procession. Each of these boats contains, at the middle, a long chest or box, covered with a thick white veil. This chest corresponds exactly with the descriptions of the "ark of the covenant" which was held in such regard by the Jews. One of the chambers was a laboratory where incense, oils, and essences were prepared for perfuming the statues of the gods. Others contained rich vestments for covering their limbs. The offerings to the gods, as painted on the walls, were all sorts of birds, animals, fine clothing, and ornaments of silver and gold. Instead of the one sanctuary, as at the Memnonium, there are two here, one dedicated to Osiris, the other to Isis. The former is ornamented with a representation of his death, resurrection, and triumph. We were more interested, however, in a small interior structure, in the complete form of a temple, in which was celebrated the feast of the New Year, which took its date from a transit of Sirius. This hall has twelve columns, which are respectively dedicated to the several months. There is also a dark chamber of exquisite architecture which was used for the preservation of mysterious objects, which none but the king

and the pontiff were permitted to see. Stranger, however, than any of these are the labyrinthine subterranean chambers, properly called crypts. They are without doors or windows and yet their walls are covered with inscriptions, and these recite the date of their construction, but not their use. It is supposed that they were built as places of deposit and concealment of the treasures and sacred vessels and vestments, in case of surprise by an enemy. However this may be, we can never forget the demonstration of their present use, which we encountered. With the aid of torches, we crept on our knees through an opening which had been made in the wall that enclosed one of them. As we rose to our feet, there was a deafening noise, accompanied with a motion of the air, like the flapping of the sails of a ship in a storm at sea, and thousands of frightened bats came dashing against us, making their way into the outer light, from which they had taken refuge. Cleopatra caused the ornamentation of the outer wall to be completed with an *intaglio* of herself, and another of her son, the child of Julius Cæsar. This figure is inferior to the Grecian statuary of that period; nevertheless, its outlines agree with the accepted representations of that eccentric and fascinating queen.

Avoiding alike the darkened sanctuaries and the crypts, we spread our table in the cheerful temple of the New Year. There, with Osiris and Isis, and Thoth and Horus, Pascht, and we know not how many other deities looking down on us from the walls, we celebrated the anniversary of Mr. Seward's seventieth birthday. One of the party amused us by quoting from Homer, and applying to Mr. Seward, the words:

> . . . . "whose soul no respite knows,
> Though years and honors bid him seek repose."

Mr. Seward answered, repeating the two other lines:

> "But now the last despair surrounds our host,
> No hour must pass, no moment must be lost."

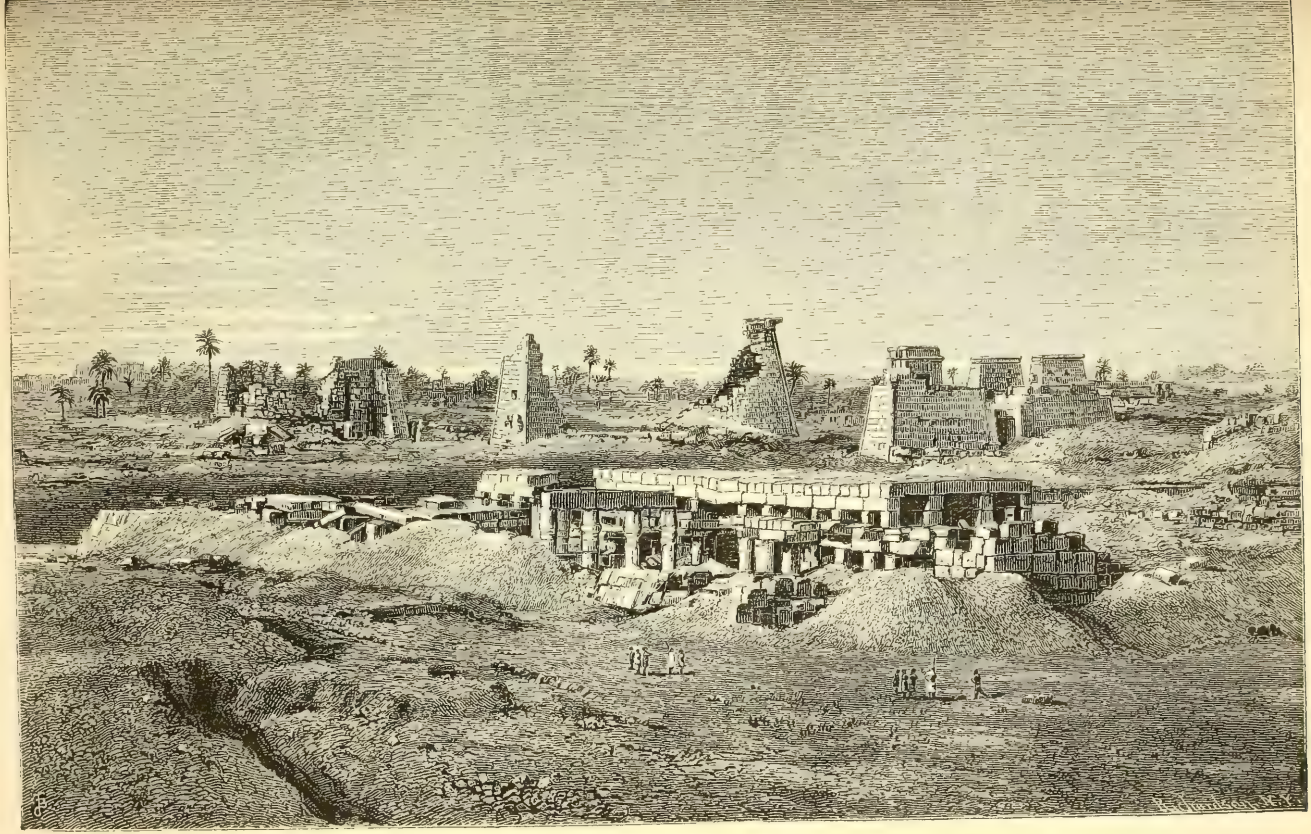
CHAPTER VI.

THEBES AND ITS RUINS.

What Thebes is now.—A Grand Reception.—A Federal Salute.—The Scenery of the Nile.—The Temple of Luxor.—The Houses of the Consuls.—History of Luxor.—Karnak.—The Hall of the Gods.—King Shishak.—Sphinx Avenues.—We dine with the Vice-Consul.—The Colossi.—The Ancient Tombs.—The Tombs of the Kings.—Animal Worship.—The Rameseum.—Grandeur of Thebes.

Thebes, May 17th.—From the first hour of our classic reading, Thebes is the one place which we have most desired, and least of all hoped, to see. But, we are here, moored under the east bank of the Nile, which once supported that glorious city of antiquity. We have come too late, by thousands of years, to verify the descriptions given of it by the poets and historians of old. There are no longer "a hundred gates" here, nor is there one gate, nor a wall, nor a trace of a wall. There are no monuments by which we could decide the disputed question whether the Diospolis, situated on the east bank of the Nile, and including Luxor and Karnak, was the whole of Thebes, or whether it extended across the river, and included the Colossi, the Memnonium, and the Necropolis.

We must first note, not what Thebes was, but what it is now. Our deck is forty feet perpendicularly below the top of the bank. There was no wharf, no dock, no bund, no ghaut; there is no stone stairway, there is no wooden one. In anticipation of our coming, the sheik (governor), by direction of Sultan Pacha, has excavated steps in the loose, dry earth. They will serve us perhaps to reach the summit, but they will need to be repaired for our re-



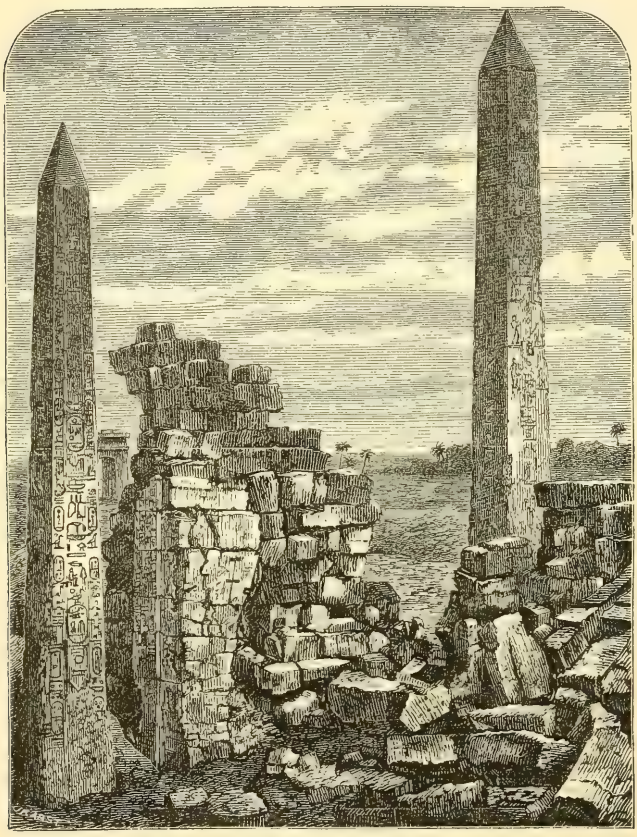
THEBES.

turn. Moreover, we are having a grand reception. Ali Murad Effendi, the loyal United States consul, although he is a true Mussulman, has not only displayed the broad and bright United States flag at his house-top, but also the gorgeous banner of Brazil, and at this moment he is pouring down upon us, with a single rusty musket, a Federal salute of eighteen guns, from his balcony. All the people of Thebes are on the bank to receive us. They consist of twelve mule-drivers, with their mules; twelve donkey-drivers, with their asses; ten or a dozen manufacturers and vendors of antiquities and relics, and with an outside attendance of as many fellahs, brought here by the unusual sight of bonfires kindled on the bank. We ascend, we reach the summit, we stand upon the sacred plain, we dismiss the muleteers and donkey-boys for the night, we thread our way through a musty Arab village to the consulate. In the upper chambers we pay our acknowledgments, take Mocha coffee, and a chibouque.

May 18*th*.—The bonfires went out late last night, and we rose early this morning to make a first survey. The scenery of the Nile is at no other time seen in such delicate hues as in the hour before sunrise. Above Thebes, the river winds around the foot of the Arabian Desert, forming a chain of small gray lakes. The headlands in these lakes are crowned with scattering farms, and not only the outlines of each tree, but every broad leaf, is distinctly defined on the clear horizon. A mirage from afar reflects the same desert, lakes, headlands, and trees, gathered into cool, shady groves—indistinct and dreamy pictures, like those in mountain agates.

Forty rods from the river-bank, on a terrace of sand, which seems to be a lower ridge of the dome, there rise before us two rows of majestic columns, roofless, but held together by architraves not less massive. Familiar all our lives with pictorial representations, we recognize the ruined Temple of Luxor. Beyond that ruin, with the exception of here and there a mud-hut, is only the naked desert; at the left of the colonnade, heaps of *débris*, half buried in the sand. In the midst of these masses, towers up a red granite obelisk, higher and newer than the honey-combed one which marks the site of

the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Beyond these *débris*, looking through the vista formed by the colonnade and obelisk, are seen the dwarfish minarets of a shabby Arab mosque, rising out of a group or cluster of adobe huts, an Arab village, which may contain fifteen hundred people. Three tall, modern houses loom up above the



OBELISKS AT KARNAK.

roofless dwellings of the wretched town. These houses are built on the wall of the dilapidated temple, and of materials taken from it, and are the residences of the governor, the British consul, and the United States vice-consul, who also flourishes under an exequatur

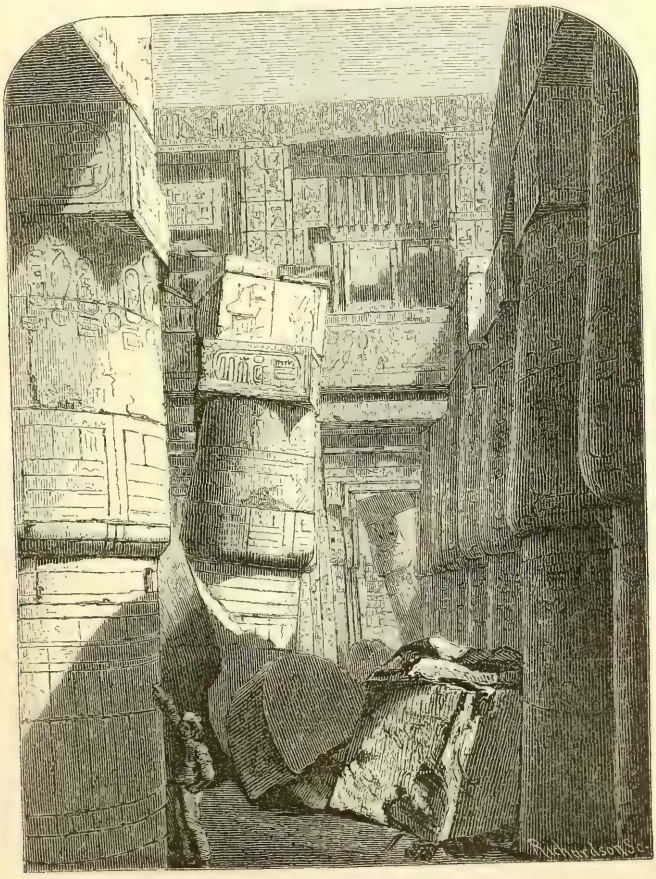
as consul of Brazil. We ascended the terrace and stood on the pavement beneath the double colonnade. At a distance of two miles northward, among fields which, though now dry and dusty, still wear the aspect of careful cultivation, we see the stupendous gate-ways, columns, and obelisks of Karnak. An Arab hamlet nestles at the base of these ruins, as at Luxor. Beyond Karnak we see only the winding river and the converging Libyan and Arabian Deserts. Turning our back upon the morning sun, we see, across the river, a plain, stretching along the opposite bank for five miles, and three miles in width, cultivated though uninhabited, subject to inundation. Beyond the plain are the lofty and irregular mountains of the Libyan Desert. The immediate river-bank is fringed with palms and sycamores. At the northern extremity of the plain we distinguish a cluster of stately columns; on the left, a like, though less prominent one. The former are ruins of the temples called by the Arabs Qournah-Deïr-el-Bahari, and the Rameseum. The latter are the ruins of the temple called, in Arabic, Medéenet Háboo. Midway between these widely-separated heaps of ruins, are two lofty stone piles, each showing a human outline. These are the Colossi—the one so marvellously vocal to the ancients; the other, its mute companion. Those ruined temples, with the Colossi, are all that remain of Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile, that can be discerned within a single view taken from Luxor. Those ruins, with Luxor and Karnak, are the *disjecta membra* of the great capital.

We turn to Luxor. It was built by Pharaoh Amenophis III., fourteen hundred and eighty years before Christ, at the very time when the rebellion of Dathan and Abiram was going on in the desert. Eighty years later, Rameses II. raised two monolith granite obelisks beyond the colonnade. One of these we have already mentioned; the other we hope to see in its present site in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. He raised, at the same time, two monolith granite statues, not less than twenty-five feet high, which are now seen broken off at the middle, and prostrate on the ground. The colonnade, the almost level walls, the solitary obelisk, and those broken colossal statues, together with many lesser ones

dedicated to gods, heroes, and animals, some remaining in place, and others strewed among the *débris*, are all that remain of the original Luxor. After the conquest of the Greeks, other ornamental statues, paintings, and inscriptions, were added to the temple, among which latter are found the names of Psammetichus and Alexander. It is to be hoped that the work of excavation, long since suspended, will be renewed. In that case it will probably appear that the temple structures extended much farther forward. The ruins as now seen, while they command admiration by their grandeur, leave on the visitor's mind a painful impression of the narrow extent of the temple.

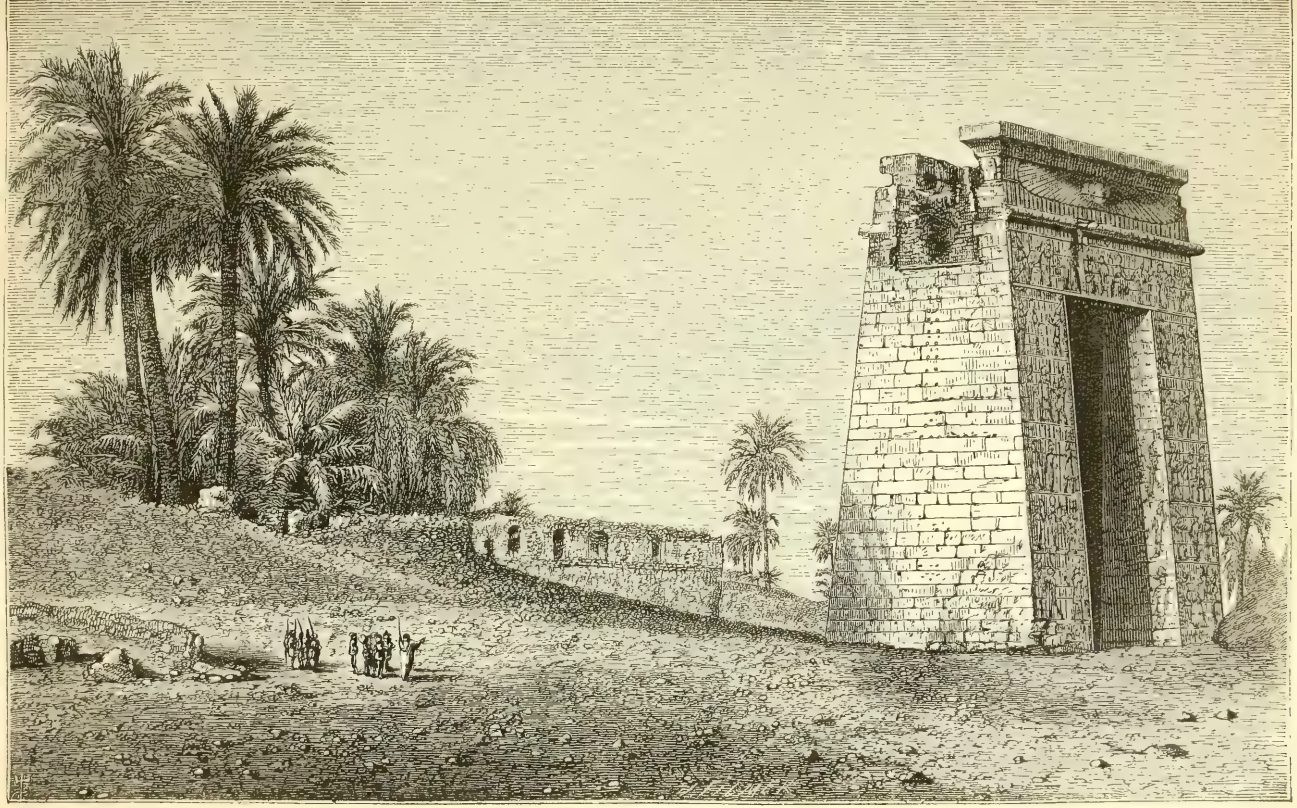
We encounter no such disappointment at Karnak. It is the most imposing ruin in the world, devastated sadly, but not in a heap of *débris*. The ruins cover an area of nearly two miles in circumference. Was there one symmetrical structure, dedicated to one worship, or was there a combination of many temples, dedicated to many gods? The former idea is supported by the fact that there are still traceable twelve approaches to the ruins, in different directions, each avenue broad enough for two chariots. We explored two of them, of which half a mile has been excavated. One leads from Luxor; the other, at right angles with the first, leads from the river-bank in front. Each is ornamented with a row of colossal Sphinxes, placed at intervals of six feet, not unlike the statuary which adorns the approach to the Ming Tombs in China. The entrances at the terminations of these avenues are surmounted by gate-ways such as a Titan might construct, and these gate-ways open into a series of propylæa, or vestibules, which have dimensions that can only be compared with the bases of the Pyramids. Our first visit to Karnak was made at the end of the avenue of Luxor. It is adorned with a winged sun. We passed through four successive propylæa into an open area, which has received so many names as to be practically nameless. Some writers call it the "Hall of the Gods," some the "Hall of the Kings," others the "Hall of Columns." It is three hundred and thirty feet long, and one hundred and sixty-four feet wide. On each side of it, near the wall, is a row of columns, one hundred and thirty-four in number. They

are forty-three feet high, and each is a monolith, with a diameter of twelve feet. In the centre of the hall are two other rows of columns, seventy-two feet high, also monoliths, and the several rows have the effect of dividing the hall into a nave with two side-aisles. All were roofed, the nave, of course, higher than the aisles. The ceiling of all was of massive hewn flat stone; it has long since fallen to the ground. All the columns have highly-wrought and magnificent capitals, no two of them alike in design. The columns nearest the walls are chiefly ornamented with the flowering lotus;



COLUMNS AT KARNAK.

the columns which support the nave combine figures of birds with the lotus leaves and branches. The surfaces of the pillars are divided into circular panels, arranged one above the other. These panels are covered with shields, on which are elaborately carved and painted with rich colors innumerable mythological and historical devices and emblems. The darkness of this stupendous chamber was only relieved by the faint light admitted through small grated windows placed in the wall which divided the ceiling of the nave and that of the aisles. Some of the columns in the chamber are now prostrate, others have swerved from their places and fallen against other columns, or against the walls. The mysterious gloom which must have originally pervaded the chamber has passed away, and it now seems merely an endless and confused forest of columns, which has been swept and desolated by the tempest. Though an inscription on one of these noble columns shows an antiquity of three thousand three hundred and twenty years, the masonry, as well as the sculpture and painting, has the freshness of yesterday. In no part of the ruin, either on column, architrave, or wall, is there ivy or moss, mould or stain. Such is the climate of the Nile. Bold bass-reliefs sculptured on the outer wall represent, in regular chronological order, the events of the campaigns of Setis against the Bedouin Arabs, the Assyrians, and the Armenians. In one of those sculptures he is seen seated in his chariot in the thickest of an engagement. On the forehead of one of his horses is inscribed his name—"The Might of Thebes." The enemy flee before him, and take refuge in a fortress. Another bass-relief presents a different battle-scene. Here the enemy fall prostrate on the earth before the terrible countenance of majesty. The king sits proudly erect in his chariot in his attitude of triumph, followed by a train of prisoners in chains, whom he presents to the gods at Thebes. Another represents the victorious king on his return to Thebes, and welcomed by his ministers and courtiers on the banks of the Nile, which are crowded with wondering, awe-stricken crocodiles. One of the bass-reliefs is particularly interesting, from its being a contemporaneous confirmation of Jewish scriptural history:



GATE AT KARNAK.

"And it came to pass *that* in the fifth year of King Rehoboam, Shishak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the LORD, with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people *were* without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkims, and the Ethiopians."

"So Shishak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures of the house of the LORD, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all: he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made."

Shishak is represented raising his arm and striking a long group of prisoners who are crouching at his feet. At the side of the victor are seen several fortifications which bear the names of towns in Palestine, which Shishak subdued. Still another tablet on the walls must be mentioned. It recites the entire text of an Egyptian poem, composed in commemoration of the victories of Rameses II. The obelisk of Queen Hatason, which is said to be the highest in the world, stands near the great hall, on a pedestal of dimensions scarcely larger than the foot of the obelisk itself. What skill must it have required to raise it from the ground, and place it securely on that narrow pedestal! An inscription, written perpendicularly on the obelisk, gives its date and dedication to Queen Hatason, regent, three thousand five hundred and thirty years ago. An inscription on the base records that the top was covered with gold, the spoils of battle, and that the obelisk itself was gilded.

The court or area which lies between the temple and the propylæa on the river-side presents a scene not less unique than melancholy. It is larger even than the Hall of Columns, which we have described. It is studded with pedestals even more numerous than, and equally gigantic with, those in the other hall, each one of which bore a column equally majestic; over these must have been stretched a roof as stupendous and massive. But of this vast structure, not only the roof, but all the columns have fallen, save only one, yet erect on its pedestal, as a solitary representative of the departed grandeur. Making a circuit around the ruins of Karnak, we found a great reservoir of Nile-water, collected as it oozes through the

soil underneath the temple, at the flood. It is so deeply impregnated with nitre, that the Government uses its deposits for the manufacture of gunpowder. From the bank of this reservoir we looked upward through one of the excavated Sphinx avenues. It now presents a very curious spectacle. The great highway is fenced in, its pavement has been removed or buried in the earth, and it is now a vegetable-garden. The Sphinxes, however, still remain on guard, to prevent Bedouin depredations of water-melon and sweet-potato beds, as patiently as they guarded of old the approach of kings and priests to the sanctuary. While we stood musing on the strange freaks of Time, a hyena, startled by the noise of our coming, rushed out of a recess underneath one of the fallen columns, among the *débris* which we had been unable to penetrate, and made his escape over the sands to some safer haunt in the desert.

Antiquaries are much exercised with the inquiry, By what agency has the devastation of Karnak been effected? They indulge in various conjectures. One attributes the work to the earthquake; but there is no record of earthquakes. A second, that one of the Ptolemies committed the devastation by siege. But those princes seem to have been disposed rather to preserve and embellish the magnificent monuments of Egypt, than to destroy them. A third, that the nitrous Nile-water has dissolved the earthen foundations. But, making all allowances for the absence of frost, of snow, and of rain, in this extraordinary climate, is it not more wonderful that Karnak resisted so long, than that it is now found so slowly passing away?

With the conquest of Cambyses, the ancient Egyptian church and state (to the glories of which Karnak was dedicated) began to decline. They gave way to religions and governments which were hostile. Other systems, equally alien and hostile, have followed. It is more than two thousand years since Egypt has had for a ruler either an adherent of the ancient religion, or a descendant of the ancient kings or people. We saw Karnak first in broad daylight, but afterward in the early night illuminated by the evanescent blue light; but we saw it last under the bright moonlight, which, while

it subdues irregularities, deepening and lengthening the shadows, imparts new majesty and beauty to all objects of Nature and art.

Leaving the ruin, we mounted our donkeys, and by the light of blazing torches made our way through Sphinx avenue back to Luxor, stopping at times to look whether a fox that we saw steal through the gate-way, or a hyena, was at our heels. We arrived safely at the consulate, and there, seated on cushions on the hospitable house-top, around a table one foot high, we dined after the Turkish manner, with the vice-consul, the governor being also a guest, upon the substantials, dainties, and delicacies of the season. At this feast, each party, taking care not to interfere with the equal rights of others, dipped the spoon into a common bowl of soup, and with his own fingers took off the parts he liked best in a succession of kids, sheep, and turkeys, roasted whole. These viands gave place to a long course of sweets and comfits, water-melons, dates, and apricots. Coffee and chibouques followed with château Margaux, Steinberger cabinet, champagne, and sherry, all brought from the pantry of the Crocodile. Here we poured out libations to Ammon, Osiris, Isis, and Horus, such as certainly were unknown to ancient Thebes, and such as only those good Mohammedans who attain the dignity of foreign consuls permit their Christian guests to enjoy. The excellent host and the governor did not disdain to join in these offerings—a circumstance which we should not mention if we supposed these notes would ever be translated into Arabic.

May 19th.—It was yet dark when we took a small boat and rowed down the Nile. We landed on the low, western, sandy bank, and proceeded on donkeys directly across the plain. Under the light of the rising sun, the distant Colossi assumed more and more their proper and majestic forms and proportions. We halted between them. Recognized by antiquity as one of the wonders of the world, they are less wonderful than the dispute which has so long prevailed in regard to the purpose for which they were built. Thebes must have been a city of religious, philosophic, and political ideas. The people dwelt chiefly on the eastern bank of the river, while the western bank became their cemetery. Neither at Luxor

nor at Karnak did we find a trace of an ancient tomb or grave. On the western bank here, we found little else than a universal cemetery. All modern cemeteries are ornamented with monumental gate-ways, churches, and chapels. What more natural than that the portals of the cemetery of Thebes should be graced with these two colossal statues? Amenophis III. dedicated them to deified kings. He designed by them to impress the pilgrims to the tombs with awe, and he was successful. In a superstitious age, not only the Egyptian, but the Persian, Greek, and Roman, heard or imagined that he heard, the statue which bears the traditional name of Memnon, wail and sigh in the tones of the Æolian harp. Moreover, Memnon was the son of Aurora. How natural it was that he should greet his divine mother morning and evening! Nobody believes this story now, but, two thousand years ago, no one doubted it. The Colossi are sixty feet high, in a sitting posture, indicating contemplation. While Thebes remained to its Egyptian founders, the Colossi, which originally were monoliths, retained their shape, and Memnon continued his mysterious, oracular utterances. But an earthquake shattered both. Memnon's voice became feeble; nay, it began to be questioned whether he spoke at all. The good Roman emperor, Septimus Severus, reconstructed them, employing the best architects to restore Memnon's speech. But the imperial surgery failed. Memnon became actually dumb. Happily, the repairs then made, although with coarse materials, have preserved the statue to the present day.

Men's habits are formed from their instincts. Egypt excited strong interest in Rome in the time of the emperors. The Roman travellers ambitiously inscribed, on the pedestal of Memnon, the records of their visits and observations. Woman was woman eighteen hundred years ago. "I, Salina Augusta, wife of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, have twice heard Memnon within one hour." This is one of the inscriptions. There are hundreds of other inscriptions which, although written so long ago, are more easily read now than those written twenty years ago in our country church-yards. Under the necessity of improving the cooler part of the day, for fatiguing observations and explorations, we passed,

without stopping, the ruins of Deïr-el-Medineh, Medéenet Haboo, and the Rameseum. A mountain-spur of white sand-rock projects here toward the river-bank. Upon the ledge we found the rock pierced with parallel tiers of catacombs. These catacombs, not improperly called mummy-pits, are four, eight, or ten feet deep. We soon became weary of counting them. Each one has been robbed of its contents. History, we know not how truly, says that the depredations began with the Arab conquest. If this be true, then it would appear that at the very period when the nations of Western Africa were selling their living children into slavery to Europeans, the dwellers in Eastern Africa were selling the remains of the dead as objects of curiosity to the same men. The Arab invaders of Egypt did not stop at this; they used the inflammable mummy-cases for fuel, and the grave-clothes for lights. We may judge of the extent of this past trade in mummies, from the collections which are found in Europe and America. The Khédive has put a stop to these barbarous spoliations. Of course, the great mass of the dead yet remain hidden and undisturbed. Calculations, based on the estimated population of Thebes, and the average duration of human life, give the number of bodies which are buried in this necropolis alone at eight or ten millions. Having crossed the ledge, we entered a dark and rugged mountain-pass, leading to the desert. Here, the cemetery shows another character; elaborate and costly tombs have been excavated on either side of the ravine, in the form of square chambers, and in tiers or terraces, all built so as to command a view of the plain below. As we looked up from our path into these excavations, we mistook them for deserted batteries. We deviated so as to look into two or three of them. They consist invariably of an antechamber, like a chapel, which communicates by a stone staircase with a narrow tomb below. It is supposed that the relatives and friends of the deceased were accustomed to assemble in the outer chamber. The walls, as well as the ceilings of the chamber, are richly ornamented with sculptures, *intaglios* and paintings, the colors of which are as clear and bright as if laid on yesterday. The subjects of these ornaments are sometimes religious rites, sometimes events in the life and career

of the dead. One of them exhibits the deceased as general of the Soudan, arriving among a motley people, and taking possession of his government. Some of his subjects are negroes, have olive complexions and negro features; others have Circassian features with olive complexions. Some are red men, and, strange to say, there is a mixture of white women. The animals of that region are painted with considerable effect. There are giraffes, oxen with long horns, and oxen with their legs terminating in human hands. Presents are brought to the governor, of gold rings and vases, bronze and silver horses and lions, silver oars for boats, and ostrich-feathers. The inscriptions carry us back to the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty. Farther onward, the same pass branches into two ravines. Here is the Westminster Abbey, or rather the St.-Denis, of ancient Egypt. One ravine seems to have been appropriated to the tombs of queens, the other to the tombs of kings. The paths which lead to both are indescribably rugged and desolate. The rocks in which these tombs are excavated, never receiving rain or dew, seem to be heated with internal fires. Massive door-ways of the tombs are opened into the face of the mountain; then a descending, smooth, inclined plane conducts to the tombs, which are excavated at a lower depth of the rock. The tombs consist of a succession of vaulted chambers of various dimensions; some are only twenty feet square, some forty, eighty, or a hundred feet long, and proportionately wide. Sometimes one chamber opens directly into another in a straight line, while there are larger chambers on either side. Sometimes a corridor traverses the tomb. The outer chambers have, as in the catacombs before mentioned, audience-chambers or chapels. Many of them are obviously built as banqueting-rooms for costly entertainments of friends of the dead.

Strabo, in the first century, described the tombs of the kings. He gave their number at forty. Only twenty-five of these have been opened. This has been a task of no small difficulty, because in every case the cave was found not only hermetically sealed, but the door-way itself was covered with a *débris* so artificially heaped as to baffle search for the sacred place. All travellers describe one of these tombs which was discovered by Belzoni some fifty years

ago, and called by him the tomb of Setis. It is the most magnificent of them all. Strange to say, though it was so carefully hidden, it had already been violated when he opened it. Within this and the other tombs, the visitor penetrates a world entirely different from that which we inhabit. The entire life of the deceased is presented in monumental painting, sculpture, and hieroglyphics, on the walls of the successive chambers. He is seen at home with his family. Every thing around him wears a chimerical aspect. He is holding intercourse with gods in grotesque forms, unknown elsewhere. Long, slimy serpents glide through the chambers and lie around the door. Manifestly this is the scene of the trial and judgment of the dead. All the arrangements of the chamber and its embellishments are designed to produce an effect of awe and solemnity. Scenes of cruelty and torture are represented by hideous figures; culprits and prisoners are undergoing death by decapitation or by burning. These, indeed, are very unnatural; but who shall say that, considering the early age to which they belong, they are more absurd than the fantastical torture of the wicked in the conceptions of Dante and Michael Angelo?

Antiquaries suppose that the scenes of torture and cruelty painted on the walls were designed to illustrate the trial through which the deceased is passing in his successive animal transformations preparatory to a happy resurrection on the earth. The idea finds support in the historical fact that, according to the Egyptian polity, kings were supposed always to undergo a trial after death.

These chambers of cruelty and torture are succeeded by others, which are more cheerful in aspect. Here the ornamentation illustrates the process of purification through which the soul is passing. The last chamber, always the lowest, shows its happy reception into the family of the gods. In these happier chambers the walls are covered with hieroglyphics, in which the wandering soul recites the praises of the gods, and at last, the trial being past, the soul celebrates its triumph. After examining minutely the tomb of Setis, we looked into that of Rameses II. Here there is a *suite* of chambers on either side of the great reception-hall. These cham-

bers present numberless simply natural scenes. There are boats, furniture, utensils, bows, arrows, and other weapons. Musicians play on the lyre. The chambers in this tomb, moreover, are not arranged in a straight line, but in the shape of a T, or cross. This difference from the customary form is found to have been a departure from the original plan of construction. If the excavation had been carried straight forward, it would have invaded a tomb already built. In this tomb of Rameses was found a red-granite sarcophagus cut in the form of a shield. Sad to say, this beautiful cenotaph is now on exhibition in the museum of the Louvre at Paris, and its lid graces the University of Cambridge.

The one feature of Egyptian civilization, which in modern times seems to be the most absurd, is the importance they assigned to brute animals. They not only worshipped in idol-forms the ox and the cow, but they embalmed and buried with religious rites fishes, crocodiles, cats, and dogs, and one of the pyramids at Saccara is the receptacle of mummied birds only. So we have found everywhere similar relics. Doubtless the ancient Egyptian faith regarded the animal forms which they thus preserved as the tenements of the souls of monarchs, friends, or enemies.

It was quite eleven o'clock when, on our return from the tombs of the kings, we came back to the tomb Deïr-el-Medéenet. This temple was a structure built in honor of the Queen-regent Hatason, whose obelisk at Karnak we have already mentioned. The temple was raised after her death to commemorate the glory of her administration. A series of courts rise one above another by terraces, giving the structure the appearance of a fortification or ramparts. Its embellishments consist of *tableaux*, which show us Hatason receiving her counsellors at the court of her brother Thoutmosis II.; as regent under her brother Thoutmosis III.; and last as herself, a sovereign; of armies marching out to conquest, of battles and conquests in Arabia, of prisoners taken and tributes received, of vessels riding the Nile, laden with treasures and spoils; and, among others, one of marked mythological intent, presenting the Egyptian goddess identical with the Grecian Venus, in the form of a beautiful cow suckling an infant Egyptian king.

We have seen no temple resembling the Rameseum, the Temple of Rameses III. It is a combination of temple and royal palace. The architecture of the palatial part is perfect. Consoles prepared for holding awnings over the doors are supported by prostrate prisoners of war. At great hazard we climbed over a high, broken wall, and reached chambers in a second story. In these chambers are bass-reliefs, much defaced, which represent the king in his own house surrounded by his family. One woman presents him with flowers, he plays chess with another, and receives fruit from another with a caress. On the walls of another chamber the great achievements of the king are presented. Here a picture of the king is deciphered and explained by Champollion: "He leaves his palace in a richly-ornamented chariot. He sits covered with ostrich-feathers on a throne supported by statues of Justice and Truth; he is attended by twelve aides-de-camp, and is followed by relations, friends, and priests; his son and heir burns incense before him. The white bull follows, and the procession is closed by nineteen priests, bearing sacred ensigns, vases, and vessels of worship. Finally arrived at the place of inauguration, four birds, the offspring of Osiris, are set loose to announce to the north, the south, the east, and the west, that Rameses has put on his crown." The electric telegraph of the ancients! Ten galleries contain *tableaux* illustrative of the military achievements of the king. We recognize the nationalities of prisoners of war, though the pictures were made three thousand years ago. Among them are Libyans, Arabians, and Ethiopians. How curious it is to find among the captives the Philistines, who so long maintained war with the Israelites! A legend over the head of each prisoner gives his name. Ambition seems to have done little else but repeat itself since the time of Rameses. One picture exhibits a basket filled with the hands of prisoners, which were cut off on the battle-field, and brought to the king as trophies. This practice, though it antedates by far the North-American custom of scalping the deceased enemy, is akin to it. The Rameseum was for Egypt what the triumphal arch of Adrian was for Rome, what the Arc de Triomphe is for France. Here is the speech which one of the Egyptian gods addresses to a victorious

chief: "I turn my face to the north, and I see Phœnicia lying at your feet; it is my will that the natives bring you their silver, their gold, and their precious stones. I look eastward, and I see Arabia furnishing you with perfumes, rare woods, and fruits. I turn my face to the west, and I command the inhabitants of Libya to render you their homage."

Wherein does the Trumbull Gallery in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington differ from the ten triumphal galleries of the Rameseum?

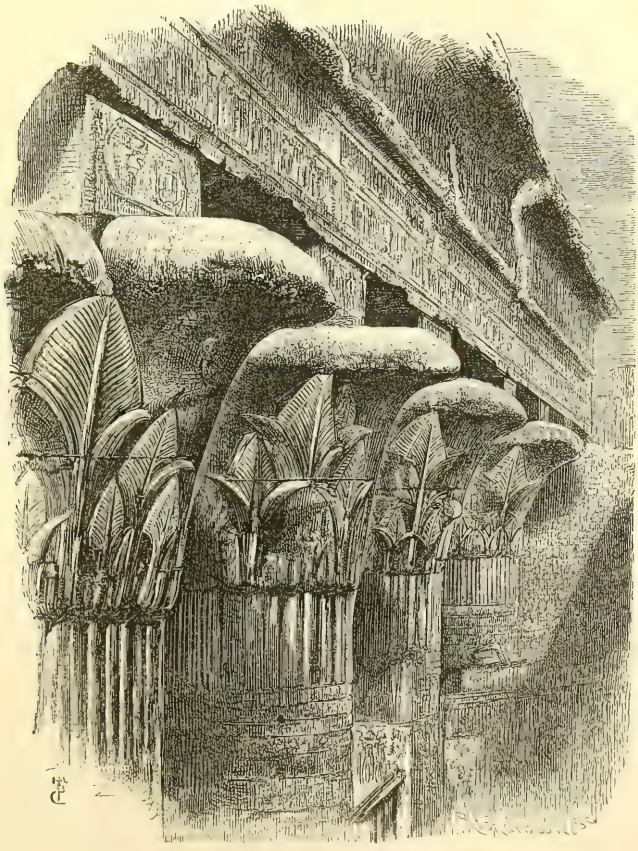
A gigantic statue of the great Rameses at full length, and scarcely less majestic than Memnon, has been shaken from its base and broken into massive fragments, its face upward, and half buried in the sand. What a prototype is this of the overthrow of the Colonne Vendôme and the gigantic imperial statue which crowned it in the late revolution in France!

While Memphis was the capital of ancient Egypt, Thebes was the chosen seat of science and religion. It was an ornamental city, the pride of the Egyptians. We do not, indeed, find here all that Homer describes, but we are not at liberty to regard his description of Thebes as an exaggeration. Certainly the kings and the people who raised Karnak and Luxor, the Memnonium, the Rameseum and the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the tombs of the kings and queens, may well be believed to have had the necessary wealth, strength, and taste, to surround the city of their pride with a wall which was pierced with a hundred gates, and to send from each gate two hundred knights and two hundred chariots.

Medéenet Háboo teaches an important lesson. This ancient temple was, until lately, completely buried under a mean and wretched Arab village. In the process of excavation, not only the original Egyptian temple was found, but a Christian church, with pillars, cornices, architraves, chancel, and oratorio, on Greek models. The penury of Grecian architecture compared with the majesty of the ancient Egyptian was never so effectually illustrated. The columns of Osiris are sixty feet high and thirty-six feet in diameter, and, with their lotus-leaved capitals, fill an area of an acre. The Christian church is crowded within a quarter of that area. Its

fluted columns are eighteen feet high, and seven feet in circumference.

We have finished our survey of Thebes, we have noticed the devastation made by the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Christian, and the Arab, and how much, after all, remains? It is safe to predict that, when every civil and religious edifice now existing in Europe or the United States shall have fallen to the earth, the already dilapidated monuments of Egypt will have undergone scarcely a perceptible change.



CAPITALS OF COLUMNS AT ESNEH.

CHAPTER VII.

ESNEH, EDFOU, ASSOUAN, AND PHILÆ.

The Coptic Convents.—Youssef and his Donkey.—Our Steamer aground.—The Ruins of Esneh.—The Temple of Edfou.—Assouan.—Its Surprising Activity.—Its African Population.—The Ancient Quarries.—Philæ and the Cataracts of the Nile.—A Monument of the First French Republic.

Esneh, May 21st.—If time would allow, it would be an interesting task to visit the Coptic convents which are found in small and poor villages on the desert verge. Their history is a touching one. They were founded as a refuge for the Coptic Christians from a decree of the Emperor Diocletian, and they were again sought as an asylum by the Copts—who had become Christians, when driven away by the Mussulman conquerors from their home at Medéenet Háboo. Their present tenants are represented as being very poor, and as retaining of Christianity little more than a ritual of the early Church.

The courteous governor and the hospitable consul took leave of us at a late hour on the night of the 19th, with good wishes for the voyage we were about to resume. Our favorite English-speaking donkey-boy, Youssef, petitioned us to take him with us to the United States, but he depends on his vocation to support his widowed mother. We raised steam and cast off from the bank at daylight, passed Edfou without stopping, but either our pilot was at fault, or sand-bars had suddenly changed. We came to a dead stop. Sultan Pacha, at that moment, coming down the river with his

steamer of lighter draught, threw us a rope, and drew us over the obstructions. So we fixed our stake on the bank at Esneh. It is a small village, whose principal occupation it is to coal the government steamers. There is here an Egyptian temple, which is approached closely at high water. We, however, were obliged to traverse a sandy plain, a mile wide, under the noonday sun. The ruins, like those of Medéenet Háboo, were buried beneath an Arab village, a part of which still remains. Only the great hall of the tem-

YOUSSEF AND HIS DONKEY.

ple has been excavated. Unfortunately, this chamber is discolored by smoke; doubtless it was used ignominiously by the Arabs. The spectator is struck by seeing on the ceiling a perfect table of the zodiac, in which all the circumferential emblems are identical with those of our own tables of the constellations, excepting Cancer, the Crab, which resembles the scarabæus or sacred beetle. The ancient Egyptian ornamentation of the great hall has given place to more modern embellishments—among them the shields of the Roman Emperors Claudius, Domitian, Septimus Severus, Commodus, and

Caracalla. The bass-reliefs and sculptures are in a low style of art, showing a great decline in sculpture and painting after the Persian and Greek conquest, but these faults are redeemed by the surpassing beauty of the columns. They prove that, for a time at least, Egyptian architecture improved under the Grecian chisel. There are twenty-five of these columns, each with an exquisite capital, but no two alike. The lotus is the principal ornament of all of them, and is treated at every stage of its development. Doubtless the religious ideas of the Egyptians underwent a modification, after the Grecian conquest, not unlike their principles of art.

Edfou, May 22d.—We reached Edfou last night, and were welcomed by bonfires which extended a mile along the river-bank. We hastened through the little village, to explore the celebrated temple. Its excavation has been one of the most successful achievements of the Khédive. A dozen years ago, men dwelt, horses travelled, bread was baked, and goods were sold, on its roof; and, if the Arab ever planted trees around his dwelling, their roots would have effected an entrance into the sacred chambers of the gods. Like the temple at Dendera, it has an immense propylæum, and a vast number of chambers. The whole, happily, is so well preserved, that an architect finds no difficulty in reproducing the original plan and arrangement. So Edfou serves as a key to many ruined temples which, like Karnak, have been unintelligible. This temple bears the signature of the architect, which, in justice to him, we transcribe:

"Eï-em-hotep Oer-si-Phtah."
(Imouthosis, Grandson of Phtah.)

Like the temple at Esneh, this one at Edfou is modern. It was begun by Ptolemy Philopater 204 B. C., and completed with decorations only in 34 B. C. Our discontent, at finding ourselves in a temple only two thousand years old, was relieved when we went into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and found a huge vault or chest cut out of one solid block of granite, and which was the depository of the mysterious emblems of the temple which, in earlier and happier

times, had covered the site of the modern structure. This vault bears an inscription which cites that it was wrought into its present shape at the quarry by order of King Nectanebus, who flourished three hundred and fifty years before this temple was built. The dimensions of the temple are: width, one hundred and thirty-one feet; depth, two hundred and thirty-six feet. The ornamentations are of the same general character as those at Dendera, consisting mainly of representations of sacred ceremonies and mythological devices. The work is not less elaborate, and the coloring, owing perhaps to the excavation being new, is as fresh and bright as if put on yesterday. Betts Bey's illumination of this wonderful hall by blue lights was the most magnificent pyrotechnic exhibition that can be imagined.

Assouan, *May* 22*d*.—The river above Edfou contracts to the width of one thousand feet. The sedgy deserts become precipitous banks, and you can step upon the rocks on either side from the boat. So we notice that we are nearing the cataract. Though the desert is now so solitary and desolate, the caverns, excavated in terraces, indicate that, in some way, a vast population once filled this narrow, forbidding strait. Many of the caves exhibit the hieroglyphics associated by the ancients with their tombs. Others seem to have been used as dwellings. One of them has, in a recess, a poor and coarse sculpture of their gods in one statue, but the faces are so mutilated that no expression can be detected. And now, when we have come aboard again, the river has lost its monotonous and gloomy aspect. The Libyan Desert, rising into loftier crests, crowds the river as below, but the Arabian Desert sinks and retreats, and leaves at its base a strip of land covered in succession with rich fields of water-melons, rice, Indian-corn, and orchards of date-palms, alternating with groves of flowering acacias. The island of Elephantina, very small, divides the river, and shuts out both its upper branches from the view. Elephantina is the only green island which the Nile contains. The river on either side is hidden by projecting promontories, and we come to rest in a calm bay, which seems to be the fountain of the Nile. We sweep through

this, and approach, on the eastern shore, the small town of Assouan, built in the sands, and seeming to be a part of the desert itself.

Assouan is at the foot of the portage around the cataract, and exhibits an activity as surprising as that at Cheyenne or Omaha. But there is no resemblance in the articles of commerce or the merchants, the trade or the traders, in any other country. Instead of warehouses, there are open bins, filled with dates and other tropical fruits, elephants' teeth, ostrich-feathers, palm-oil, lion-skins and tiger-skins, odoriferous and medicinal gums, the barks of trees for bales, tomahawks with ebony handles, lances, and poisoned arrows. Stores of rude pottery, and other cheap domestic utensils, from Alexandria and Cairo, are gathered here in other bins, to exchange for the southern products mentioned. The stores of either kind are without locks or bars, or watchmen, and, if protected at all from the sun, it is only by awnings stretched above them. All this merchandise is now awaiting the flood, which will allow small boats to pass over the rocky ledges of the cataract. The little harbor is filled with pretty vessels of light burden, among which the gay *dahabeah* everywhere flaunts its striped lateen-sails. On the brown mountain-top which overhangs the town are seen the fortifications of Arabian conquerors, earlier than Saladin. Though deserted and neglected for so many centuries, they seem capable of reconstruction with a little time and cost. But Assouan is rendered even more interesting by the diversity and strangeness of its population, than by its desert location, the verdant Elephantina, its quaint shipping, and its barbaric commerce. No sooner do we pass the Nubian border, than a different race from that of Lower Egypt presents itself. The inhabitants are black, neither tawny nor olive, but shiny black. A few Arabs are seen, but they are manifestly inferior, and servile to the Nubians; the habitations are African, built of the palm, the bamboo, and the cane. The sand of the desert is the floor. Assouan is more African even than Aden. But here, as elsewhere, superior races hold prominence in commerce. Many of the merchants are Berbers, Abyssinians, and Libyans, while the laboring population is gathered from the savage tribes of interior Africa. These people are quite uncivilized, although

commercial habits have made them peaceful and docile. They know as little of the world below Elephantina as they know of their own history. They wonder at the decline of the innocent and remunerative slave-trade, and still furtively pursue it against all interdictions and remonstrance. The price of an African handmaid, in an Arabian family, is sixty dollars. Her children inherit equally with those of the lawful wife.

We waited until sunset, and then, mounting camels, made our way through narrow, circuitous, unpaved, sandy lanes, crowded on either side by bazaars, coffee-houses, mosques, Coptic chapels, and mud-houses, with barricaded doors and latticed windows. Emerging upon the desert, through the widest city gate ever seen, we came into a Mohammedan cemetery, five or six miles in circumference. It is the only cemetery we have ever seen from which every cheerful association of Nature is excluded. It has neither tree, shrub, plant, nor flower—neither sod nor soil—but only the dry sands of the desert, deposited by winds during thousands of years. The graves are (or might be) excavated with the human hand, without an implement. The excavation consists of removing so much sand as will leave the dead body on a level with the surface of the plain, and the sand is heaped upon it. Each grave is marked by a small, rough stone, usually without inscription. Some families have more ambitious monuments. They build a tomb above the sand, open at the sides. Interment is made by removing the sand beneath, and restoring it when the remains have been thrust in. Travellers say that the sirocco often uncovers the graves, rendering the air pestilential. We were spared such hideous experiences. Leaving the cemetery behind us, we rose some fifty or sixty feet above a ledge of the desert, and stood in the ancient granite quarries of Assouan. The plain is strewed with massive surface stones, which covered the quarry, and were rolled down the hill-side by some mechanism of more power than we can now conceive. At a height of five hundred feet above the river-bed, we found the smooth bed of the quarry of red granite from which the walls of the chambers of the Pyramids, and the columns of the Temples of Memphis, Thebes, and Dendera, were taken. From here, also, were

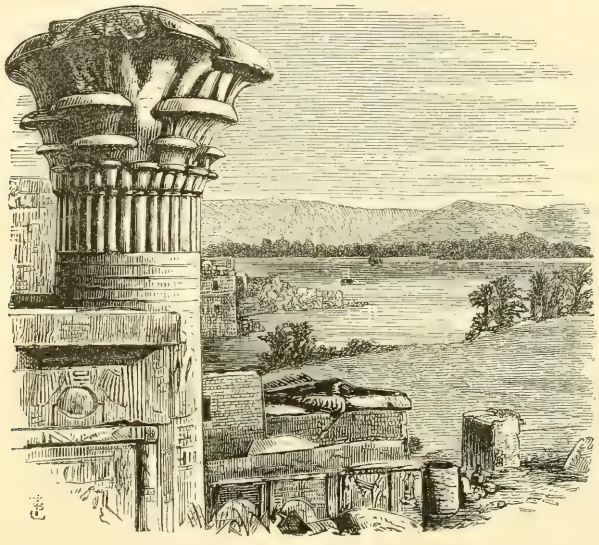
quarried the sarcophagi and statues found in every part of Egypt, and all, or nearly all, of the obelisks which grace European capitals, as well as Heliopolis, Luxor, and Karnak. It is almost enough to make one fancy that the Egyptians were a Titanic race, when standing in this quarry, and contemplating that, three thousand, four thousand, five thousand years ago, they hewed, without the aid of *steam* or *gunpowder*, the solid mountain into shapes of grandeur and ornament, with scarcely more time, labor, and cost, than are now expended in framing smaller forms of wood! After continuing for four thousand years a scene of active industry, the quarries became silent and solitary all at once. We understand there is no record of the erection of any obelisk in Egypt subsequent to the period of the Roman conquest. We left our uncomfortable camels, and climbed up the sides of an obelisk, that had been excavated and nearly hewn into shape when the quarry was abandoned, and which has remained exactly in the same condition since. It measures seventy feet in length. Except at the apex, detached from the native rock on three sides, it is completely chiselled, and ready for polishing. The holes in the rock, on either side, can be seen, which received the wedges used in splitting off the external masses. We recalled here an inscription found on the great obelisk at Karnak. It recites that the monument was excavated at these quarries of Assouan, finished, conveyed to Karnak, and erected on its base there, all within the period of two hundred and ten days. What was the intended destination of this obelisk at Assouan? Why was it left unfinished? Probably an invasion demanded that all subjects of the state should rush to its defence. It is always a sorry and a sad sight to contemplate any great work that has been abandoned incomplete. We wonder that the people of the United States can endure the sight of the unfinished monument of Washington at the capital. But it is infinitely more sad to see a ruin, the construction of which was arrested by a blow that not only arrested that work, but arrested forever the stream of national life. It is with thoughts something like these that one looks over the marble blocks which were just being chiselled to repair the Forum of Pompeii, when the city itself was buried in a night, by the ashes

from Vesuvius. Historians try to show us how such prodigious labor was possible in ancient Egypt. They conjecture that the Pharaohs were despots, and that the quarries of Assouan were a prison. But these conjectures are unsatisfactory. Despotism and penal imprisonment have at some time prevailed in nearly every country on earth, but Egypt is the only country that has built pyramids and excavated obelisks. Devotional affection was the strongest in the earliest ages. These Egyptian monuments are the expressions of reverence to the gods. There will be no occasion hereafter for mankind to produce such gigantic utterances in stone. Christian faith and reverence can express a higher and purer devotion to the Creator by the use of types of lead and a printing-press.

The *savants* who accompanied Bonaparte's army into Egypt report that there were then two temples on the island of Elephantina —one facing down the Nile, and called the "Temple of the North;" one looking upward, and called the "Temple of the South." These, together with a nilometer, have been entirely swept away by inundations. There is still remaining there a statue of Osiris, with a date inscribed on it three thousand one hundred years ago.

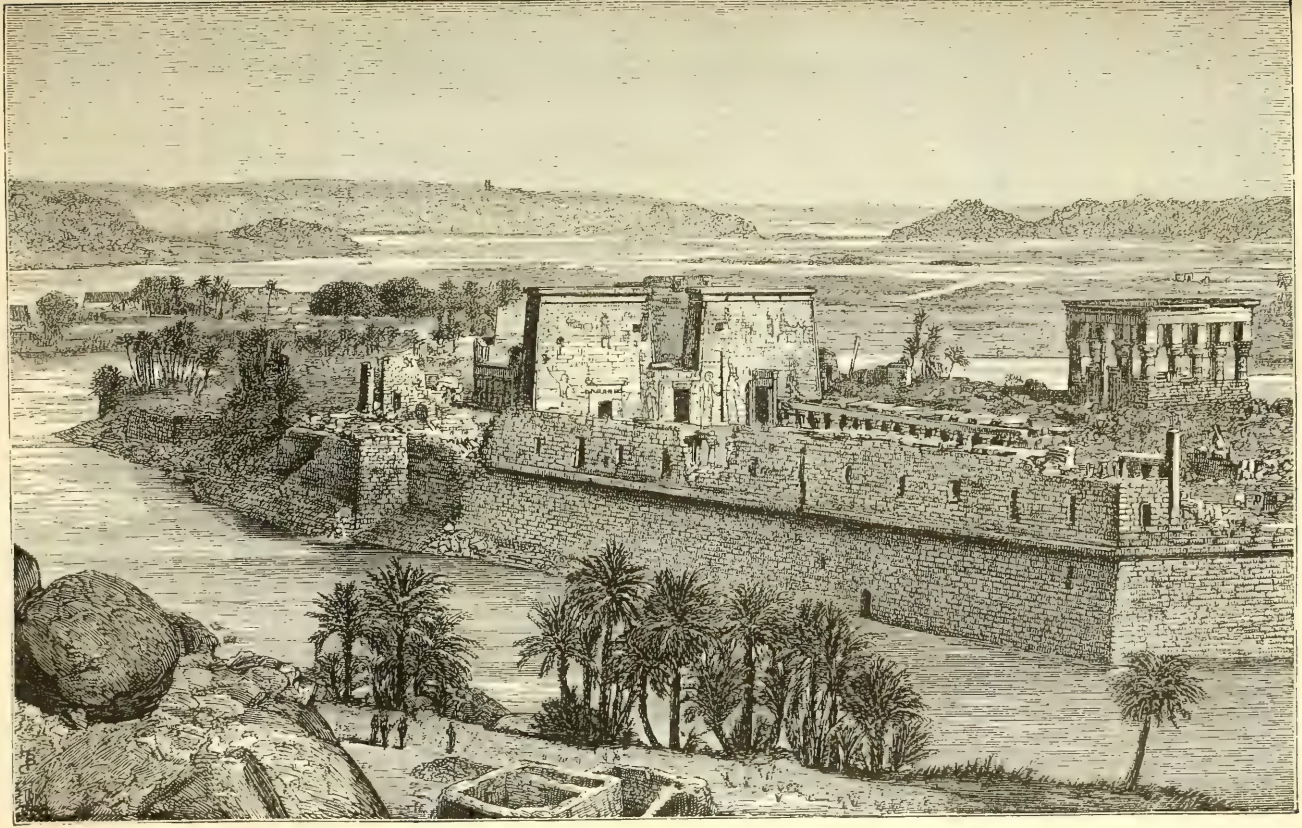
Philæ, May 23d.—We left our boat, with the other shipping at Assouan, at dawn this morning, and came, as usual, mounted on donkeys and camels, through the desert, to this place—the upper verge of the cataract. Our way was over rocky hills and through equally desolate ravines, whose only shade is the naked, overhanging mountain-sides; nor is there on the whole way a single green leaf or blade of grass. An Austrian mission has erected a plain and comfortable edifice here, on the bank of the river, eight miles above Assouan, and facing Philæ. This is the customary terminus of the voyage of all travellers on the Nile, as it is of ours. We find here a curious proof that the ancient Egyptians regarded a voyage up the Nile as gratifying an achievement as it is esteemed by us. The granite rocks here are covered with inscriptions, reciting their success in making the great voyage. Some were content with simply registering their names. William Freeman registered his name in the same modest way. One ambitious tourist

engraved himself, in *intaglio*, reverentially worshipping the gods of the cataract! The same rocks, curiously enough, contain accounts inscribed by Egyptians, by generals, princes, and kings, of their successful expeditions against Ethiopia. The cataract of the Nile has its parallel in many countries—the volume of a vast river broken, as it descends to a lower level, by green islands and barren rocks. Such are Sault Ste. Marie, the falls of St. Anthony, the falls of the Mohawk, and many falls on the Upper Hudson and the Po-



PHILÆ.

tomac. But the cataract of the Nile has a grandeur surpassing all these, in the stern setting of the beautiful picture in a framework of impassable deserts. Out of the midst of the dashing torrent rises the beautiful island of Philæ. The whole island, a quarter of a mile long, and scarcely more than two hundred feet wide, is picturesquely crowned with graceful temples and colonnades. The sites of these structures were chosen by artistic eyes. In this respect, Philæ stands alone. Every colonnade and every gate-way was evidently built with a view to excite the traveller's imagination as he



PHILÆ.

might approach the sacred island. The firm and lofty bases of the temple seem like a solid wall encircling its entire area. The base, at the same time, serves as a quay for the mooring of the boats of visitors, and affords them chambers to rest in before entering the temple. The architecture of Philæ is not, like all the ruins we have seen, purely or chiefly Egyptian. The ancient Egyptians only began it. It was completed by the Greeks after Alexander, who were content to improve Egyptian models without destroying them or substituting their own. Hence there is a delicacy and grace of execution in the ruins of Philæ that is not seen in other Egyptian temples. The ruins give us some interesting modern historical information. Near the close of the fourth century, as every one reads, the Emperor Theodosius, of the Eastern Empire, issued an edict at Constantinople, by which he proscribed and abolished the ancient Egyptian religion. Among the inscriptions in the temples, recording the visits of travellers there, are those of priests of that religion who performed here their rites in honor of Isis and Osiris sixty years after the promulgation of the decree. There is a tablet in the propylæum of the Temple of the East, on which is carefully engraved:

"L'an 6 de la république, le 13 Messidor, une armée Française, commandée par Buonaparte, est descendue à Alexandrie; l'armée ayant mis vingt jours après, les Mamelukes en fuite aux pyramides, Dessaix, commandant la première division les a poursuivi au-delà des cataractes, où il est arrivé le 13 Ventose, de l'an 7." [1]

How curious that almost the only monument which the French Republic of '93 has left is this one, which records a great foreign achievement of a hero who defended it only to subvert it! How prone unsophisticated nature is to exaggerate the marvellous! Mariette Bey quotes a French traveller of the age of Louis XIV. as saying that the thunders of the cataract of the Nile deafen the

[1] Translation.—"On the 13th Messidor of the year 6 of the republic" (July 3, 1799), "the French army, commanded by Bonaparte, landed at Alexandria. At the Pyramids, twenty days later, the Mamelukes having been put to flight by the army, Dessaix commanding the first division, pursued them above the cataract, where he arrived on the 13th Ventose of the year 7" (March 5, 1800).

inhabitants for miles around. Mr. Seward remembers to have seen on an old English map a picture of Niagara Falls, with a note under it saying, "These falls are a quarter of a mile high!" Having made these profound critical reflections, we descend the Grand Quay and go on board a *dahabeah*, to make our way through the foaming rapids and the roaring eddies and whirlpools to our Crocodile, which awaits us at Assouan, and at this moment an incident occurs which is worth recording, if for no other reason than that of its instructions in economy. We see a native man and woman emerge from the magnificent classic colonnade at the water's edge of the island, plunge into the rushing river, and make their way directly across to the Libyan coast. They have taken off all their clothing and heaped it in solid parcels on their heads, while they walk securely through the wild and dangerous rapids. This is, indeed, the customary form of ferriage on the Nile. It has often amused us to see a river-boat, which has come up from Cairo freighted with natives, stop, and, without boat or plank, deliver its passengers in the middle of the river. The passenger puts his luggage on his head, and leaps into the river, saying, philosophically and cheerfully: "If it is my *kismet*" (fate), "I shall perish; if not, I shall reach the bank."

If we have turned our backs reluctantly upon the Mountains of the Moon and the sources of the Nile, we must console ourselves with the reflection that we have seen regions which neither Alexander, nor Julius Cæsar, nor Genghis Khan, nor Tamerlane, nor apostolic prophet, nor Columbus, nor Napoleon, nor Magellan, nor Vasco de Gama, ever explored.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST DAYS IN EGYPT.

The Vice-Consul's Harem.—Kenneh and its Pottery.—The Sugar of Egypt.—Memphis.—Its Ruins.—The Downfall of Idolaters.—Again at Cairo.—Conversation with a Pacha.—Alexandria.—Aspect of the City.—Interview with the Khédive.—Sir Henry Bulwer.—Pompey's Pillar.—The Khédive's Yacht.—Concluding Reflections on Egypt.

Thebes, May 24th.—We fastened here at Luxor, this afternoon. Sultan Pacha, the governor, and the United States vice-consul, were on the wharf to welcome us back. While Mr. Seward entertained these former dignified personages on board, the vice-consul conducted the ladies to his little harem. His domestic establishment, coarse and plain, is in striking contrast with this loyal representative's pretentious official residence, at which we were so sumptuously dined on our way up the river. On reaching the door, the ladies ascended, by a very narrow, steep, and not particularly clean flight of stairs, to the house-top; where, it being after sunset, they sat during their visit, without protection. The furniture of the room consisted of a bed and two chairs. An African handmaid was in attendance. Presently the wife of the consul, a slender, middle-aged woman, came up the stairs, veiled, and neatly dressed in deep black, with heavy silver bracelets and bangles. She received our salutation timidly, remained standing, and presented her three pretty, olive-skinned children—one boy and two girls. The ladies turned to the consul and said, "But you told us you had but one child?" He answered, "I have but one boy; we do not

count girls." The mother entirely agreed with him, and expressed her mortification, in Arabic, that two of the children should be so perverse as to belong to the inferior sex! This woman has no responsibility except the care of her children. The visit, being one of ceremony, ended with coffee, chibouques, and sherbets, brought by the handmaiden from the consul's house. We retire to rest by the light of the Southern Cross, the last time that soon, if perhaps ever, it shall spread its light for us, though we have many seas yet to navigate, and many lands yet to explore, before we reach our home.

Beni-Hassan, May 28th.—We steamed down the river from Thebes on the morning of the 25th, having for the last sound there the sharp report of the vice-consul's musket firing a national salute; and, for the last sight, the flags of the United States, Brazil, and Egypt, waving from a staff high above the columns, walls, and obelisks of Karnak and Luxor. We stopped for coal at Kenneh, a lively, commercial Arab town, and the seat of the manufacture of the porous earthen pottery used throughout Egypt for cooling and clarifying the Nile-water. Roads across the Arabian Desert extend this trade by caravans to Persia, and the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. European governments have consulates here, which are filled by wealthy Arab merchants. The German consul, of the same class, entertained us in a residence so stately that it would not ill become a foreigner, resident in Cairo. We coaled again at Siout, went ashore at Rodah, and visited the immense sugar refinery there, the private property of the Khédive. Sugar is the principal staple of Upper Egypt, while Lower Egypt produces none. The viceroy is the principal producer and manufacturer for the whole country. The cane is brought to Rodah in boats from various plantations, which contain in the aggregate ninety thousand acres. The machinery is of British manufacture, and equal to the best in Cuba. When we compare the extensive cultivation on the banks, and the activity of trade on the river, as we approach Cairo, with the sterility and desolation of the banks at the cataract, this return-voyage, down the Nile, seems to us like a

return from a sojourn in the "valley of the shadow of death" to the land of the living. The deserts on either side, with their mountain-crests, recede gradually from the banks; and the valley, largely covered with date-orchards and sugar-cane, wears a greenness which shows that we have left the tropics behind us to come again into the temperate zone. Small as the range of manufacture and local trade is, the inhabitants are intelligent and active, in striking contrast to the people of the Upper Nile. Sultan Pacha, with his steamer, has kindly acted as convoy to the Crocodile, and, whenever we have stopped, we have shared the honors which a simple and subjugated people show him. At every landing, boats discharge their freights of delicious watermelons, as presents or for taxes in kind, on his deck, and the finest of them soon find their way to ours. Nothing could be more acceptable in this dry, hot climate.

Memphis, Tuesday, May 30th.—Our last day on the Nile! The downward voyage has been made without other accident than an occasional running high and dry on sand-banks, from which we were hauled off sometimes by our noisy Arab crew, sometimes by our steady convoy. The Pyramids of Dashur, far distant from the bank, though in full view from the river, then those of Sakkara next seen, beckoned to us to stop and take a survey of ancient Memphis. Our approach to Cairo was made known to us by the grim towering points of Ghizeh.

A citizen of Chicago would think it labor lost in visiting this renowned ancient capital. It is so soon done for. As we advance inward from the valley of the Nile toward the desert, we pass some irregular black knolls, which are covered with clumps of date-palms. On the surface of these hillocks we saw, here and there, not bowlders, but blocks of hewn granite, no one stone lying on another. Occasionally the knoll, having been partially cut away for agricultural purposes, reveals a heap of broken bricks. In a sunken ditch, now dry, but which is filled by the Nile when at flood, lies prostrate, with face downward, a monolith statue of Rameses II., usually identified as the great Sesostris. Its whole

height was sixty feet. The stone is a flinty limestone. It was nine in the morning when we arrived off the accepted site. The bank is a plain six or seven miles wide, crossed by canals of irrigation in all directions, and large portions of it are subject to annual inundation. The current being very strong, we found neither wharf nor anchorage, nor even a place for mooring. We, therefore, turned about and passed up the river to a convenient cove used for a ferry. Crossing the plain, we left behind us the river winding between fertile plains; below us Beni-Hassan; opposite, on the right bank, a Coptic convent, and an abandoned line of military signal-stations; the view bounded on the north by Old Cairo and the citadel, here only just visible. Two or three miles before us, on the plain, a modern Egyptian town, with the Arabic name of Myt-Rahyneh, nestling among dry sand-hills; in the distance the Pyramids of Sakkara, seeming to cluster against the horizon with those of Ghizeh. The efficiency of the Khédive's government was shown by the promptness with which, in compliance with a dispatch which Betts Bey sent from Beni-Hassan, twenty or thirty men appeared, with chairs and donkeys, to meet us. We rested at Myt-Rahyneh long enough to reorganize our train, and partake of sherbet and coffee under some acacias, which protect the only well in the village, and then resumed our way across the level plain, over cultivated fields, and crossing the canals on bridges for a distance of four miles, when we reached the squalid hamlet of Sakkara.

It was near sunset when we embarked, leaving behind us forever the city of Memphis—Memphis, founded by Menes, the home of the authors of civilization; the builders of the Pyramids, the kings who knew, and the kings who knew not Joseph! Memphis, whose sedgy bank was the cradle of Moses, whose council-chambers heard the warnings of the prophet of Israel, and the denunciations of the divine plagues! Memphis, from whose walls issued the chariots and horsemen which were lost in the pursuit of the Israelites through the waters of the Red Sea! As we reflect upon the monuments we have seen to-day of the senseless worship of bulls, birds, crocodiles, and hippopotami, the mockery alike of religion

and of knowledge, we wonder less than ever that the first and chief instruction which Moses the deliverer conveyed to his people was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The time had come when the world needed that command. Perhaps the experience of the proneness of mankind to disregard it may be the explanation of the severity of the discipline by which it has pleased the great Lawgiver of the Universe to enforce that command. He has cut off the nations that have refused it:

"Thus saith the LORD God; I will destroy the idols, and I will cause *their* images to cease out of Noph" (Memphis); "and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt: and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt."

Cairo, May 31*st.*—We came to the wharf by moonlight, at ten o'clock last night. Carriages were waiting to convey us through the streets of Cairo, of which every mosque was illuminated, and merry crowds of natives were assembled at the fountains and shrines. It was the birthday of Mohammed—the day on which the pilgrims returned from Mecca are publicly received by the Khédive, and honored with religious ceremonies at the mosques. We passed at the base of the citadel the public square, where, a few hours before, the sheik of the Great Mosque, mounted on a heavy charger, had ridden over a long pavement of prostrate devotees, without inflicting, as they allege, a fracture, a bruise, or even a pain. At eleven o'clock we were again at our residence in the Kasr-Nudzha after an excursion of nineteen days, during which no danger was experienced, no disappointment incurred, and no want, either of comfort or luxury, unsupplied.

Mr. Seward's first desire this morning was an audience of the Khédive, in which he might make his acknowledgments to his princely host for this rich experience. But they have politics in Egypt as elsewhere. The Khédive went yesterday morning to Alexandria. Speculation is rife as to the reason of his journey, and as to the probable length of his absence—some saying that he is summoned to Constantinople, where he may be poisoned, and the most hopeful agreeing that he will not return to Cairo for

several weeks. He was attended by his harem and the Princess Validé, who, gossip says, always makes his coffee for him on his journeys, and gives it to him with her own hands, to guard against possible attempts at poisoning. He has kindly left instructions for receiving Mr. Seward at Alexandria.

June 4th.—A very free conversation between a distinguished pacha and Mr. Seward at dinner to-day disclosed a discouraging political situation in Egypt. The pacha thinks that foreign states ought to discuss directly with the Egyptian Government all questions of mutual interest, instead of treating with the Turkish Govment at Constantinople. Mr. Seward said: "The Egyptian Government must go deeper into the matter of international law than this. At present, the relations of Egypt, as well as of the whole Turkish Empire, to the Christian nations are provisional, somewhat of the nature of those established by an armistice on the battle-field. The Mohammedan states have neglected or refused to accept the laws of nations as matured by the Christian states. The European states consent to remain at peace with the Mohammedan states, but only on the condition that the latter shall exercise no jurisdiction or authority over the persons or property of subjects of Christian countries. Every foreigner, therefore, residing in Egypt, whether English, French, German, Greek, or American, invokes in his own behalf the intervention of his own government, and submits himself only to its judgments when complaint is made against him by the Egyptian Government. Foreigners pay no taxes, and render no military services; and yet trade, art, and manufactures, such as you have, seem almost exclusively in their hands. This condition is unsatisfactory to the Khédive and to the statesmen of Egypt. I learn this, not only from your own conversation, but from the fact that the Khédive has organized a legislature, and has instituted negotiations with the Western powers for the establishment of a mixed foreign and native judiciary, to have charge of questions in which foreigners are concerned. But I do not learn that the Ottoman Porte, to which Egypt is a tributary, sympathizes at all with the Khédive in his very reasonable aspirations.

The reason probably is, that the Ottoman Porte finds its best security against foreign dangers in its compliance with the will of the dominant European powers. On their part, these powers cannot maintain a policy of protection toward Turkey except by insisting upon the existing stipulations. It does not become me to speculate here on questions which affect the relations of Egypt to the Turkish Empire. I am here the guest of both, but I may be allowed to say that what I think Egypt most needs is the opening of the country to Europeans and Christians for cultivation, and a compulsory system of education of the whole mass of children of both sexes, native and foreign, by which, in no very long time, Egypt will raise a class who will be capable of carrying on trade, banking, manufactories, internal improvements, and military instruction, as well as of exercising the other occupations which are now chiefly filled by foreigners. The system of education thus to be established ought to be built up as fast and as far as possible on the principles of the Western nations. Until this is done, I see little hope for the emancipation of Egypt from its double thraldom; first, to the Ottoman Porte; and, second, through the dependency of the Ottoman Porte, to the Christian nations of Europe. This prospect will seem to you distant, but rivalries between the European states are inevitable, and I think that you will find some one or more of them always willing to favor measures which tend to the advancement of civilization in Egypt, and her admission into the family of independent nations."

Alexandria, June 5th.—The Khédive's consideration continues. Leaving the pleasant Kasr-Nudzha, at eight o'clock in the morning, we crossed the Delta in a special train, attended, as on our entrance into Cairo, by Betts Bey and the United States consul-general. What need is there to say here that just below Heliopolis, while yet in the traditional land of Goshen, we crossed the Damietta branch of the Nile; that the Delta spreads out here to the width of a hundred miles, so that, for the first time since our arrival in Egypt, we lose sight both of the Arabian Desert and of the desert of Libya; that we crossed, lower down, the Rosetta branch of

the Nile, and that, as we approached the Mediterranean, we had a view of the Mahmoud Canal, which carries the inland trade of Alexandria; and that later we traversed the shore of the now shallow Lake Mœris, thousands of years ago the bed of the Nile? This vast and fertile plain, while it exhibits the usual assiduous industry of the fellahs, at the same time shows some approximation toward European customs and manners.

The site of Alexandria is naturally dry, stern, and sterile, as forbidding as the deserts which form on either side of the Upper Nile. But with the growth of commerce, in the course of two thousand years, this forbidding African coast has assumed a cheerful aspect. Irrigation has produced here rich gardens, groves, and orchards. All the eminences, within the range of vision, are surmounted by windmills, and the approaches to the city in every direction are adorned with villas, in which Italian taste is pleasantly combined with the Oriental. On our right, towers the tall, dark shaft of Pompey's pillar.

The Khédive's military staff received Mr. Seward at the station, and attended him to the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, placed at his disposal by direction of the Government. On our way, Mr. Seward remarked the great improvements which have taken place since he was here in 1859, and pointed out the catacombs of the ancient Egyptians in the high embankment, which have been exposed by the cutting of streets directly through and over them. Our hotel fronts the great public square, which on either side is lined with palatial residences in the European style. It seems as if we had already entered Europe, and left Egypt behind us. A throng of fashionably-dressed Europeans are promenading, and French and English equipages are frequent in the streets. The Italian opera demands our immediate attendance on the opposite square, and every thing shows us that at last, after ten months' travel among the semi-barbarous nations of the East, we have at last reached a gay though exotic European city.

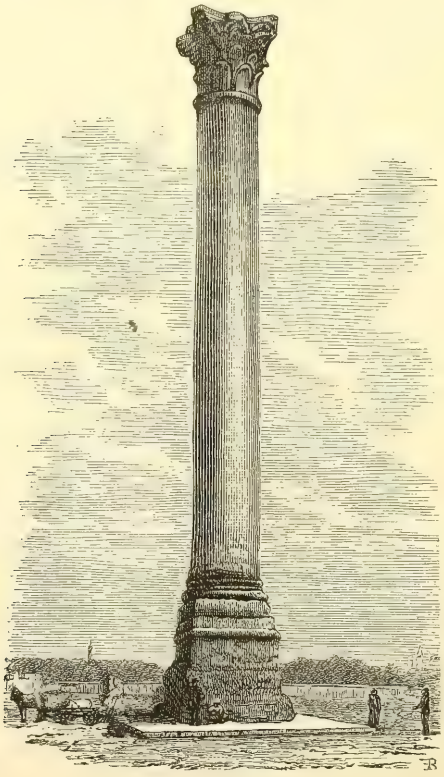
June 6th.—A political day. Mr. Seward, this morning, had a parting audience of the Khédive in his palace, on the island of Pha-

ros, facing the sea. His highness evidently regards Alexandria as a provincial residence, and gratifies the people with a greater display of state pomp and ceremony than he customarily indulges in at Cairo. The palace-gates were guarded, and its courts graced with battalions of fine troops. The Khédive received Mr. Seward with warm congratulations on his return, and made many kind inquiries about his voyage up the Nile, which, at so late a season, he had regarded with grave apprehensions. He hoped that, while impressed by the wonderful antiquities of the country, Mr. Seward would carry away from it a conviction that it is advancing in the path of Western civilization as fast as under the circumstances could be expected. He desired to know whether any thing remained that he could do to render Mr. Seward's stay at Alexandria agreeable. Mr. Seward told him there was nothing, but that he would ask one parting favor, in addition to all the kindnesses he had received. The Khédive promised to grant it before it was asked. Mr. Seward said, "Betts Bey has been indefatigable in the care and attention which he has bestowed upon us, but his service to your highness is so diligent and constant that he never finds an opportunity for recreation. I learn from him that he has never seen Palestine, whither I am going. He is a Christian, as I am, and a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, once in his life, would make him no more incapable of official service in a Mohammedan court. He has not suggested a desire to accompany me, nor have I apprised him of my intention to make this request, but I shall esteem it a last and great favor, if you will direct that he may accompany me to Jerusalem."

"Granted at once," said the Khédive. "Betts Bey deserves it, and pilgrimage to holy places cannot but make us all better men, whatever may be our religious belief."

Engaging Mr. Seward to advise him of his health and safety in the further progress of his journey, and expressing an earnest desire to visit him some time in the United States, the Khédive shook hands with Mr. Seward, and the latter took his leave. Arms were presented as he retired and joined his party at the palace-gates. Thence Mr. Seward proceeded to pay a visit to Lord Dalling, late

Sir Henry Bulwer, who is now on a visit to Egypt, and, like Mr. Seward, a guest of the Khédive. He has his residence in a villa on the canal, outside of the city-gates. This interview was a very pleasant one. Sir Henry Bulwer was the British minister at Washington during the administration of President Taylor, when Mr. Seward was first entering upon his senatorial term. A cordial friendship then grew up between them, in consequence of their mutual efforts to secure the so-called "Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," which, with a view to transcontinental communication across the Isthmus, stipulated the independence of the Central-American republics. The two statesmen compared notes very fully on the attitudes of their respective Governments toward each other dur-



POMPEY'S PILLAR.

ing the late civil war in the United States, and the late British ambassador expressed his satisfaction at the result of the conflict, as Mr. Seward did his hope for the firm establishment of the cordial friendship between the two nations. Lord Dalling seems so confirmed an invalid, that Mr. Seward asked, after leaving his lordship, which of the two seemed most shattered with age and infirmity.

Pompey's pillar, though at a distance it seems perfect, is gradually succumbing to the ravages of time. Why does not the British Government remove the fallen "Cleopatra's Needle," which Mehemet Ali presented to it? London would be none the worse for such an embellishment. If they shrink from the task of removing it, why not restore the great ruler's gift to his successor? We are sure that Ismail Pacha would make no delay in raising it on its ancient pedestal in Alexandria, or even restoring it to its earlier place at Heliopolis. Egyptian obelisks, thirty-three hundred years old, are certainly too valuable, in modern times, to be buried in the sand. They tell an amusing tale concerning this obelisk here. An ambitious Alexandrian bought the land on which it lies, to build upon. He cannot build without removing the obelisk. He has three difficulties about removing it: first, it belongs to the British Government; second, it would cost more than the land is worth to remove it; third, he has no right to place it anywhere else. They say he walks up to look at it every Sunday, and study the problem, which still remains unsolved.

June 7th.—The American military officers of the Khédive's service, in the magnificent gold-laced uniform of the Egyptian army, called on Mr. Seward *en masse*, and it was a great satisfaction to him to find one place, in going round the world, where the American agent, political or religious, expresses his entire content with the government of the country he resides in.

We have looked up and down the Mahmoud Canal, as well as through the harbor of Alexandria, without finding the famous barge of Cleopatra. The most ancient vessel we have found is the Ariadne, Captain Marryat's vessel, on which he wrote "Jacob

Faithful," and which is lying in the harbor, dismantled, and used as a store-ship. Another historical naval relic in Alexandria Bay is the ship Resolution, in which Captain Cook made his last voyage. This hulk, of four hundred tons, now black and brown, is used as a coaling-ship by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers.

We have just returned from a visit to the Khédive's yacht—a sea-palace, moving with steam-engines and side-wheels; its burden, three thousand tons; its speed, seventeen miles an hour; its armament, eight guns; its naval crew, four hundred and fifty men; its staircases, of silver; its floors, covered with Persian and Turkish carpets; its windows and beds, draped with satin brocade; its immense saloons, hung with mirrors, pictures, and chandeliers, the finest that Paris could produce, and furnished with modern, lavish, dazzling splendor. What would not Plutarch have said to this? With this ship Cleopatra could not only have brought Mark Antony safely away from Actium, but she could have won the battle for him, which would have been better, and could have entertained him more sumptuously even than in her famous barge.

Alexandria, founded by the Great Conqueror, whose name it bears, after his death supplanting Memphis under the sway of the Ptolemies, after its conquest by Julius Cæsar emulating Rome itself, and later becoming the school of Christianity in the East, then eclipsed by Constantinople, and still later subjugated by the Mussulman caliphs, broken down by their successors and restored by Mehemet Ali, still remains a great commercial city. It is the entrepot of European commerce for Egypt and India. We are now to see it undergo a still further trial. Will it be superseded by Port Saïd, at the mouth of the Suez Canal?

Port Saïd, June 9th.—Leaving Alexandria yesterday at four o'clock, we resumed our voyage, always in sight of the Egyptian coast. The bright light of Pharos reminded us that it was here that the humane institution of this form of beacon for navigators had its origin, in a structure on the same spot, deemed so remarkable for its majesty and beauty by the ancients, as to be accepted by them as one of the "seven wonders of the world."

A customary expression of regret that the Alexandrian Library was lost to the world, led Mr. Seward to say that, perhaps, it is not a total loss after all. Nine-tenths of all the books which are written in the world are, more or less, transcripts of others that have been written before. A great library is generally only a store-house of material for new books. It would be strange, indeed, if, one way or another, any of the ideas which were recorded in the million volumes of the Alexandrian Library are not now extant in other books. So a library lost is like the light of Pharos which was lost —but not so utterly lost that it cannot be replaced.

In the course of the night we passed Rosetta, after Alexandria, the chief port of entry of the Delta. A few hours later, rounding easily and quietly into the smooth but capacious artificial harbor of Port Saïd, we threw over an anchor, an experience which seemed new to us, after our three weeks of tying to stakes on the banks of the Nile.

The superintendent of the Suez Canal, desirous that Mr. Seward should examine the work at this terminus, as he had at the other, kindly put a small steamer at our service, and, embarking on this vessel with Mr. Page, United States consul, we made an excursion of ten miles through this part of the canal, which flows in a deep channel, between high embankments faced with artificial stone, and is built through the middle of the shallow salt-lake Menzaleh. It seemed to us that human patience and energy have never been so severely tasked as in raising these firm and solid embankments upon the oozy bed which had been saturated and soaked with the slimy flood of the Nile, from a period, perhaps, earlier than the beginning of the human race.

Port Said seems quite American. The site of the little town, so recently recovered from the sea, is already divided and subdivided into streets and squares, and the universal topic of conversation is the eligibility of and price of city-lots. There is as yet little indication of internal trade, but the repairing of shipping, transshipment of passengers, and coaling of vessels, afford profitable occupation to a population of ten thousand, among whom are found some Germans, some Italians, but chiefly immigrants from the is-

lands of the Levant. We dined with the consul, and walked through the sandy streets, under a burning sun.

Whence came the Egyptian people? How was it that they erected and maintained so great and flourishing a state, constructing vaster and more enduring monuments than any other portion of the human race, and why after these marvellous achievements did they entirely cease to have a national existence? These are as great mysteries to the dwellers in Egypt now as they are to us. We have already mentioned that an Arab told us that the Pyramids and the Sphinx were the creation of genii in a single night. A Copt, attending us at Dendera, asked us, as he surveyed the ruins, "Who were the people who raised these wonderful temples and excavated these tombs? Whence did they come, and whither have they gone?" We are not inclined to accept the idea that the old Egyptians were like the Copts. The Copts of the present day are men of dark skin, while all the statuary and paintings which so much excite our interest invariably represent and describe the Egyptians as "red men." Certainly they were neither negroes, nor Hindoos, nor Europeans—neither blacks nor whites, like the blacks and whites of to-day. Doubtless, in the patriarchal period, some tribes from the west of Asia, Arabia, perhaps Mesopotamia and Syria, made their way into the valley of the Nile, and instituted society there some centuries before the visit of Joseph and his brethren. Isolated there, and yet exposed to invasion from Libya and Ethiopia, as well as from Arabia, these tribes would naturally consolidate themselves into a nation. Thus consolidated, possessing a soil of unequalled fertility, they perfected and maintained Egypt as the great state of its time, for a period of several thousand years. During this period they first conquered and then mingled their blood with the African tribes of Ethiopia, now Nubia and Libya. From this mixture probably descended the Copts, an inferior race during the glory of Egypt, but who nevertheless adhered longer to its religion and arts than any other part of the population.

It is much easier to see how the Egyptian nation perished than how it originated. They perfected their work; they produced a

religion which in all ages seems to have been the first need of mankind, a state which was the second, science the third, and had commerce, literature, and arts, adequate to their own wants, if they had remained isolated. But, by the time this was done, Assyria, Persia, Syria, including Phœnicia, and especially Greece, had pushed inquiry further, and had reached much higher results. They established religions, states, commerce, and arts, which, although in modern times they have all been found imperfect, were nevertheless more solid and effective than those of the Egyptians. The Egyptian system came into conflict successively with those new and better ones. The work of destruction which the Assyrians and Persians began was not stayed by their Greek and Roman successors, and the Mohammedan invaders in the seventh and eighth centuries, with their policy of conquest and propagandism by the sword, completed the ruin of Egypt by a work of unsparing desolation.

If there is any one fact in natural science that seems to us more mysterious than another, it is that on some mountain-top, or in some remote valley far away from and far above the everlasting ocean, we pick up a slate-stone in our path, and, breaking it, we find within the distinct fossil imprint of a shell-fish of a species unknown, or perhaps extinct. It is just so with ancient Egypt; it had a civilization which seems to have had no prototype, and can have no reproduction.

CHAPTER IX.

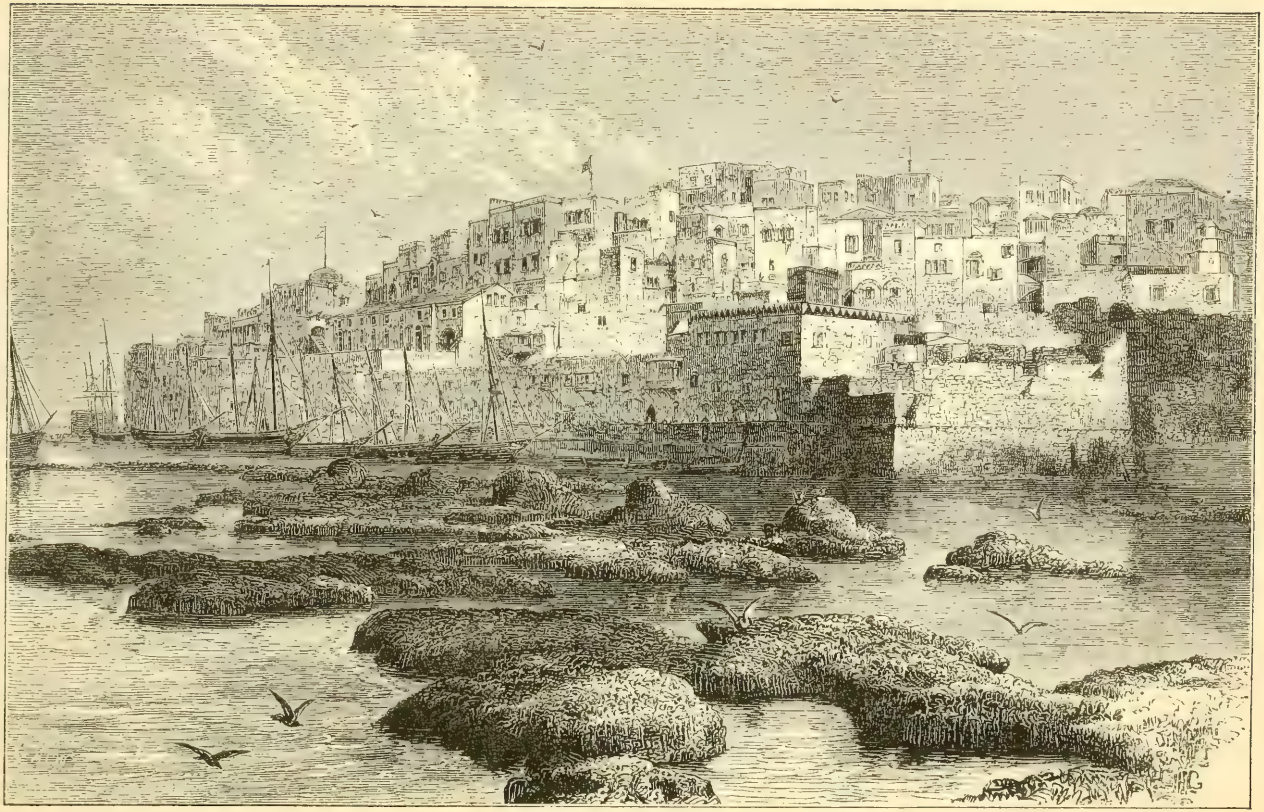
JERUSALEM.

A Levantine Coasting-Steamer.—The Green Fields of Sharon.—Jaffa.—Ramleh.—Lydda.—Rural Population.—First View of Jerusalem.—Mr. Seward's Reception.—The Sultan's Firman.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre.—Religious Intolerance.—Mount Calvary.—The Via Dolorosa.—The Mosque of Omar.—The Mosque El-Aksa.

Jaffa, June 8th.—The eleventh month of our voyage of circumnavigation opens upon us in Palestine. A Levantine coasting-steamer presents us with another peculiar phase of travel. Except our party, there are neither Americans, nor English, nor Europeans. All are natives of the towns of Syria, Palestine, the Greek islands, and Asia Minor. They are, in fact, a reproduction of the heterogeneous multitude whom Peter addressed at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, as far as the classifications of modern geography will allow:

"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians."

After being dazzled almost to blindness by the reflection of a tropical sunlight from the glaring sand of the desert, it is gratefully refreshing to look out upon the green fields of Sharon. Mr. Seward, who sojourned here a week under quarantine in 1859, indicated from the deck the convent made forever historical by Bonaparte's



JAFFA.

alleged poisoning of his sick and disabled soldiers to prevent their falling into the hands of the Turks. He pointed out also the house and grounds which are shown to travellers as the house of Simon the tanner, and a rock into which has been inserted a large ring, asserted to have been used for two very different purposes: the one for chaining Andromeda, and the other for holding Noah's Ark in its place until he was ready to embark on his extraordinary cruise.

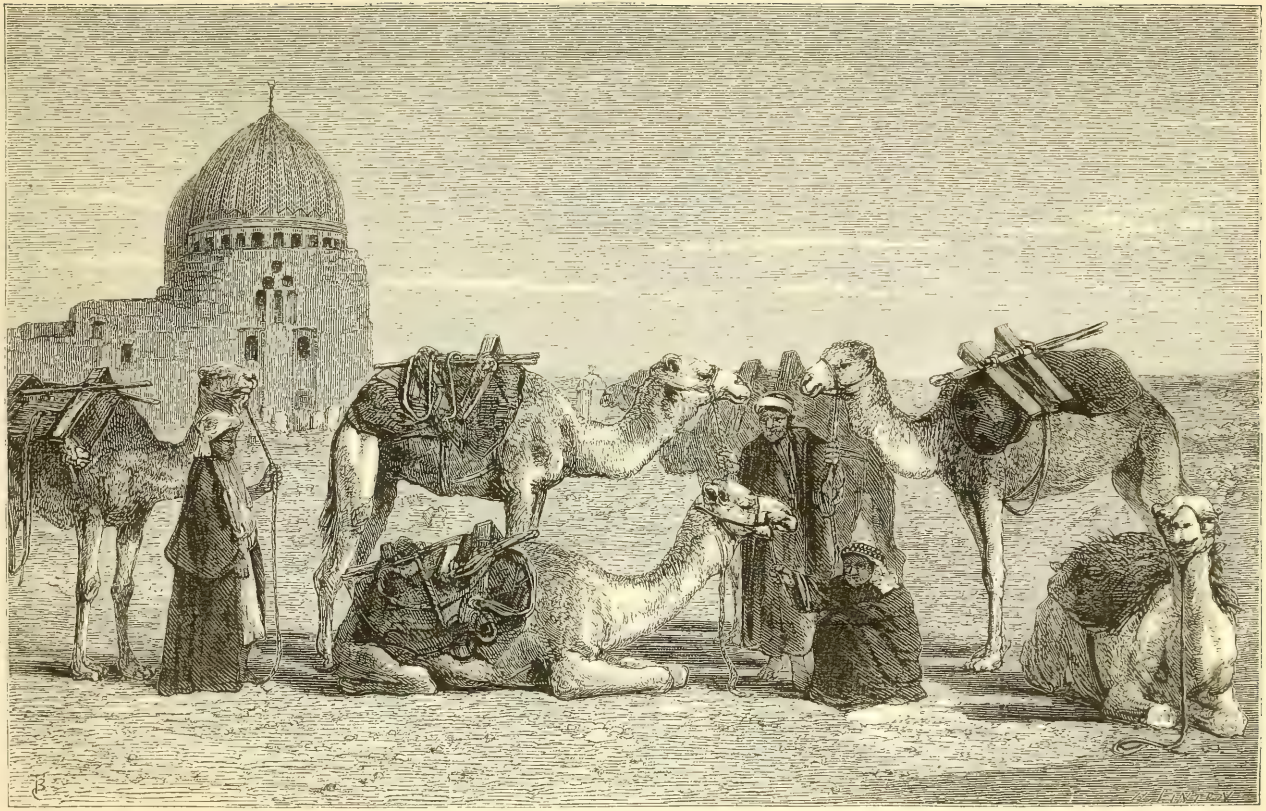
Jaffa, though not after the European taste, is, nevertheless, a handsome town, covering a rocky cliff, and overhanging the sea. We cast anchor half a mile from shore, for there is no harbor, and our eyes were immediately greeted with a sight of the "stars and stripes" floating over a beautiful green suburb, two miles outside the walls of Jaffa, and our ears with the intelligence that it was the "American colony." A boat came promptly off the shore and put on deck Mr. Benjamin Finkelstein, an *attaché* of the consulate at Jerusalem, who delivered to Mr. Seward a congratulatory letter from Mr. Beardsley, the consul there. Mr. Finkelstein was accompanied by his own cavass, and also by an aide of the Turkish governor of Jaffa. Although the breakers were running high, we were transferred without danger or inconvenience on board a native surf-boat, and with much skill buoyantly carried over a rolling sea near the shelving beach of the American colony. Here the boatmen carried us severally on their shoulders, and our feet were safely planted on the Syrian shore. Detachments of Turkish cavalry and infantry received Mr. Seward, as a guest of the Turkish Government, with martial music and military honors. Forming an escort, they conducted us, through orange-orchards hedged with cactus, to the centre of the so-called American settlement.

Ramleh, June 9th.—Our progress, in ascending to Jerusalem, was in manner very like to that in which we ascended from Peking to the Great Wall of China. It was conducted by Betts Bey, of the civil service of the Khédive of Egypt, assisted by Mr. Finkelstein, and their authority was supported by the cavass of the United States consulate at Jerusalem, dressed in the most elaborate and

extravagant Turkish uniform, armed with a silver staff, like that of a drum-major, three cimeters, and pistols innumerable, of various sizes, in belt and saddle-bow. Each beast was attended by a driver and a leader. The governor, with a large mounted escort, which he called a "guard of honor," attended us through the streets, out of the gates, and through the orange-groves of the suburbs to the wells of Yasûr, on the open plain of Sharon. At this place, the governor and his troops took their leave, a smaller mounted guard taking its place, and we proceeded to Ramleh.

Toward the end of the ride, our guides pointed out on our left Lydda, which, although the Greeks tried to christen it Diospolis, has retained its name and identity through all revolutionary changes, from the time when "Peter came down also to the saints which dwelt in Lydda, forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa," and "found a certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise and make thy bed. And he arose immediately."

Arriving at Ramleh at eight o'clock, or just at dark, Mr. Seward was received by the governor of that town, with a guard of honor, and, having designated a Latin convent as the lodging he preferred, was graciously introduced by the governor to the Franciscan superior of the house. We were very weary. One of the brothers with much alacrity showed us to clean, comfortable rooms, and spread a generous supper. The superior, a handsome, educated Spaniard, manifestly uninformed of the political occurrences of the day, conversed with us at table, and expressed a hope that the luxuries which were prepared for us were satisfactory, but declined to participate, because they are forbidden to him. Such monasteries as this are found dispersed throughout the Holy Land. They were founded at an early date by Christian charities in Europe, to afford shelter and comfort to the pilgrims of the West. Being endowed with lands, and conducted with great frugality, the communities are now self-sustaining. There being no good public inns in the country, these monasteries entertain travellers in a simple and comfortable manner, and receive, when the traveller



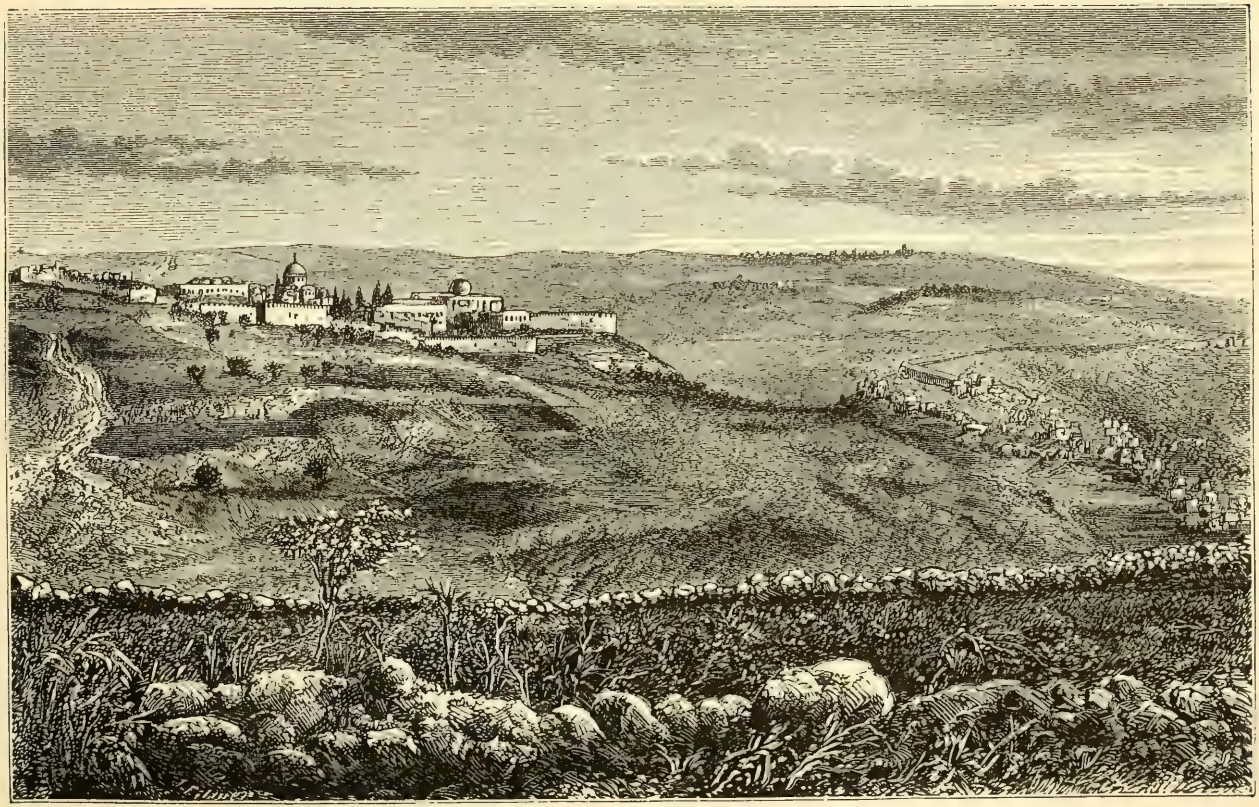
OUR CARAVAN.

leaves, such gratuity as he pleases to give, although they make no demand. Travellers generally pay very cheerfully to the superior, for the use of the convent, a sum not less than similar entertainment would cost at a hotel.

Jerusalem, June 10th.—We rose with the dawn this morning, and, having received coffee and a blessing from our kind entertainers at the monastery, we walked, with the aid of guides, through the few quiet streets of Ramleh. It seems that it is an achievement of more than five thousand years for the human race to attain a state of society in which those who cultivate the land can dwell in safety and comfort, in rural localities. It is really only in England and in the United States that this stage of society has been reached, and much less perfectly in England than in the United States. In whatever country we have been, we have seen solitude in the rural districts, the farm-house unknown, the proprietor residing for security in some neighboring hamlet, village, or city, and the laborers clustering around him there. Mr. Seward says he found the case the same in Mexico, with six millions of Indians in that country, cultivating the richest soil and enjoying the most benign skies in the world, but dwelling in mean, shabby towns. And, even among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, families who live by the chase and by the fisheries shrink from living alone. It is strikingly so in Palestine. It seems to have known no peace and no rest, at least since the time of Solomon.

No view is more unique than that of Jerusalem as you approach it from the west. You look not so much at it as into it and over it. Though situated on a mountain-top, it is surrounded by loftier mountains: on your right, the mountains of Judea, on which you stand; on your left, the Mount of Olives; and, far beyond, the mountain-desert, at the foot of which the Jordan makes its hurried way to the Dead Sea. Our first surprise was that so famous a city should be so small. But this diminutiveness is itself a charm. You see in its entire circuit the lofty wall, with its beautiful parapets. Within the wall, clustering, but not crowded, you see, without shade or variation, the white roofs, balustrades, domes, and minarets

of lofty palaces, and majestic churches and mosques. Though not especially conversant with the modern history and geography of the city, we had no difficulty in distinguishing the recently-renewed and magnificent dome which protects the Holy Sepulchre. We also recognized, by its situation and its gorgeous though faded dome, the Mosque of Omar, which now crowns Mount Moriah, and stands upon the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon. If one knew no more of the Gospel than what he recalls of childhood's lessons, he could not mistake either the Plain of Bethlehem or the Mount of Olives. Nor would he mistake the significance of that solitary clump of olive and cypress trees, which, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, overhangs a long, low ravine which divides Mount Zion from the Mount of Olives. That ravine is the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and that cloister of solemn shade is Gethsemane. Forgetting for the moment the devastations of the Turks, the Crusaders, the Saracens, the Romans, the Greeks, the Persians, the Babylonians, and the Egyptians, you accept this little Turkish town as the city which was built and adorned by Solomon, and as a perfect embodiment of the devotional idea of our faith, and do not wonder that, completed so long ago, it has been left to stand unchanged, unshaken, and alone, for the admiration and reverence of ages. Indulging in this reverie, we were roused, as we descended the now gentle and easy road toward the city, by the piercing strains of the shrill, exciting, Turkish martial music, which announced that military honors of no common significance awaited Mr. Seward's coming. On the last of the mountain-plains was extended a marquee, over which floated the blood-red banner of the Crescent. The avenue leading to it was guarded by a battalion of infantry and a cavalry squadron. Mr. Seward alighted here, and, the drooping animals being dismissed, he was conducted up the avenue under a salute of the troops and the stirring music of the band to the marquee, where the Pacha of Jerusalem, attended by the municipal and other public officers, received him as a distinguished stranger and a guest of the Turkish Empire. Here again was an entertainment just as profuse as if we had not partaken of refreshments on the other side of the mountain an hour before. Never-



JERUSALEM, VILLAGE OF SILOAM, ETC.

theless, Mocha coffee, as prepared by Arab hands, is always acceptable. And now occurred the first secession which our party has undergone in its long and interesting journey. The ladies could endure no more of receptions or of fatigue. Taking Betts Bey for their guide, they set out on foot to make their way into the city in advance of the procession, which they saw was inevitable.

Jerusalem has seen many striking pageants, but certainly, in modern times, none so singular as this reception of a private American citizen with the military pomp and imperial parade accorded before only to conquerors and kings. As we descended the hill we passed before the Roman church, monastery, school, and consulate, and then, from the noble bridge which spans the ravine, looked up at the fine colonnade of the Jewish Asylum lately built by the Rothschilds, and at last stood on the sacred Mountain of Zion. The Jaffa Gate is not the widest in the world, nor is Christian Street the broadest and best-paved avenue, although it leads directly over Mount Zion. Happily, in view of this ceremony, the Government had caused the street to be cleared of its customary groups of camels, horses, and donkeys. In a word, the Jerusalem which was so beautiful seen in the softening light of the setting sun from the summit of the mountains of Judea, shrunk to a vulgar Turkish town the moment we entered it. With the best speed the ladies could make, the strange and wild procession overtook them, obliging them to take shelter in such door-ways or booths as opened to them. The people of Jerusalem, more accustomed to seeing sad pilgrim bands and caravans from the desert than official pageants, were in the narrow street on this occasion, a heterogeneous mass—Turks and Christians, Scribes and Pharisees, men, women, and children, monks and Sisters of Charity, publicans and sinners.

Somehow we shall never be able to recall how we made our way through this motley crowd to a gate by the way-side, on which a modest sign-board advertised "Mediterranean Hotel." Our party, reunited, was conducted up two flights of narrow, steep stairs to the house-top, where we sat down, having in full view, on our left, the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; on our right the

Mosque of Omar; and, at our feet, the crystal pool of Hezekiah, which is supplied from the "Wells of Solomon." Here the pacha and his suite, the consul and cavass, and "all others in authority," after renewed assurances of kindness and hospitality, took their leave, and we repaired to adjoining chambers, which, though neither spacious nor pretentious, were spotlessly clean, and in every way comfortable.

To explain this brilliant reception by the authorities of Jerusalem, we may as well insert here the *firman* issued by the Turkish Government, announcing Mr. Seward as the national guest, and instructing all public officers to extend to him their courtesy and protection. The document is beautifully engrossed in Turkish

characters, on a great sheet of parchment, surmounted by the Sultan's *toogra* or monogram. Mr. Brown, our *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, made a translation of it for us as follows:

"His Imperial Majesty, Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz Khan, son of Sultan Mahmoud Khan, may his victories be perpetuated!

"To my noble vizier—my glorious councillor, who administers the affairs of the people confided to his care, with great justice and equity—who strengthens and consolidates the edifice of the empire and public weal, with much zeal and ability—who is one of the faithful ministers of my Government, and who by his convictions has merited the favor of the Most High, possessor of all things: the *balee* or governor-general of my province of Soriã (Syria) the

POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

possessor of my noble decoration of the majidieh of the first class, Rechid Pacha, may his glory be increased! be it known:

"That the bearer of the present royal and sovereign document is the Honorable William H. Seward, formerly the chief minister of the Government of the Republic of the United States of North America, who, with his companions, is visiting, for the purposes of travel, my province of Soriã—and that it is my sovereign will that you, who are the *balee* of the same, consider him as my honored and distinguished guest.

"That you treat him with every demonstration of honor and respect, and see that, wherever he may be pleased to go, he be shown hospitality. It is my royal pleasure that he be everywhere known as the guest of my Government, and treated accordingly. Let all measures be taken for his comfort and protection, and permit nothing to occur contrary to the present commands.

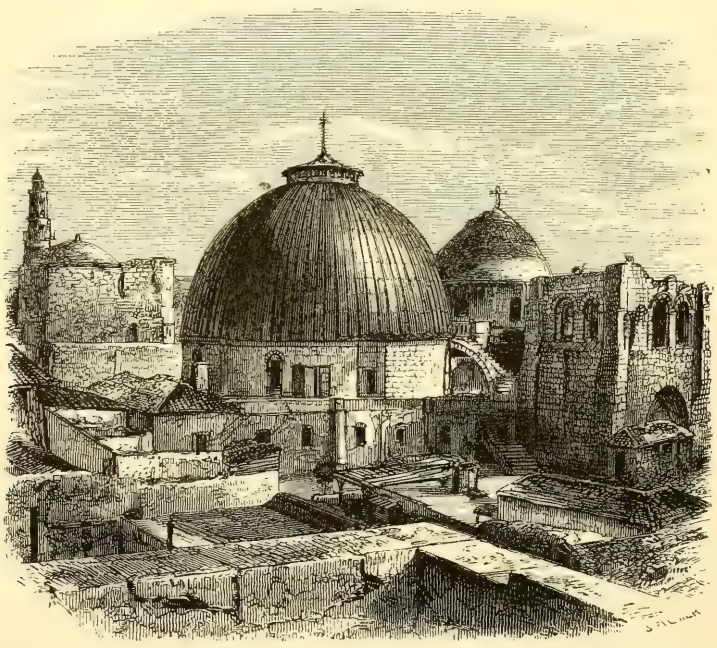
"This know, and hasten to carry my sovereign will into execution.

"Written, the 15th day of the Moon of Rejeb the Unique, of the year of the Hedjerã, 1287" (20th September, 1870).

Sunday, June 11th.—Worship at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—the only Sunday that we are to enjoy in Jerusalem—could not be neglected. But the hours of worship in the East are early. At six o'clock, with such strength as our night's rest had given us, we repaired there by rough, steep, and winding streets. A small, open, paved square lies in front of the church, into which we descended by a flight of worn stone steps. The area was thronged with a varied crowd from many countries. There were Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, and Turks, as well as English, French, Germans, Russians, Americans, and Italians—men of all nationalities, indeed, except Jews. Christians from Bethlehem and Hebron were busy in selling small, cheap relics and amulets among the mass, many of whom seemed very poor, and no small portion mendicants. How unreasoning is religious intolerance! The Christian nations of Europe have succeeded in exacting and obtaining from the Turkish Government at Constantinople the full

exercise of religious worship of every form in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. All nations are invited to it, save only the Jews, whom Turks and Christians unite in excluding from even its vestibule. Mr. Seward could not believe this until he found that one of the bearers of his chair had to be replaced because he was a Jew.

The Greek, Latin, Armenian, and Coptic sects celebrate public worship in the church at different hours of the day. It will not seem strange that we passed the great mass, to go directly to the Holy Sepulchre. There is no doubt that the "new tomb" of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the Saviour reposed for three days after his crucifixion, is somewhere in this mountain. It is unrea-



DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

sonable to suppose, in view of the circumstances which attended the early Church, that it can now be identified. The pious Christians of the fourth century, however, thought they found it here,

and Christians of every age till this have accepted it. Why should we not be content to do so, since there is no reason to suppose that any other place more authentic can now be found? We, therefore, shut out from our minds all distrust. The Holy Sepulchre is under the centre of the great dome, or, to speak more accurately, the great dome of the church has been erected directly over the sepulchre indicated to the Empress Helena. The Holy Sepulchre is a white-marble sarcophagus. It is not, of course, pretended or supposed that the holy grave was found in this shape, but, with the decency which religious worship always requires, the marble case was built over the rock-hewn tomb. A small ornamental structure of marble, with pillars and pilasters, and surmounted by a crown-shaped dome and cross, stands over the sepulchre, and constitutes a kind of chapel or temple. This diminutive structure is divided into two compartments. The outer chamber is called the "Chapel of the Angel," it being the pleasure of the devotees to believe that on the spot enclosed within it, and at the head of the grave, the angel stood when he said to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

In the centre of this tiny chapel, raised on a pedestal, is a stone, which is claimed to be a fragment of the identical one upon which the angel sat. The chapel is capable of receiving only one or two visitors at any one time. At the eastern side is a small door, made low, so as to require the visitor to stoop as he enters. This harmonizes with St. John's account: "And as she wept, she stooped down, and *looked* into the sepulchre." Unhappily, however, for the indulgence of self-delusion, the churches have suspended, from the low ceiling in this narrow chamber, forty-three lamps of gold and silver, which are kept always burning by day and by night. Their dazzling glare, together with the strong perfume of spices and frankincense and attar of roses, is so incongruous with the natural condition of the sepulchre, that they bewilder instead of aiding the pilgrim in his pious desire to realize the "place where the Lord lay." As we reached the door, two poor Russian women

came out, and this made way for us. We stooped and entered. The marble slab, which covers the Holy Sepulchre, was bedewed with tears—probably it is always so, although it is continually purified with rose-water. A placid-faced monk stood near to perform this grateful office, and to offer flowers and other sacred mementos to the pilgrims. Notwithstanding the many provocations to doubt, it may well be believed that no one ever stands over that broken and worn marble slab unmoved. We gave place, in our turn, to devout and meek Armenians.

We could now study what remains of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with free and inquiring minds. We entered the choir of the church when the Greek bishop and priests were concluding a solemn mass. We need hardly say that services differing so entirely from our form of worship seemed cold, formal, and theatrical. When the services ended, the bishop and his numerous assistant priests withdrew in solemn procession, leaving the congregation to retire at pleasure. We need not perhaps raise a question here on this subject. Mysterious dogmas and ecclesiastical forms were effective, perhaps they were necessary, for the conversion of the pagan nations. And they are not useless in supporting and keeping alive docile and patient faith. But their day has culminated; henceforth, more spiritual teaching will be employed, and we shall be called on to try whether the requisite standard of faith can be maintained under a system of free, unregulated, and unbridled religious inquiry for religious truth. It suits us better as travellers to study past ideas, as they are embodied in architecture and in art. This Greek choir is spacious, lofty, and elaborately adorned with painting, statuary, and gilding. Our guides now proposed to show us, not only the Mount of Calvary, but the very place of the crucifixion, which is also under the dome of the Holy Sepulchre. To say sooth, our imaginations required a more ample space for the different parts of the most stupendous and awful drama ever enacted. It is not strange, therefore, that our faith in traditions grew weaker as we climbed the steep flight of eighteen stone steps to reach the summit of Calvary, under this dome, and at less than a stone's throw from the Holy Sepulchre.

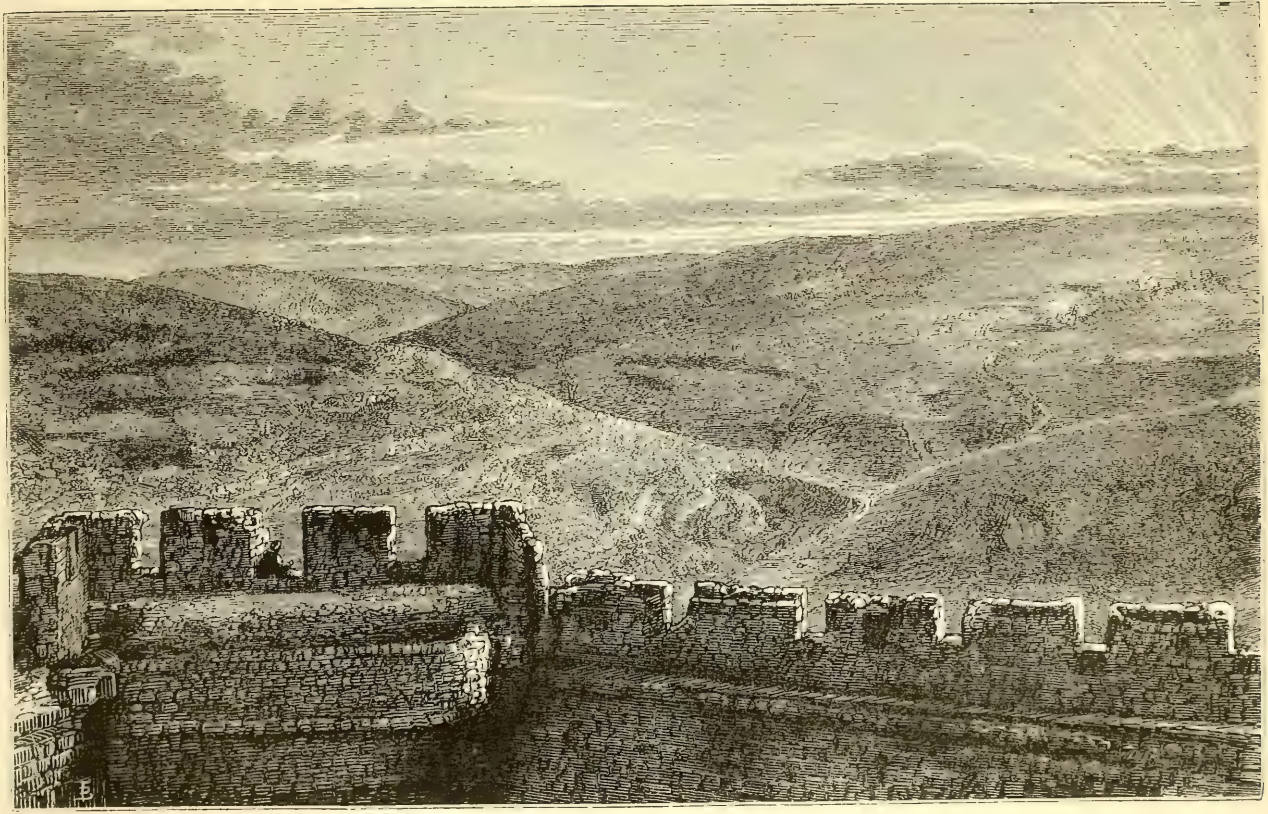
Calvary, if this is that mountain of terror and sadness, is a light and cheerful, well-paved chapel, twenty feet square, raised fifteen feet above the church floor. Here an attending priest lifts a corner of the marble pavement, and discloses three sockets, drilled in the rock, at a distance of six feet from each other; and all who can may believe what he says, that the central one received the foot of the Saviour's cross, and the other two the crosses of the malefactors who were crucified with him. Over this slab is erected an altar garnished with a profusion of jewelled ornaments and tapestry. All skepticism is expected to be put to flight when, underneath the altar, the marble veneering is removed and a naked rock is shown, with a large, irregular fissure in its face, which, we are told, was effected at that fearful moment when "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose."

The trial of faith steadily increases as we continue the appointed exploration. It has a locality, not merely for each grand part of the mighty transaction which it commemorates, but even for every incident connected with it, though too minute for memory or history. A tablet at the foot of the Chapel of Calvary records that here "the mother of Jesus stood," a witness of his agony. Another advises you of the spot where the body lay when taken down from the cross. Another, where it was washed and swathed for interment. Another, a place where the three Marys gathered for mutual condolence. After completing this survey, we descended to the dark cavern underneath the pavement of the church, and at the base of Calvary, in which St. Helena, in the fifth century, discovered the three crosses, still in a state of preservation.

We returned to our hotel through several streets, which, from their continuity, have acquired the name of the "Via Dolorosa," being the path the Saviour trod on the way from the palace of Pilate to the place of crucifixion. Tradition has been no less busy here. At the foot of this staircase, the Saviour, sinking under the weight of his cross, impressed his Divine face upon the handkerchief of St. Veronica, now seen in St. Peter's at Rome. Here in this bal-

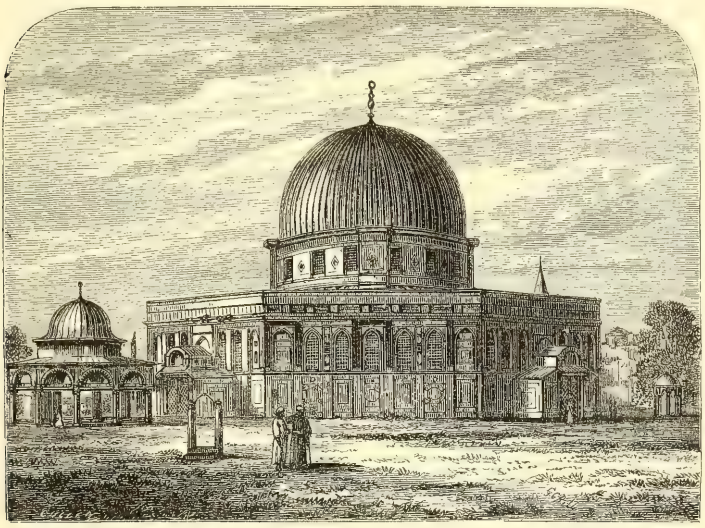
cony, built over the street, the remorse-struck governor exhibited Jesus to the maddened mob, with the memorable words "Ecce Homo," and this lofty structure, certainly not unworthy to be the residence of a Roman proconsul, was the palace of Pontius Pilate, where the Saviour was arraigned and condemned. Here, a repaired breach in the wall indicates the staircase by which the Saviour ascended to the palace on that day. The staircase itself has been removed to Rome for many centuries, and is there exhibited in the Church of St. John Lateran, and is familiarly known to all travellers as the Scala Santa. It is impossible to accept the authenticity of the "Via Dolorosa." Constantinople, Rome, London, Paris, and every other capital of Europe, have undergone fewer sackings, sieges, and burnings, than Jerusalem. It would be difficult to identify any street in any city after the changes and accidents which time has wrought in a thousand years. It is a striking commentary upon the whole legend, that the house of Dives, as well as the house of Lazarus, is pointed out in the "Way of Sorrow," with the same confidence as the Judgment-Hall of Pilate.

Yussef Effendi, with the brother and secretary of the pacha, attended us to the Mosque of Omar. It is only within the last five years that this mosque, scarcely less sacred in the eyes of Mussulmans than the Church of the Holy Sepulchure is in ours, has been opened to Christian travellers. Even now a careful, though somewhat disguised *surveillance*, is practised over them. The mosque stands in an area enclosed with a high, parapeted wall, overlooking the valley of Jehoshaphat, and confronting the Mount of Olives. This occupies one-sixth of the land of the entire city. On the eastern side of this wall is a gate-way, built of marble, called by the Mussulmans the "Golden Gate," which they are fond of representing as the "gate of the temple called Beautiful," but its modern architecture does not support that claim. It is only interesting from the tradition that it was closed with the Roman conquest, and has never been reopened. The so-called Mosque of Omar is not single. It consists of two distinct mosques, placed at some distance from each other—the one here named Kubbet-es-Suhkrah, or "the Dome of the Rock," commonly called the Mosque of Omar, and



VIEW FROM THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

the Mosque-el-Aksa. Though differing entirely from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of Omar is not less unique and peculiar in its consecrated antiquities. Twelve hundred years ago,



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

on the surrender of the Greek Patriarch, the Caliph Omar demanded to be shown the site of the Jewish Temple. He was taken to the sacred rock, he knelt and prayed over it, and he built over it a mosque, which, with subsequent repairs, is the present "Dome of the Rock," or Mosque of Omar. In architectural design and execution it rivals the finest in Cairo and Constantinople. Antedating the conquest of the Mussulmans in India, it has an elaborateness of embellishment, perhaps resulting from the influence of Greek and Roman art, which distinguishes this and the other religious structures of modern Asia from the more severe, simple, and effective style of the mosques of Agra and Delhi. One would say, in comparing the two styles, that the Mosque of Omar has borrowed from the superstitions of the West, while those of India indicate a puritanical reformation. It is now sadly out of repair. Its magnificent gilded dome is blackened, and its stained glass windows are broken; the

exquisite Arabic tracery marred, and the elaborately-inscribed texts from the Koran faded. Like the Holy Sepulchre, it is replete in all parts with relics and memorials held sacred by the Mussulman faith. The sheik of the mosque reverently removed for Mr. Seward the crimson-silk canopy which covers an irregular, flat limestone rock, sixty feet wide and five feet high, in the centre of the building, and encircled by a high iron railing. It is said this is the threshing-floor which King David bought of Araunah, the Jebusite, as a site for an altar of burnt-offerings. Modern writers accept it as the altar of burnt-offerings in the Temple of Solomon. Underneath one side of the rock is a vault, which connects with a well under the centre of the rock, now covered with a marble slab. This vaulted cavern is by Christian writers believed to have been the cesspool of the altar of burnt-offerings, but the Mohammedans revere it as the place of prayer of Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus Christ. On either side of the door of the vault are small altars, which the sheik calls the shrines of David and Solomon, but they bear carvings unmistakably Greek. On another side the sheik showed us an indentation which was made by the foot of Mohammed when he sprang from this rock into heaven, and also the imprint of the hand of the angel who threw the rock back to its resting-place when it was rising from its bed with the foot of the prophet! Unfortunately, the prophet's footprint here differs in measurement from the footprints which he left, and which we personally saw, in Egypt and in India. We passed over the neglected court to the Mosque-el-Aksa. It is said to occupy the place and to retain the form of a Christian church or basilica which the Emperor Justinian built in the sixth century, in honor of the Virgin, and which was temporarily restored by the Crusaders. A part of it was assigned as an encampment for the military order then recently created by Saint-Louis, which from that circumstance took the name of Knights Templars, and which was so active and powerful through many centuries.

El-Aksa is indeed a structure built in the customary design of the basilica. Its dimensions are two hundred and seventy-two feet long, by one hundred and eighty-four feet wide. It has seven

aisles, supported by forty-five columns, of which thirty-three are marble, and are chiefly of the Corinthian order. But, what interested us more is, a recent excavation under the pavement of this mosque, which proves to be an ancient gate. It has been closed and walled up, while the city has been built around it on the outside. The massive though broken floor, the solid columns, and the heavy transverse stones which rest upon them, are wrought in a style neither Saracenic nor Greek, but shaped and ornamented in a manner which we remarked in the Egyptian temples. This newly-discovered gate-way is believed, by the distinguished explorer, Captain Wilson, to have been one of the original entrances to the Temple of Solomon. Not only El-Aksa, but the whole area enclosed within the outer walls, now wears the appearance of neglect, dilapidation, and decay. Is this an evidence of the decline of the Mohammedan religion, or only of the increasing isolation of Jerusalem? We must go farther into the Turkish Empire to decide. Meantime, it is suggestive of much thought that not only the Mayor of Jerusalem, but the obliging sheik of the mosque, plaintively and earnestly invoked Mr. Seward to use what they thought would be an influence of some weight with the Sultan at Constantinople, for the repair of the Mosque of Omar. The various points we have described in the Mosque of Omar are held to fix beyond all dispute the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon. History, tradition, and a pride of the Jews, greater than was ever exhibited by any other nation, made that temple an object of admiration to the whole world. Though its base was Mount Moriah, the hill which bore that name must have been levelled when or before the temple was built. It was easily accessible by a gentle descent from all parts of the city, while the high wall built on the outer precipice rendered it impregnable on that side.

CHAPTER X.

JERUSALEM AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

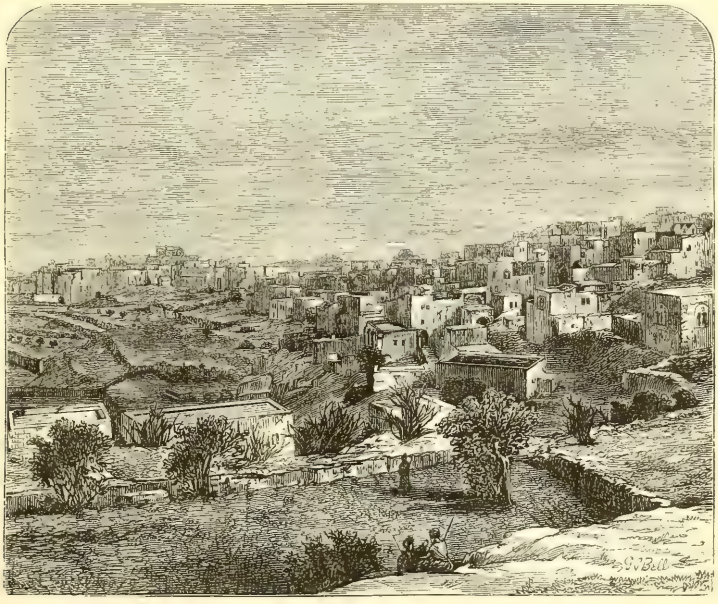
Bethlehem.—The Grave of Rachel.—The City of Jerusalem.—The Mount of Olives.—The Tomb of Zachariah.—The Tomb of Absalom.—An American Jew.—Bethany.—Pilate's Palace.—The Greek Church in Palestine.—The Jews of Jerusalem.—Their Wailing-Place.—The Jewish Sabbath.—Attendance at the Synagogue.—Bishop Gobat.—Departure from Jerusalem.—Jaffa and Beirut.

June 12*th.*—"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing."

Bethlehem is the one place in all the wide world which, by its memories and associations, elevates the soul with emotions unmixed with sorrow, fear, or terror. The Christian mind, that is not unreasonably exacting, finds in the surroundings of Bethlehem, the "city of David," all the confirmation it needs or expects of the Gospel history—the broad, fertile mountain-plain, easily watered, and which, even now, amid the general desolation of the country, largely retains its verdure, and seems a natural field of the development of the patriarchal system. "In the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem," we rested under the shade of a graceful monument, recently erected by the believing Rothschilds, in full and unquestioning faith that it covers the spot where Rachel was buried, and upon which "Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that *is* the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day."

Bethlehem is built on the side of a gorge, on whose declivity run zigzag paths which are the streets of the village. The rocky steep has been cut perpendicularly down, and pierced with caves, which,

with the addition, where it is practicable, of a second story constructed of rude masonry, constitute the dwellings, storehouses, workshops, and inns of the village. If indeed "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed," and if indeed it was needful that the poor Nazarene, Joseph, must go, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea unto the city of David, to be taxed, with Mary his espoused wife," and if "the days were accomplished that she should be delivered," then the incidents of



BETHLEHEM.

the transaction, as they are related by the Evangelists, were not only natural, but inevitable. Bethlehem, neither more then than now, could have contained an inn in which there could have been found "room for them." The inn, in all countries and down even to our own time, is historically known by its equal provision for the entertainment of man and beast. The stable and the manger, throughout all Asiatic countries, no less in Palestine than in China, are adjuncts in the entertainment of an inn, quite equal in import

ance to the apartments in which the traveller of the better sort rests, while the plebeian or publican, declining that costly expense, shares the stable and the manger with his faithful and cherished mule, ox, or camel. So it could not have otherwise happened than that, when Mary should have "brought forth her first-born son," she should have "wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

The inhabitants of Bethlehem are native Christians, who support themselves by the fruits which they sell at Jerusalem, and by the manufacture of cheap tokens, ornaments, and amulets, which pilgrims take home as mementos of the Holy Land. Mr. Seward remarks a visible improvement in the aspect, not only of Bethlehem, but of the country about Jerusalem, which has been made since his visit of 1859. Something of this is due to the expenditure of the Greek Christians of Russia upon a new and beautiful church outside of the city, but more is due to a small colony of Germans, who have become proprietors and cultivators here.

June 13th.—"Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."

We have done so, and we have found it neither a short nor an easy promenade. The city occupies two ridges of a mountain promontory, with the depression or valley between them. The walls of the modern Turkish city have been so contracted with the decrease of the population, as to exclude large portions of the ancient city. Jerusalem is now divided according to its different classes of population. The Mohammedans are four thousand, and occupy the northeast quarter, including the whole area of the Mosque of Omar. The Jews are eight thousand, and have the southeast quarter. These two quarters overhang the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the brook Kedron. The Armenians number eighteen hundred, and have the southwest quarter; and the other Christians, amounting to twenty-two hundred, have the northwest quarter, which overlooks the Valley of Hinnom. We issued from the city through St. Stephen's gate, which stands some two hundred

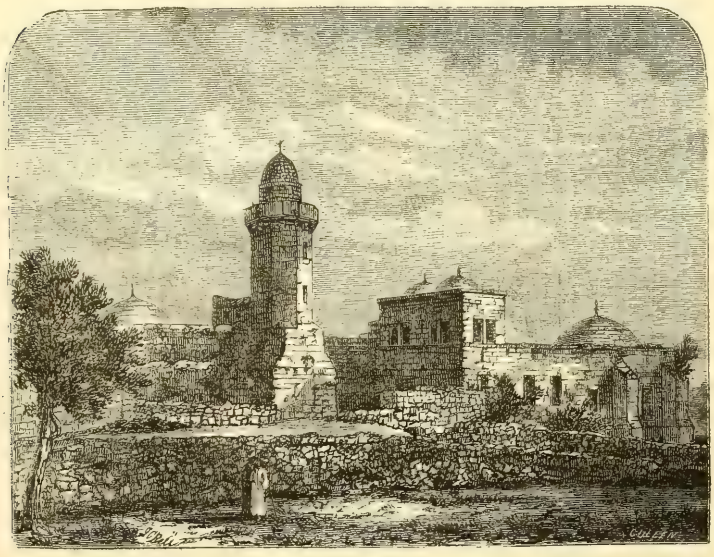
feet north of the Haram, the area of the Mosque of Omar. This gate is identified, by tradition only, with the martyrdom of St. Stephen. Our sure-footed animals carried us safely down the rocky, precipitous road, a hundred feet to the brook Kedron. Refreshing ourselves with the limpid water from its pebbly bed, we climbed the eastern bank which is the base of the Mount of Olives. This entire base is covered north and south, as far as the eye can reach, with the tombs and slabs of the Jewish dwellers of the Holy City. It has been always sacred to the Jews, and it is the only place where the past and present of that extraordinary people meet. Here is a graceful monolith structure in the form of a temple, with a pyramidal top, hewn in shape without being detached from the native rock. You may have your choice of tradition in regard to it. The modern dwellers in Jerusalem tell you that it was built in honor of Zachariah, concerning whom the Saviour accused the Pharisees: "That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar." Historical evidence of an inscription in the fourth century assigns this tomb to the prophet Josiah, while in the twelfth century it was described as the tomb of King Huzziah. To whomsoever it may belong, it is held in high veneration by the Jews throughout the world, and prayers offered up in it are believed to be always answered. The tomb of Absalom, a monolith cut out of the rock, in the same manner as the tomb just described, with an upper story of masonry, is attractive as well as curious. We tried to enter it, but found the main structure half filled up with a heap of loose stones. On making complaint of this, we found that we were very unreasonable, for these detached stones are the evidence of the genuineness of the tomb.

"Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which *is* in the king's dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's place."

The Jews have been in the habit, as they passed through this burying-ground, of taking up a stone, and pelting with it the monu-

ment of the rebellious son of David, and so, in the lapse of centuries, the heap has accumulated which obstructed our entrance. Notwithstanding all this, however, there is a growing distrust of the authenticity, though no one denies the antiquity, of the monument.

The Jews throughout the world, not merely as pilgrims, but in anticipation of death, come here to be buried, by the side of the graves of their ancestors. As we sat on the deck of our steamer, coming from Alexandria to Jaffa, we remarked a family whom we supposed to be Germans. It consisted of a plainly-dressed man, with a wife who was ill, and two children—one of them an infant in its cradle. The sufferings of the sick woman, and her effort to maintain a cheerful hope, interested us. The husband, seeing this, addressed us in English. Mr. Seward asked if he were an English-



MOSQUE ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

man. He answered that he was an American Jew, that he had come from New Orleans, and was going to Jerusalem. We parted with them on the steamer. The day after we reached the Holy

City we learned that the poor woman had climbed the mountain with her husband and children, and arrived the day after us. She died immediately, and so achieved the design of her pilgrimage. She was buried in this cemetery. She was a Jewess, and, according to the Jewish interpretation of the prophecies, the Jew that dies in Jerusalem will certainly rise in paradise.

The Mount of Olives, with the customary proclivity of the faithful, has been divided into three: the central and loftiest one is called the Mount of Olives; the northern one, Mount Scopus; the southern, the Mount of Evil Counsel. Three paths lead over the Mount of Olives: one, on the north, in the sunken line which marks the junction of Mount Scopus; the central one, directly across the Mount of Olives, at its highest point; and a third, winding at the foot of the slope which separates Olivet from the Mount of Evil Counsel. A rough ride of three miles over the latter brought us at noon quite around the mountain-summit to Bethany. Little, however, were we disposed to complain of the hardships of the dreary ride, when we remembered that we were on the very same road that David travelled, fleeing from Absalom, "toward the way of the wilderness and wept as he went up."

Bethany, on the opposite side of Olivet, overlooks the Dead Sea, and beyond it the long, stupendous range of the mountains of Moab. With a previous instruction, we were able to discern the Valley of the Jordan, and to detect a silver thread of its waters, lying, far away to the northeast, beyond the desert which covers the eastern slope of the mountains of Judea. Bethany, as it presents itself in the simple narrative of the Gospels, is a delight and a charm. The friendship which existed between Jesus and Mary and Martha, their implicit trust in him, and his benevolent condescension in raising their brother from the dead, come up vividly before one at the very mention of the name of the humble village in which they lived. It was from Bethany also, then embowered in olive, palm, sycamore, and fig trees, that the Lord commenced that memorable, triumphal progress across the mountain to Jerusalem, in which "much people, that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of

palm-trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."

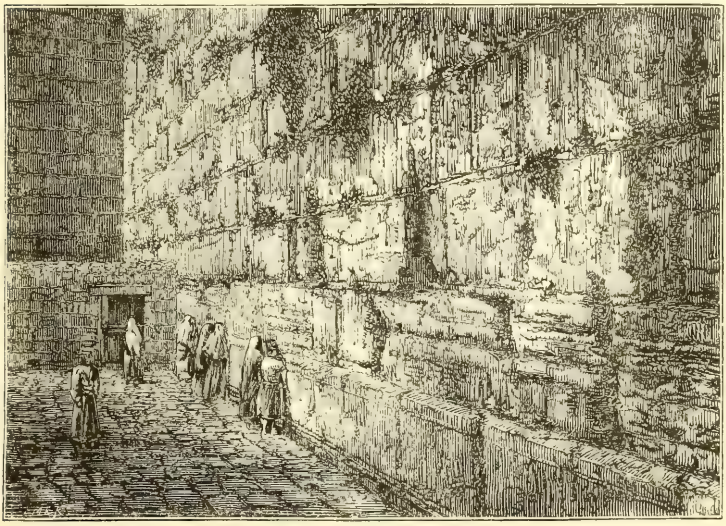
The hospitalities of the Greek and Latin monasteries here have been kindly extended to Mr. Seward by their superiors.

Mr. Seward received, to-day, visits from all the foreign consuls residing at the Holy City. After this, attended by a guard of honor, he returned the visit of the Pacha of Jerusalem, and was surprised to find that, although the Scala Santa was removed so long ago to Rome, he found no difficulty in ascending to the upper story, where he was hospitably entertained by the present Turkish governor in the palace which we have all along been assured was the identical gubernatorial residence of Pontius Pilate. Mr. Seward says that, if the tradition is true, the vacillating Roman governor had a wonderfully fine modern house. We spent the evening "on the house-tops" of the palace of Bishop Gobat and his family.

The Greek Church in Russia has lately manifested a new and extraordinary interest in regard to the Holy Land. The number of pilgrims from that country has become immense. They come down the Black Sea, and through the Levant. The Greeks of Russia have lately built, in a beautiful suburb, an extensive church, with a home or asylum for pilgrims of each sex. These structures are much more costly and elegant than any other Christian establishments built here. The enterprise enjoys the protection, and doubtless the aid, of the Russian Government. It is an indication that Russia adheres, notwithstanding the disaster at Sevastopol, to the cardinal policy of Peter the Great and of the late Emperor Nicholas. Under whatever auspices it may happen, and with whatever political design, it is gratifying to see this renewal of Christian interest in Jerusalem.

June 15*th*.—"And the name of the city from *that* day *shall be*, the LORD is there." Our last day at Jerusalem has been spent, as it ought to have been, among and with the Jews, who were the builders and founders of the city, and who cling the closer to it for its disasters and desolation. We have mentioned that the Jewish

quarter adjoins, on the southeast, the high wall of the Haram. This wall is a close one, while the upper part, like all the Turkish walls of the city, is built of small stone. The base of this portion of the wall, enclosing the Mosque of Omar, and the site of the ancient temple, consists of five tiers of massive, accurately-bevelled blocks. It is impossible to resist the impression at first view, notwithstanding the prophecy, that this is a portion of the wall of the Temple of Solomon, which was hewn in the quarries and set up in its place without the noise of the hammer and the axe. So



JEWS' WAILING-PLACE.

at least the Jews believe. For centuries (we do not know how many) the Turkish rulers have allowed the oppressed and exiled Jews the privilege of gathering at the foot of this wall one day in every week, and pouring out their lamentations over the fall of their beloved city, and praying for its restoration to the Lord, who promised, in giving its name, that he would "be there."

The Jewish sabbath being on Saturday, and beginning at sunset on Friday, the weekly wail of the Jews under the wall takes place on Friday, and is a preparation for the rest and worship of

the day which they are commanded to "keep holy." The small rectangular oblong area, without roof or canopy, serves for the gathering of the whole remnant of the Jewish nation in Jerusalem. Here, whether it rains or shines, they come together at an early hour, old and young, men, women, and little children—the poor and the rich, in their best costumes, discordant as the diverse nations from which they come. They are attended by their rabbis, each bringing the carefully-preserved and elaborately-bound text of the book of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, either in their respective languages, or in the original Hebrew. For many hours they pour forth their complaints, reading and reciting the poetic language of the prophet, beating their hands against the wall, and bathing the stones with their kisses and tears. It is no mere formal ceremony. During the several hours while we were spectators of it, there was not one act of irreverence or indifference. Only those who have seen the solemn prayer-meeting of a religious revival, held by some evangelical denomination at home, can have a true idea of the solemnity and depth of the profound grief and pious feeling exhibited by this strange assembly on so strange an occasion, although no ritual in the Catholic, Greek, or Episcopal Church is conducted with more solemnity and propriety.

Though we supposed our party unobserved, we had scarcely left the place, when a meek, gentle Jew, in a long, plain brown dress, his light, glossy hair falling in ringlets on either side of his face, came to us, and, respectfully accosting Mr. Seward, expressed a desire that he would visit the new synagogue, where the sabbath-service was about to open at sunset. Mr. Seward assented. A crowd of "the peculiar people" attended and showed us the way to the new house of prayer, which we are informed was recently built by a rich countryman of our own whose name we did not learn. It is called the American Synagogue. It is a very lofty edifice, surmounted by a circular dome. Just underneath it a circular gallery is devoted exclusively to the women. Aisles run between the rows of columns which support the gallery and dome. On the plain stone pavement, rows of movable, wooden benches with backs are free to all who come. At the side of the synagogue, opposite the

door, is an elevated desk on a platform accessible only by movable steps, and resembling more a pulpit than a chancel. It was adorned with red-damask curtains, and behind them a Hebrew inscription. Directly in the centre of the room, between the door and this platform, is a dais six feet high and ten feet square, surrounded by a brass railing, carpeted, and containing cushioned seats. We assume that this dais, high above the heads of the worshippers, and on the same elevation with the platform appropriated to prayer, is assigned to the rabbis. We took seats on one of the benches against the wall; presently an elderly person, speaking English imperfectly, invited Mr. Seward to change his seat; he hesitated, but, on being informed by Mr. Finkelstein that the person who gave the invitation was the president of the synagogue, Mr. Seward rose, and the whole party, accompanying him, were conducted up the steps and were comfortably seated on the dais, in the "chief seat in the synagogue." On this dais was a tall, branching, silver candlestick with seven arms.

The congregation now gathered in, the women filling the gallery, and the men, in varied costumes, and wearing hats of all shapes and colors, sitting or standing as they pleased. The lighting of many silver lamps, judiciously arranged, gave notice that the sixth day's sun had set, and that the holy day had begun. Instantly, the worshippers, all standing, and as many as could turning to the wall, began the utterance of prayer, bending backward and forward, repeating the words in a chanting tone, which each read from a book, in a low voice like the reciting of prayers after the clergyman in the Episcopal service. It seemed to us a service without prescribed form or order. When it had continued some time, thinking that Mr. Seward might be impatient to leave, the chief men requested that he would remain a few moments, until a prayer should be offered for the President of the United States, and another for himself. Now a remarkable rabbi, clad in a long, rich, flowing sacerdotal dress, walked up the aisle; a table was lifted from the floor to the platform, and, by a steep ladder which was held by two assistant priests, the rabbi ascended the platform. A large folio Hebrew manuscript was laid on the table before him,

and he recited with marked intonation, in clear *falsetto*, a prayer, in which he was joined by the assistants reading from the same manuscript. We were at first uncertain whether this was a psalm or a prayer, but we remembered that all the Hebrew prayers are expressed in a tone which rises above the recitative and approaches melody, so that a candidate for the priesthood is always required to have a musical voice. At the close of the reading, the rabbi came to Mr. Seward and informed him that it was a prayer for the President of the United States, and a thanksgiving for the deliverance of the Union from its rebellious assailants. Then came a second; it was in Hebrew and intoned, but the rabbi informed us that it was a prayer of gratitude for Mr. Seward's visit to the Jews at Jerusalem, for his health, for his safe return to his native land, and a long, happy life. The rabbi now descended, and it was evident that the service was at an end. Coming down from the dais, we were met by a band of musicians playing on drums, fifes, and violins. We questioned whether this music was a part of the service of the synagogue, but our doubt was removed when we found it accompanying us to the gate of our hotel. The Jews, in their dispersion, are understood to be forbidden the use of musical instruments in worship. Their chants of praise are the traditional songs of Israel, just as the Christians, who have succeeded them, prefer, to all other devotional hymns, the Psalms of David.

A pleasant dinner ensued with the United States consul and his accomplished wife, where we had the honor of meeting the venerable Bishop Gobat and Mrs. Gobat. We infer that the Coptic, Catholic, Greek, and Armenian Churches have given up the design of proselytism here, and now confine their labors to the enlargement and improvement of their several convents for the entertainment of Christian pilgrims in the Holy Land. On the other hand, the Protestant missionaries from Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, are the living, active preachers and teachers of the Gospel in Syria.

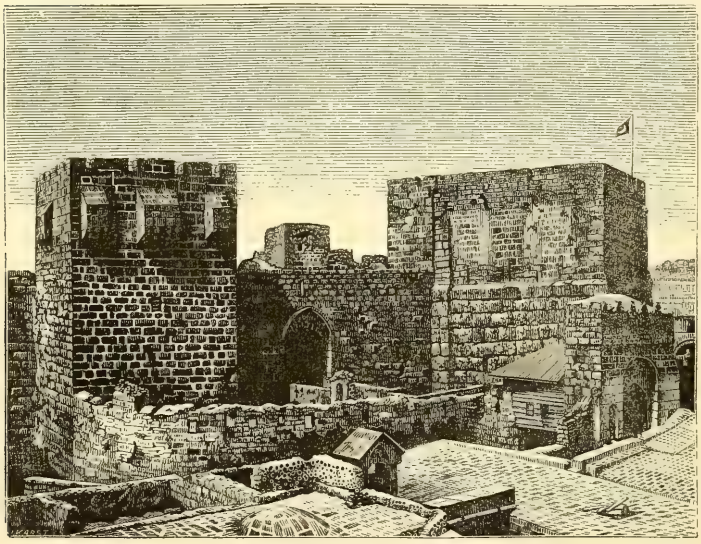
Jaffa, June 18th.—We left Jerusalem at that early hour when from the "Dome of the Rock," and the Mosque el-Aksa, and from

every minaret in the city, the shrill Moslem call to prayer was resounding. The Pacha of Jerusalem, with his suite and guard, joined us at the Jaffa gate, and travels with us to Damascus, giving Mr. Seward his protection, and insisting on his taking precedence throughout the journey. But our ways are not Turkish ways, and, as a certainty, the Turkish ways are not our ways; and, while we rode together, and have entered villages and towns as one party, we separated on the road to eat and sleep. The pacha and his party lunched by the way-side at the foot of the wilderness of John the Baptist; we took our lunch and *siesta* by the side of the spring under the shade of a great willow-oak-tree. We rested with the good Franciscan monks at Ramleh; the pacha and his party were guests of the governor of that place. At Ramleh and at Jaffa the Turkish bands and cavalry, with the sheiks, dignitaries, and authorities of the mosques on the way, met, saluted, and joined us in our progress. The gay Turkish cavalry amused and interested us, on our way across the plain of Sharon, by their feats of horsemanship and their strategy of battle, charge and retreat, and in the exercise of *el-djerid*. We do not wonder that Napoleon said that, if he could have the Mameluke cavalry with the French army, he could conquer the world. The journey was an easy one, and the mountains of Judea seemed much less distant and cheerless than when we were so wearily climbing them on our way to Jerusalem. We are passing our last hour here with Mrs. Hay at the vice-consulate, preparatory to our embarkation with the Pacha of Jerusalem in the Apollo, an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, for Beirut.

Beirut, June 19th.—We had the pleasure of a visit from the eminent Dr. Van Dyck and Dr. Bliss, his worthy associate, and we found them not less highly esteemed by the natives here than they deservedly are at home. It was our long-cherished purpose to cross the range of Lebanon to Damascus, and, on the way, to visit Baalbec, the Grecian Heliopolis. Mr. Seward was expected at Damascus, and arrangements had been made for his hospitable reception. But the way is long; the journey, especially the incidental excursion to Baalbec, rough and tedious. The hot season has already

commenced, and Mr. Seward's strength seems somewhat impaired by the fatiguing explorations of Palestine. These considerations, together with the temporary indisposition of another member of the party, and the hazard of dividing it, obliged us, though with much reluctance, to give up the journey. Perhaps the impression made upon us by the unhappy fate of the two daughters of Dr. Woolsey, who perished from the exhaustion of the journey from Damascus to Jerusalem, last winter, has had its weight. The governor's dissuasion from the journey decided us.

At four o'clock we left our hotel and returned to the Apollo, whose deck afforded us a better view than can be obtained in the town itself of the lofty range of Lebanon, with its whole western declivity bathed in gorgeous light, and its long, castellated snow-clad crest reflecting the rays of an unclouded setting sun.



TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM PALESTINE TO GREECE.

Impressions of Palestine.—The Egyptian Race.—Egyptian Civilization.—Phœnicia and Palestine.—The Four Religions.—What we owe to the Jews.—Present State of Palestine.—The Island of Cyprus.—The Cesnola Collection.—Smyrna.—An Excursion to Ephesus.—The Seven Sleepers.—Mr. Wood's Researches.—The Temple of Diana.—The Isles of Greece.—Tinos.—The City of Syra.—An Illumination.

Steamer Apollo, June 20th.—We are to see no more of either Palestine or Syria. It is time to set down the result of the impressions received in them. As we neared the promontory of Sinai, which divides the head of the Red Sea into the two gulfs of Akaba and Suez, the thought occurred that we were approaching the site of the opening scene of the world's civilization. The one half of that site is Egypt, the other half Syria, including in ancient times, as now, the two distinct divisions of Palestine and Phœnicia. We find no satisfaction in the attempt to trace the nations which inhabited these regions, either to a common origin or to distinct races —at least we can do nothing of that kind here now. It is certain that the ancient Egyptians were neither negroes from the west bank of the Nile nor Arabs from the eastern shore of the Red Sea, for they fought and conquered tribes and nations of both those regions. The negroes and Arabs, like our North American Indian races, prefer the desert and its habits to civilization. Neither were the ancient Egyptians Jews. We distinguished the Jews from the Egyptians in the paintings on the tombs, especially at Beni-Hassan. Nor were the ancient Egyptians of any Western type of the Cau-

casian race. The probability is, that some tribes of Northwestern Asia found their way to the fertile plains of the Delta, and extended their settlements up the narrow valley of the Nile, conquering aboriginal peoples in the desert on either bank to the borders of Nubia. Here the adventurers crowded into close contact, and, threatened with invasions from either desert, as well as from the savage African tribes of ancient Ethiopia, organized an independent and isolated state. Its history shows that Egypt never had a foreign ally, and that it was rarely ambitious of foreign conquest or influence. The system of government was a theocracy, not of one god, but of several or many gods. Its rulers were either priests or chiefs, whom the priests confessed and reverenced as the sons of gods. It is probable that no part of the human race was ever without a spoken language, but the ancient Egyptians improved this possession, which is common to all nations, by adding to it the inventions of architecture, writing, painting, and sculpture, inventions by which men not only could communicate their ideas to those present with them, but could record them for the instruction and guidance of succeeding generations. They acquired a sufficient astronomical science to mark the divisions of the year and the seasons, and they acquired high practical skill in the irrigation and cultivation of the earth. They developed a rude military art, and naturally and easily acquired the little skill in navigation which their inland situation required. An experience of the accidents of the Nile taught them how, in the seasons of plenty, to make provision against occasional famine. The Egyptian nation went no further. Their religion, the first known among men, accepted the intuitive suggestion of the human mind, that it cannot altogether perish in death, but must at some time, and somewhere, return to activity again. So the Egyptians contented themselves with building temples worthy of the gods by whom they were protected, and monuments to commemorate the greatness of their heroes, and with recording, in the most effective and enduring manner possible, their national achievements, depositing the records in those imperishable temples and monuments; burying their dead with such precautions as would preserve the body in safety,

for the return of the wandering spirit which had left it, for three thousand years.

Men and nations have many wants for which this unique system of isolated Egyptian civilization made either no provision at all, or no adequate one. The first of those wants, among a maritime tribe or people, is commerce by navigation. Next, more effective means of defence and aggression. It is not possible for the human race anywhere to remain long in the belief that they must continue passive subjects of a direct government of the gods. Men can never be content with any one system of religion, or its explanations of their origin, their duties, and their destinies. They continually demand and strive for a higher, purer, nobler one. The human mind is never content with any system of education or learning in the arts. It is constantly striving for a better and more perfect one. Man is a social being, and needs society and laws regulating social intercourse between states, tribes, and nations, as much as between individuals.

These natural wants of human society found embodiment and activity among that great people which is first known to us as a civilized nation on the Mediterranean coast, under the name of Phœnicians. It is certain that the Phœnicians were not Egyptians. It is equally clear that they were not Jews; for, from the earliest mention of them by Jewish historians, they were aliens and strangers, and sometimes enemies. But it is certain that, while they occasionally derived knowledge and learning from Egypt, they invented and perfected commerce and navigation, laws for society at home, and laws for social intercourse with foreign nations. They extended and diffused all their acquired information, knowledge, and arts, to the inhabitants of Asia Minor, and of the Greek islands. Phœnicia, therefore, was the cradle of a new civilization, differing and distinct from that of Egypt. This civilization, improved by Greece and Rome, is doubtless the basis of our own modern Western civilization. Midway between those two great original states, Egypt and Phœnicia, with their very different civilization, arose a third state, distinct, different, and antagonistic to both. This state was the Jewish nation, the people of Israel, who,

as a single tribe, in a season of famine, entered Egypt for bread. After a long struggle they obtained their deliverance, and, effecting the conquest of that portion of the Mediterranean coast which lay between Phœnicia on the one hand, and Egypt on the other, founded the state known in ancient times, not less than in our own, as Palestine. While they brought away from Egypt arts and knowledge, they also readily adopted many of the improvements and arts of the Phœnicians. Whether by Divine illumination or otherwise, they reached the sublime truth of the unity of God, and, arraying themselves in hostility against the Phœnicians and the Egyptians, who both denied it, and adhered to their polytheistic system, they became a distinct and independent people. They have held ever since to that simple and sublime faith.

What, then, does modern civilization owe to the Jewish nation? Not letters, nor architecture, nor painting, nor sculpture, nor philosophy, nor science, nor civil government. All these, modern society has derived from the Phœnicians or the Egyptians, or from both. But modern civilization derives its knowledge of the relations of man toward his Maker, and the system of faith, morals, and manners, built upon that knowledge, from the Jewish nation. The religious systems now existing in the world are only four: First, pagan, that of ancient Egypt; second, Jewish, that of the Hebrews; third, Christian; fourth, Mohammedan. Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, all agree that the Jewish faith is an advance above paganism. All equally agree that Christianity is an advance above paganism. All equally agree that Mohammedanism, with all its errors, is an advance above paganism. But the Jewish religion was established by the Jews alone—Christianity comes to us as a gift from the Jewish nation—and even Mohammedanism is only a perversion of Christianity, derived from the Jews. Thus the world owes these three forms of religion directly or indirectly to the Jewish nation.

Now, it is to be noticed that all these three systems of religion are favorable and effective in advancing human progress; that however nations, which embrace either of these faiths, may decline, yet the progress which they introduce is taken up and continued

by other nations; whereas the civilization which is built upon a system of pagan faith has been corrupted, and is becoming effete everywhere. Continental Asia needs regeneration, and can obtain it only through the agency of Western civilization derived from the Jewish nation. Western civilization is living and effective, and, while it is progressing in the West, it is actively regenerating the effete civilization of the East.

We have said that we owe neither science, nor government, nor arts, nor arms, to the Jews; but all considerate men will agree that we have derived poetry from that people—if not the art of poetry itself, at least that part of the art which is most sublime and beneficent in its influences. Moreover, to whom, but to the Jewish nation, are we indebted for the civilization of domestic life and its relations? Certainly not to Egypt. Ancient Egypt, indeed, occasionally had queens, but no women. Neither her monuments, her sculpture, nor her painting, present us with the idea of woman as that idea has developed and culminated in a civilized age. Wherever the pagan system prevails, throughout all Asia, woman is unknown as a force or power in society. Nor can we trace the domestic relation in its present form to Greece or Phœnicia, while it was perfectly developed in the Jews as early as the time of our Saviour. Heroic men have their discords in profane history, but it is only in the sacred history of the Jews and of the Christians in Jerusalem that we find Mary, Martha, Esther, Ruth, Naomi, Rachel, and the daughter of Jephthah. There are two other obligations of modern society to the Jewish nation. While we do not suppose that society has existed in any country without laws, yet it was through the Jewish nation that we have received the decalogue, paramount in authority to all merely conventional laws, as well as superior in the comprehensiveness of its commands. Again, while all nations have felt the necessity of occasional days of rest and devotion as indispensable to society, it was the Jews who first had the idea of resting on the seventh day and hallowing it.

The population of Palestine is estimated at only two hundred thousand. It is scattered over mountains, which seem only mingled masses of rocks and ruins, with here and there a smiling val-

ley or dell, which in vain solicits society and cultivation. Jerusalem, without trade, without any organized society, without even rich landed proprietors, is a congregation of ecclesiastics and mechanics or artisans, who subsist by supplying the few wants of the annual crowds of religious pilgrims, generally poor, who come to pay their vows at the sepulchre. Probably no town of an equal population in the Alps or Rocky Mountains is so universally poor as Jerusalem. In looking over the country now, travellers find it difficult to conceive that it once sustained three millions of vigorous, prosperous, and happy people. Travellers have two different ways of accounting for this: a skeptical class conclude that the ancient glory and greatness of Palestine were exaggerated; another class, pious and credulous, infer that the land has been wasted by a scourge, a curse for the obduracy of its ancient people. The truth doubtless is, that Palestine in the day of the Jewish nation was just as it is described by her poets and prophets: its valleys rejoiced in corn and wine; its mountains were covered with olives, figs, pomegranates, and mulberries, and even its rocky cliffs with flocks and herds. For two thousand years, Palestine has been a theatre of civil war, and of foreign wars instigated by ambition, cupidity, religious propagandism, and persecution. Persians, Greeks, Romans, Christians, Mussulmans, English, French, Turks, and Germans, have all participated in these conflicts. Its ancient people, exhausted, dispersed, impoverished, and desolated, have left the terraces on its mountains to go to waste, after being denuded of their woody covering, while they have fled from and abandoned its thousand villages for shelter in the rocks. We know not what has become of the race which once made Palestine the pride and glory of the world—they have mostly disappeared in these desolating wars.

The Roman conquerors were content with subjugating the country; the Crusaders were neither agriculturists, shepherds, nor colonists; and those who remained were merely monks and hermits. Mussulman propagandism employs only the exterminating sword, and the Turk has extended into Palestine the barbarism which the successful armies of the "Prophet" established in every country

where they appeared. The Bedouin Arabs followed the Mohammedan conquerors, and there could be no safe or peaceful cultivation in the neighborhood of their tents. While this devastation has in every century become more complete, the European nations have been as constantly moved with a desire for the regeneration of Palestine. This desire has manifested itself in two schemes very different, and yet both equally impracticable.

The Jews expect the regeneration of Palestine through a providential restoration of themselves to the ancient city. The Christians look for the same happy consummation through the missionary instruction of this discordant and wretched people. We would disturb no benevolent religious hope, but it seems to us that the ways appointed or allowed by Providence do not necessarily require the restoration of Jerusalem or of Palestine to the power and prestige they enjoyed under the reign of Solomon, any more than they require the restoration of Memphis and Egypt, of Athens and Greece, of Rome and Italy. If Solomon could come again upon the earth, and see the mocking Mosque of Omar on the site of the glorious temple he built, and see his royal gardens run to brambles and weeds, and find, instead of the towers and palaces in which he gloried, a city enclosing within a Turkish wall a mere huddle of infidels—the Egypt which he feared, a solitude—the Ezion-geber, whence he dispatched his ships to Ophir, a heap of sand—and Lebanon covered with mulberries instead of cedars and firs, we think he would concede that there is at last "something new under the sun." Nevertheless, it is only in one sense that there is change from the past. Human nature and the human race are the same. They change places, circumstances, and conditions, but their destiny remains the same, and their progress toward it is continuous and onward. Empires and nations, as well as individuals, are mortal, but the human race, for aught we know, is continuous on earth. In modern times, at least, the work of human progress is carried on chiefly by commerce and immigration; perhaps it was always so. Long before the fall of Jerusalem, "the star of empire" had begun to move westward. It is likely to continue to move in the same direction until it returns to the point in the heavens whence

it took its departure. New capitals and new nations have already come into existence, and more will come before Palestine and Jerusalem will be restored. But this is not discouraging to any just hopes of the East. A slight improvement is already noticeable in Palestine. Jaffa, Caipha, and Beirut already exhibit some pleasing germs of progress planted by the always patient and enterprising Germans. The more that new capitals and nations are built up in the West, the more will the renewing, revivifying effect be felt in the East, and, without waiting for the establishment of republics and Christianity in India and China, or even in Japan, we may see civilized, enlightened Christian nations come into existence in Palestine, as well as in Syria and in Egypt.

The Jewish improvement and Christian missions are not to be rejected or undervalued. They will coöperate in producing these results, though insufficient in themselves to produce them. The Jewish endowments and Christian missions are, after all, only foreign charities. No nation ever was or can be regenerated by mere charity from abroad. But charity, going hand-in-hand with commerce and immigration, effects every thing. It has been so in the Sandwich Islands, and in every part of America. Perhaps we need to see Constantinople before we decide upon the important question whether the empire of Turkey is beginning to yield to the renovating influences which reach it from the West. It is certain that thus far in Palestine and Syria, as well as in Egypt, we find Mussulman bigotry modified, and Oriental prejudices declining. This is an auspicious omen of the gradual improvement of Palestine. We have seen, not only the railroad, but the ship-canal in Egypt, as well as the turnpike-road and the telegraph in Palestine. Why may we not expect to see the railroad as well as the telegraph in Palestine? How can there be telegraphs and railroads anywhere without progress and civilization?

June 21st, off Cyprus.—The island of Cyprus, the Turkish outpost in the Mediterranean, known to us only by the fervent poetic descriptions of the ancients, and by the commercial reports of its fruitfulness in modern times, was for us, as we suppose it is for all

travellers, a disappointment. Its population, once a million, is now only eighty thousand. Its first capital Paphos, now a mere village on the beach—its later capital, Idalium, sunk into the earth, is now visited only at Larnica, a dull modern Turkish village seaport, an ugly town at the base of a broken range of sand-hills. Small clusters of date-palms or orchards appear at intervals at the left of the village, while a small strip of verdure stretches behind the town at the foot of the parched hills. They tell us here that they have had no rain for three years, and the island is dried up. Exaggerated as the description of it may have been by the ancients, it is nevertheless an island abounding in the richest and rarest of fruit. Not only its figs, but its raisins and wine, are recognized as familiar articles of commerce throughout the world. The United States consul, General di Cesnola, entertained us during the morning, and we had an opportunity to test the island proverb that "so many days are added to one's allotted term of life, by every draught of its delicious wine." We did not quaff enough to add much to our longevity, although

> "The brown bees of Hymettus
> Make their honey not so sweet."

We were especially interested in a rare collection of antiques which General di Cesnola has fortunately made. Purchasing a piece of ground, once a farm, which proved to be part of the ancient city of Idalium, and obtaining leave of the Turkish authorities to dig, he has gone down through at least three cemeteries in tiers, one above another, and has unearthed more than fourteen thousand articles, from the tombs of successive generations, which flourished through a period of probably two thousand years. Each one of these relics has a great value for its rarity, but the aggregate collection has a peculiar and even a more curious one, because it presents works of art and taste, statues, tablets, busts, vases, lamps, coins, and inscriptions, utensils and ornaments of gold, silver, glass, and terra-cotta, in a combination that, like a series of chronological tables, illustrates the history not only of Cyprus, but of civilization itself.

The lowest stratum is a collection of articles as low and rude as the attempts at carving and sculpture of the North-American Indians. These were either made by or copied from the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. Then comes the next stratum, comprising the improved works of art of the Phœnicians, nearer neighbors to Cyprus, and historically recognized as its colonizers. Next come relics of the Persians; next after them, in the ascending series, are those of the Greeks, among which are works of statuary and carving not unworthy of the times of Pericles and Phidias; then those of the era of Alexander; lastly, those of the period of the Roman emperors.

There is a remarkable unity, however, running through the whole of these relics. In every layer of them were found manifold figures of Venus, the guardian goddess of the Cyprians, in every attitude and association, from a plate of copper roughly shapen into a human form to the Goddess of Love rising from the wave in the conch-shell at Paphos, or attended by her son Cupid in her triumphal car, drawn by gentle doves, graceful swans, or active little sparrows. We noticed no Christian relics. Paul and Barnabas labored here. The latter was a native of Cyprus, but doubtless their contemporaries and followers had modes of sepulture different from those of the pagans. It is sincerely to be hoped that this valuable collection will be secured by some museum or archæological society in the United States.[1]

Smyrna, June 24th.—Smyrna, the ancient queen of Ionia, which, according to the historical accounts, has slidden down the rocky coast to the level beach, presents a scene of life and activity unusual in the East. The harbor and wharves are filled with light and graceful shipping. We mistook for a modern Turkish fortification the ruins of a Venetian fort on a cliff which overhangs the city with picturesque effect. Near the summit is the cave-tomb which is consecrated in Christian affections as the tomb of Polycarp, native bishop and martyr of Smyrna. The town, stretching

[1] Since this was written, the Cesnola collection has been purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and is now (1873) in New York.

a mile along the curving shore, seems nearly embowered in orange-orchards and cypress-groves. On near approach, an ancient part of the town wears the dull aspect of age and neglect, but there is a new quarter which exhibits elegant structures, indicative of commercial prosperity and enterprise. This improvement, together with a railroad just constructed, excites some hope that Greece, so long dead, may live again. The government estimate of the population is one hundred and fifty thousand; we think it one hundred thousand.

Here, as in other Turkish ports, the authorities, with the United States consul, came on board to receive Mr. Seward, and gave him on shore a demonstrative welcome. We lose no time in making an excursion by railroad this afternoon to the ruins of Ephesus.

Smyrna is situated nearly midway on a promontory which projects into the Ægean. Ephesus is fifty miles southeast, at the head of the bay, and at the mouth of the Meander, while Samos, at the opening of the bay, commands both ports.

The country between Smyrna and Ephesus, even under Turkish rule, is highly cultivated with cereals and fruits. At this season it is brightly pink and green with wild oleanders and grain-fields, while it is not without the embellishment of ornamental villas and many pretty villages.

Guides, horses, and grooms, were in waiting, in pursuance of telegraphic instructions, at the station. We rode in the rosy light of sunset across the low banks of the Meander, a marsh now, as it was two thousand years ago. The bay affords a magnificent harbor, with distant views of Samos and Scio.

Ephesus stood on a plain broken by hills, high but easy of ascent. The famous Temple of Diana is represented by the ancients as having been conspicuous in the approach to the city from the sea. Probably all or most of the public edifices stood on the summits of the hills, while the lower grounds, not less than the hills themselves, were occupied with dwellings and shops.

There is no reason to doubt that Ephesus wore a noble as well as a cheerful aspect. Within the entire area of the ancient city there is not now found one human habitation. There are ruins,

but nothing more, nothing else. Entering that area, we found that experimental excavations had been made, which had left fragments of marble columns scattered in all directions. Crossing, not without some danger, the gaping pits made by these excavations, we found, on one of the hill-sides, the cemetery of the Ephesians. Tombs, some single alcoves, others vaulted chambers, had been cut in the solid rock. The largest of these chambers was asserted by our Turkish guide to be the tomb of St. Luke. But our historical researches do not give us any satisfactory account of the manner of the death of that apostle. Descending from the hill, we came into a wild, romantic dell, where an angle of the precipice had been cut away and two large chambers excavated, one of them having a vaulted Grecian roof. We could not conjecture the design of this grotto, overhung with tangled shrubs and trees. It seemed too airy and graceful for a tomb, too inconvenient and sombre for a dwelling, and too small for a temple. Our guide solved the difficulty with ease. He said it was the identical cave of the "Seven Sleepers." He did not know when the seven sleepers went to sleep or why. Fortunately, our early reading of romance supplied us with the pretty legend.

Seven noble youths, who had embraced Christianity in the third century at Ephesus, were walled up in this cave, together with a faithful dog. After resting there two centuries, the wall was removed—and here the legend divides: One version is, that they showed themselves to the people, and went on their way rejoicing; the dog as jubilant as the rest. The Mohammedan version is, that, though their bodies were found, their spirits ascended to heaven, and that there they, as well as the good dog, yet live and flourish, in immortal youth; the latter having for his society in paradise several other noble brutes, namely, the ram that Abraham sacrificed instead of his son Isaac, Baalam's remonstrating ass, the ass which the Saviour rode on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and the mare which Mohammed rode in his ascent to paradise.

The Greek Christians, apparently not less superstitious than their brethren of Rome, have stuccoed the cave, and converted it into a chapel in honor of one of their modern saints. These mau-

soleums of Ephesus were remarkable for being less spacious and more tasteful in architecture and ornament than those of Egypt and Palestine. No one of them is finished without the use of the curved line.

Passing down and around this hill-cemetery, we confronted, on another eminence, the ruins of a vast and massive circular edifice. The wall is constructed of stones as large and well hewn as those in the wall of the wailing-place at Jerusalem, but heaps of small stones, bricks, and mortar, are mingled with them, which indicate either the frugal age of architecture, or at least the time when the Roman conquerors of Ephesus repaired the structure. Broken marble columns, architraves, and cornices, half covered by rubbish, prove the dignity of this edifice, and archæologists have decided that it was the *stadium* of the city—a place used for popular and municipal assemblies.

Winding our way around the base of the same eminence, we reached another ruin, far more beautiful, and, at the same time, unmistakable in its design. It is the ruin of an amphitheatre, small indeed, but constructed entirely of fine white marble. The basement-story, subdivided into halls, corridors, and chambers, is still perfect, and the semicircular rows of seats, rising toward the sides, would be comfortable for an audience even now. All the other parts of the little theatre, including the walls, columns, roof, and cornices, have fallen into the area, but the fragments of each part may easily be distinguished. An architect would find no difficulty in rebuilding the theatre in its original form and proportions. But this is not the only place of popular amusement. Separated from this theatre only by an avenue of well-worn tessellated pavement, we came to the ruin of another amphitheatre four times more spacious than the first, the model the same, the material the same, but more exquisitely wrought. The seats must have been sufficient to accommodate thirty thousand spectators. The outer door-ways remain unbroken. On their white-marble jambs, in pure ancient Greek, in letters perfectly legible, as if engraved yesterday, are the police rules for the conduct of the theatre, and even the names of the *dramatis personæ*. The vaulted chambers for the

confinement of the wild beasts, with arched passages leading from them into the arena, remain in perfect preservation. Taking our places on the upper tier, and looking down upon the space now covered with the confused mass of broken marble columns, walls, and statuary, we said to ourselves, This, if not the adjoining ruin, must be "the theatre into which the people rushed, with one accord," when Paul alarmed Demetrius, the silversmith "which made silver shrines for Diana," together with the workmen of like occupation, by preaching that "they be no gods which are made with hands."

And, since we find here the cages of the beasts and the arena, this surely is the place where Paul "fought with beasts at Ephesus." So it was from the beginning, and so it will be to the end. The proudest work of man's hands must perish and disappear from the earth, while no thought of God's can ever die. Though we cannot identify even the grave of one of the thousands to whom Paul preached the unity and spirituality of God, nor can we trace his remains to their final resting-place, yet his utterance of that divine truth already encircles the earth, and, if the soul of man be immortal, must survive the earth itself.

Thus far we felt that we were treading on tolerably safe ground in exploring the history of Ephesus. Now, however, on looking off toward the sea, we saw, on the northern promontory, a circular, castellated tower, which certainly is not as old as the Pyramids nor as new as Fortress Monroe. Inquiring what it was, we were answered that it was "St. Paul's prison." It is more probably the ruin of a Saracenic (possibly a Roman) watch-tower. We next passed over an elevated plain designated, perhaps not without reason, as a field of gymnastic exercises similar to the Olympic games.

Ephesus, so completely ruined, is now nearly lost sight of by travellers; but an English gentleman, Mr. Wood, is here conducting researches for the British Museum. He believes he has recently discovered, by unmistakable signs, the site of the temple dedicated to the worship "of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter." Mr. Wood is said to have care-

ANCIENT SYRA AND MODERN HERMOPOLIS.

fully covered the columns which he has discovered, a service to history for which he does not receive the thanks of the guides or the few tourists who penetrate to Ephesus.

We left Ephesus under the beams of a crescent moon (though not as the Turks paint it, with Venus between its horns), and reached the hospitable home of our consul, Mr. Smithers, at midnight.

It was the eve of St. John, and, late as the hour was, the entire population was in the streets, which were blazing with bonfires. We are not surprised at this devout reverence paid to his memory, for we recall the fact that the apostolic missionaries, when they first came to Ephesus, found there Jews who practised the rite of baptism, but knew only the baptism of John.

Grecian Archipelago, June 24th.—Pleasant courtesies were exchanged between Mr. Seward and the Turkish authorities at Smyrna. We parted here with our excellent friend Betts Bey, and reëmbarked, at four o'clock, on the steamer Apollo.

June 25th.—"The isles of Greece" cannot be studied in their present sober and commonplace reality. A poetic atmosphere pervades them, and they rise before you, not in their present real dulness and isolation, but in the life and glowing warmth in which they have been sung by Homer and Byron.

What a pretty, white village is this of Tinos which we are passing, with the hills behind it terraced to their summits with orange-orchards and vineyards! Green little Delos, rising gracefully from the sea as we are gliding past, tempts us to go ashore and search among its hills for the remains of the Temple of Apollo, so famous for its sanctity. Syra has modern beauty that gives it a charm, needing nothing from antiquity to make it attractive. Little of Syra is ever read or heard of in the West, except that it is a midway station of exchange of products between the Greek ports. A town of five thousand dwellings is built on the face of a triple hill, the streets horizontal and parallel, one above another, so that, from the deck of our steamer in the harbor, we look into the door of every house in the city. Belonging to Greece, the island is inhabited exclusively by Christians. For the first time since we arrived in Japan,

nine months ago, pagan temples and Moslem mosques have disappeared, and Christianity confronts neither dissent nor opposition.

Mr. Seward was received by the Greek governor and United

A GREEK OFFICIAL.

States consul, and our party enjoyed a delightful promenade concert in the small public square, where it seemed as if all the inhabitants had come out for evening recreation, news, coffee, and ices. The Greek costumes of both sexes, more artistic than any in the world, imparted a poetic air to the scene.

We embarked at seven o'clock, the last hour which the regulations allow for a stay in port. The steamer lingered unaccountably. As night came on, fires were seen creeping along the rocky terraces of the triple hill. These bonfires increasing for a time, at last gave way to a pillar of fire near the summit. There were rockets and balloons, and at length the beautiful Church of St. George,

which crowns the highest and central conical hill, flashed forth in full blaze of red, white, and blue lights. We had been detained for an illumination in honor of Mr. Seward's visit.

He has met here some of the survivors of the emissaries who visited the United States to secure aid for the Greek Revolution in 1827. This illumination was a consequence of his sympathy with the Greek cause. Comparing notes with these revolutionists, they enjoyed the pleasing reflection that, although their sanguine hopes for the recovery of all Greece had not been accomplished, yet that a not inconsiderable part of ancient Greece, main-land as well as islands, had been restored to independence and Christianity; and that the mass of the Greek people are enjoying a measure of practical civil and religious liberty unknown since the days of Pericles, and one which could not have been conceived by either Alcibiades or Demosthenes.

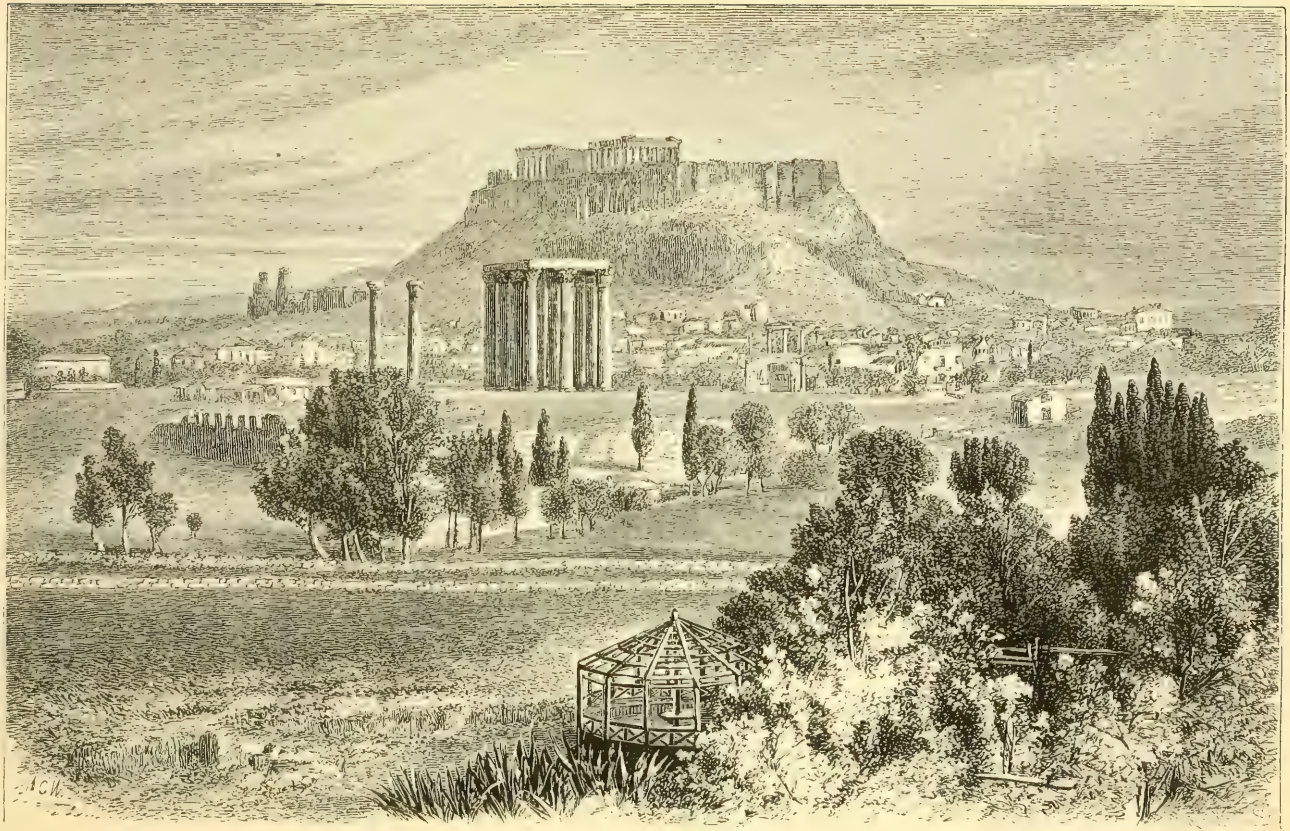
A GROUP OF HEADS FROM THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.

PART VI.

EUROPE.

PART VI.

EUROPE.



ATHENS.

CHAPTER I.

ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

Athens.—The Piræus.—The Hymettus.—The Ilyssus.—Mr. Tuckerman.—Queen Olga.—Grecian Ruins compared with those of Egypt and Hindostan.—Modern Greece, the Mexico of Europe.—The Sea of Marmora.—Taking Constantinople by Surprise.—A *Contre-Temps*.—All's Well that Ends Well.—The Sultan Abdul-Aziz.—A Busy Day.—Excursions.—Charms of Constantinople.—The Old Seraglio.—Fourth of July.—Robert College.—The Bosporus.—Turkish Women.—The New Palace.—Untimely Visit.—Kiamil Pacha.—Audience with the Sultan.—Departure from Constantinople.

Athens, June 28th.—We have "done" Athens in thirty-six hours, because we have no more hours to do it in. Although we feel somewhat the worse for it, there is no sign that Athens has suffered. Our keen appetite for antiques and eccentricities of human progress has been dulled. It seems to us now that, here in Greece, instead of continuing our progress down the stream of the old civilization of the world, we are beginning to ascend the tide of a new one.

We arrived at six yesterday morning, at the Piræus, the port of modern Athens, but no longer walled and fortified as in the days of Pericles. It was not without a feeling of awe, almost of reverence, that we recognized, in the mountain-chain which borders the plain we are entering, the ancient Hymettus, and the whole glorious though brief history of Athenian greatness rushed upon us as we looked upon the more distant range which outlines the Peloponnesus. Deviating from the direct road, we approached the city through one of those vast cemeteries by which historians tell us it was entirely surrounded outside of the ancient walls. Strange to say, the cemetery has a pleasing rather than a melancholy as-

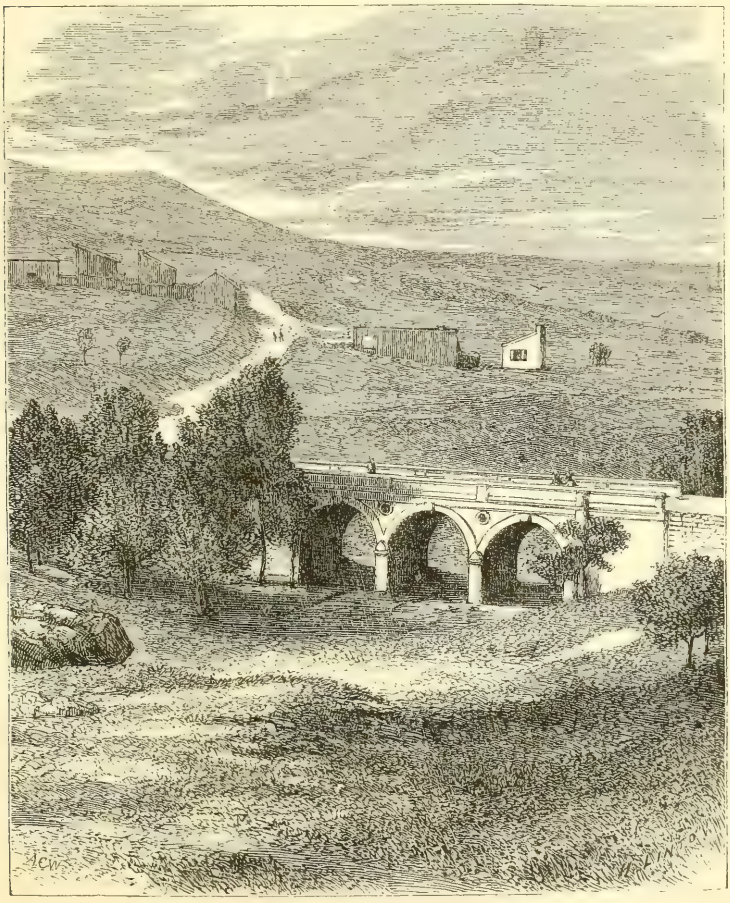
pect. No gaping vaults, no revolting mummies, no tombs, no sarcophagi, are here. All excavations have been filled up and levelled, while the monuments which covered them have been gathered and carefully arranged. The monuments, in no case colossal, consist of marble statuary, and tablets engraved and inscribed in *alto-rilievo*. The execution in all cases is exquisite, the design always touching and simple.

Modern Athens is a town of fifty thousand inhabitants. Although it retains and preserves most interesting and wonderful monuments of the past, it is nevertheless purely European, and has put the ancient world of Africa and Asia out of sight. Its streets are of comfortable width, well paved; its buildings, with few ex-

A GREEK WOMAN.

ceptions, are modern, but crowded too densely. We took lodgings at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at the foot of the beautiful gardens of

the Royal Palace. The fields round Athens are brown from a long drought, but the monotony is relieved by a wide belt of olive-trees



BRIDGE AT ELEUSIS.

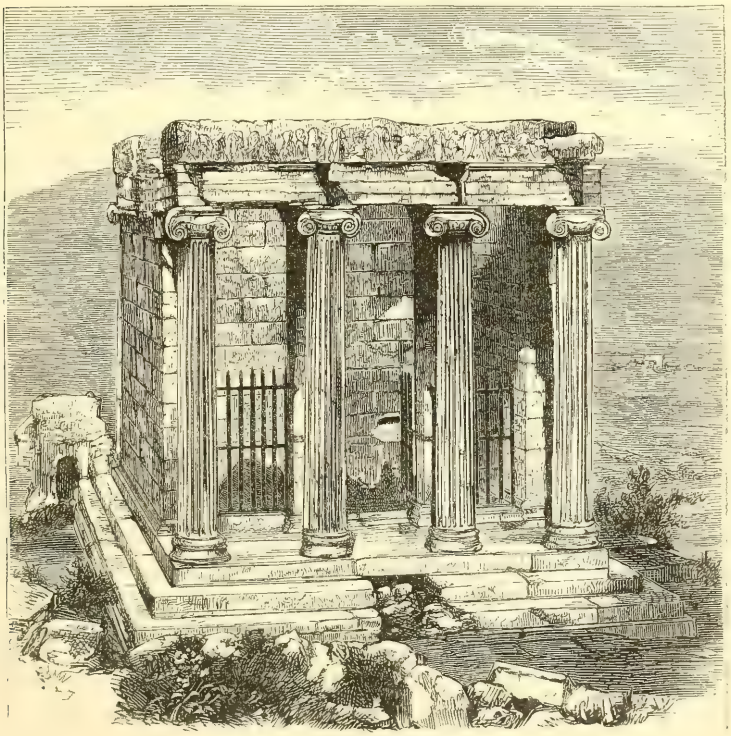
which stretch behind the city, and in the valley quite to the foot of Hymettus. The cloudless atmosphere imparts to the mountains that deep-azure hue which enthusiastic writers call the "violet crown" of Athens. The Ilyssus, like most of the classic streams of Europe, is a disappointment to the American traveller.

June 28th.—Mr. Tuckerman, the able and accomplished United States minister, being absent from Greece, had arranged with the ministry in regard to Mr. Seward's reception, and had left the legation in the care of the United States consul, charged with the duty of announcing Mr. Seward's arrival. The consul met us at the Piræus, and has assiduously attended us during our stay in Athens. On our return last night from an excursion to Eleusis, we found a note from the chamberlain appointing eleven o'clock this morning for an audience with Queen Olga in the absence of the king, who is on a visit to Copenhagen.

The palace is entirely modern and European. The young queen was gracious; she is intelligent, pleasing, and beautiful. Speaking English perfectly, she left nothing unsaid which she could have said of her consideration for Mr. Seward, or of appreciation of his visit to Greece. And she expressed herself as having no wish so near her heart as that of seeing the United States—a nation whom her father, the Grand-duke Constantine of Russia, had taught her to respect and admire.

Grecian ruins, seen so soon after our explorations of those of Egypt and Hindostan, suggest the reflection that in the early age of Egypt human labor and means of subsistence, as well as materials for building, were plentiful and cheap, while the edifices to be constructed were only temples and tombs. At the same time, the government was not merely absolute, but despotic. Art and science had not been taxed to discover the smallest amount of materials or labor with which an enduring structure could be built. Under these circumstances, the Egyptian pyramids, temples, and tombs, were of great and even gigantic dimensions. The Phœnicians, the Jews, and the Greeks, coming later, found the necessity for economy of labor and materials, while the greater independence of the people obliged the governments to practise frugality, and to perfect science adapted to that frugality. The Greeks, therefore, while they gathered their models from Egypt, reduced their designs from the colossal to the practical, and substituted, for massiveness, ornament and beauty. Moreover, architecture and the arts of design, in Egypt, were a priestly monopoly, and subject to exact regula-

tion—the people of Egypt had no share in them. In Greece, the arts passed over from the government to the people, and became a study, a pride, and a profit, in which all the citizens could share. As it is apparent that Egypt never perfected the Grecian work, so it is equally manifest that Greece could never have produced the Pyramids, Karnak, or the Tombs of the Kings. Each was the proper



THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY, ATHENS.

work of a distinct stage of human civilization. Absurd as was the mythology of ancient Greece, it was, nevertheless, a cheerful and hopeful religious system, while that of Egypt was a gloomy and fearful superstition. Egyptian architecture and arts produced, and were designed to produce, the impression of terror and awe; they gave, therefore, no scope for pleasing lines of beauty, for delicate

traces of art, or for tints and hues of coloring. Grecian architecture, on the contrary, was as joyous as the Greek mythology. How did it happen that the freedom and the power of ancient Greece were so transient?

It was due to the fact that Greece, being subdivided into small states and islands, mutually jealous of each other, proved incapable of maintaining one central national authority adequate to protection against dangers from without or security against revolution within. Greece had a free, intellectual, and enlightened people. Their philosophers, orators, and statesmen, seem to have been conscious of this, for they studied less the glory and grandeur of the Greeks themselves than the universal advancement of mankind. For this they have their reward. Whatever the moderns have, either of government, science, art, or literature, all confess that it is traceable to the Greeks. Even when we are extending the domain of science, and demanding names for newly-discovered substances, powers, forces, and qualities, we turn unhesitatingly to the full and expansive Greek language for a new technology. How little the ancient Greeks thought that, when we should have acquired the power of compelling the lightning to transmit our thoughts, we should be obliged to borrow from them the name of the instrument of communication! How little did they imagine that, when we should acquire the power to compel the sun to paint for us, we should resort to them for the name of the newly-invented instrument and art!

Modern Greece is the Mexico of Europe—new, experimental, and unreliable, requiring forbearance, patience, and protection; but, having all these, its condition is hopeful. It has, at least, got rid of Turkish despotism and Mohammedan superstition. Greece will probably become greater, and its present monarchy may be regarded as what Lafayette proposed the government of Louis Philippe should be—a monarchy surrounded with republican institutions, and an introduction to the republic itself.

Constantinople, June 29th.—This morning we were in the Sea of Marmora, surrounded by beautiful islands, and at eleven o'clock

we rounded the base of the Seven Towers and beheld St. Sophia's lofty dome, the old Seraglio, the new Imperial Palace, and, crossing the mouth of the Golden Horn, anchored in the Bosporus under the crowded, towering shore of Pera.

We did what no invader could have done in the time of Belisarius, for we took Constantinople by surprise. Although Mr. Seward came as an invited guest of the Sultan, and although the United States legation had corresponded with him in India and Egypt about the time of his coming, neither crescent nor stars and stripes from the shore answered the signal which waved from the mast-head of the Wien. What could it mean? We lingered an hour on the deck. A mythical person presented himself, speaking very imperfect English, and informed us that apartments were, to his certain knowledge, provided for us by the Government at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. This information coincided with the letter which Mr. Seward had received when in China from Blacque Bey, written by direction of the grand-vizier. Weary of the sea, and impatient under a cold shower of the first rain we had experienced since our arrival at Calcutta in March, we availed ourselves of the captain's kindness, and went ashore in his gig. Landing, and clambering over heaps of stones, we took shelter from the rain in an open shed which served as a *café* for the market-men who thronged the beach. Two rickety one-horse carriages were all that could be found in which to make our entrance. We secured both. Leaving one of them to the servants, we three passengers crowded ourselves into the other. We had scarcely commenced our ascent, when we collided with a timber-cart coming down the same steep, narrow road. Extricating ourselves, we took the sidewalk, and proceeded safely enough until the overtaxed horse gave out, and we completed our journey on foot in the drizzling rain.

We reached the Hôtel d'Angleterre unexpected guests. The telegraph had announced that we would come to-morrow. But the keeper of the hotel would do his best; he was sure he was to entertain us on behalf of the Porte, and he would endeavor to do it as well as possible. It soon turned out that the reception which had been arranged for Mr. Seward fell to those whom we had left

behind. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed of the United States flag raised on the Wien, dispatched a guard of honor to the wharf. The guard met the servants in their calash, with the luggage on carts, winding their way to the imperial custom-house. The guard divided to the right and left, and, with due solemnity and respect, escorted Jenny Corell, Arthur Price, and William Freeman, to the entrance of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Half an hour afterward the grand-chamberlain, and the United States *chargé d'affaires*, John P. Brown, and the United States marshal, Mr. Thompson, arrived, and explanations were duly made. The telegraph from Athens, announcing that we had sailed, was without date, and was not put on the wire until we were passing the Hellespont. The apology offered was made the more soothing for us by the statement of the lord-chamberlain that precisely the same mistake occurred on the arrival of the Empress Eugénie last year. The manner of the *contre-temps* was different in the two cases. In that of the empress, the grand-vizier with his war-steamer went out to meet the French imperial frigate on which she was coming. But, unfortunately, the two vessels passed each other unobserved, so that she was already at Constantinople while he was vainly looking for her in the Sea of Marmora.

"All's well," however, "that ends well!" The Turkish Government had subsequently designated another, and as they thought a finer hotel. But, Mr. Seward being content with the Hôtel d'Angleterre, especially after learning that our host was the "Mysseri" of Kinglake's "Eöthen," we remain here.

The highest effect of Constantinople is produced by its *tout ensemble*. It has many different and noble aspects from various standpoints, but in every case the whole is seen at once, and it is this whole that constitutes the marvellous beauty of the city.

June 30th.—Why is it that the strongest curiosity of travellers, even of republican travellers more than others, is to see princes? Whatever the reason may be, this is not only a secret of the art of history, but also of the dramatic art. Hamlet and Lear and Richard are all the more interesting for being princes.

Although we had no reason to suppose that royalty here, more than elsewhere, would conceal its visage from us, yet an opportunity to see the Sultan Abdul-Aziz in a pageant to-day, and perhaps on no other day, was not, at least in the judgment of the younger portion of our party, to be lost. Successor of the caliphs, the Sultan is the spiritual as well as temporal head of Islam. In this character he goes in public procession from his palace at twelve o'clock every Friday, either on horseback or in a barge, to offer prayers for the faithful in one of the principal mosques. This custom is one of very ancient standing, and is mentioned by travellers among the Turks as early as the fifteenth century, though it is probably even much older than that. It affords an opportunity of seeing the Sultan of which nearly all strangers avail themselves. We found two imperial carriages awaiting us at the door of our hotel, and in them, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, we were driven into the street before the gate of the imperial residence. Our party

ALBANIAN COSTUME.

was not recognized among the many curious strangers whose carriages thronged the way, to witness the pageant, and we were nearly an hour in finding a suitable stand. The palace clock had

been set back, and, an hour and a half after high noon struck the equivalent of twelve in Turkish time, Abdul-Aziz issued from the gate, dressed in the magnificent costume which is equally the uniform of the civil and military service of Turkey. He was mounted on a noble white Arabian steed, caparisoned in gold and velvet. A squadron of cavalry, with a sonorous flourish of trumpets, opened the way, and another covered the rear. His majesty was attended by all the ministers of the Porte on horseback, and surrounded by a guard of Albanian officers on foot. These wore jackets, caps, and gaiters, of maroon-velvet and gold, and full, spotless white skirts reaching the knee—said to be the most exquisite costume in the world. Their shining, silver cimeters and pistols are worn in a broad sash. The Sultan is a stout, well-formed man, forty-seven years old, with a pleasing and amiable though not impressive countenance. His hair is slightly gray, and he is said to dislike the national fez, which he wears very small. He rides remarkably well, like a soldier accustomed to the saddle. His bland smile when passing our carriages, which indeed he might have known by the imperial livery to be his own, indicated to Mr. Brown that he had the honor of being personally recognized, although he failed in the attempt to flatter Mr. Seward with the belief that he shared in that honor.

Being assured that the presence of Christians at the official services of the mosque would be popularly regarded as intrusive by the Moslems, it only remained for us to leave the ground as soon as the imperial pageant had passed. We observed that not only the ministers, but the military officers, and even our excellent friend Mr. Brown, betrayed sentiments of awe and reverence during the progress; while, on the other hand, the people "of the baser sort," Turks as they are, manifested neither sympathy with the procession, nor homage for the sovereign, but were as free and indifferent in their demeanor as a crowd of spectators at a military parade in the United States.

July 1*st*.—Mr. Seward has had a busy day. He has exchanged visits with Server Pacha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and acting

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE

grand-vizier, in the place of Ali Pacha, who, long resisting, has at last succumbed under an illness which it is feared will be fatal; also with Kiamil Pacha, president of the Council of State; and the Ministers of Justice and Commerce, Cabruli Pacha and Mounetaz Effendi. He was received by these functionaries at their several offices in the Divan, and entertained there with very agreeable conversation, and the customary offerings of coffee and chibouque. The conversation did not go, however, beyond expressions complimentary to Mr. Seward, and highly appreciative of the United States. He thought that Turkish politics, so deeply interwoven with those of European powers, are probably reserved by the ministers for the treatment of the great statesman, Ali Pacha.

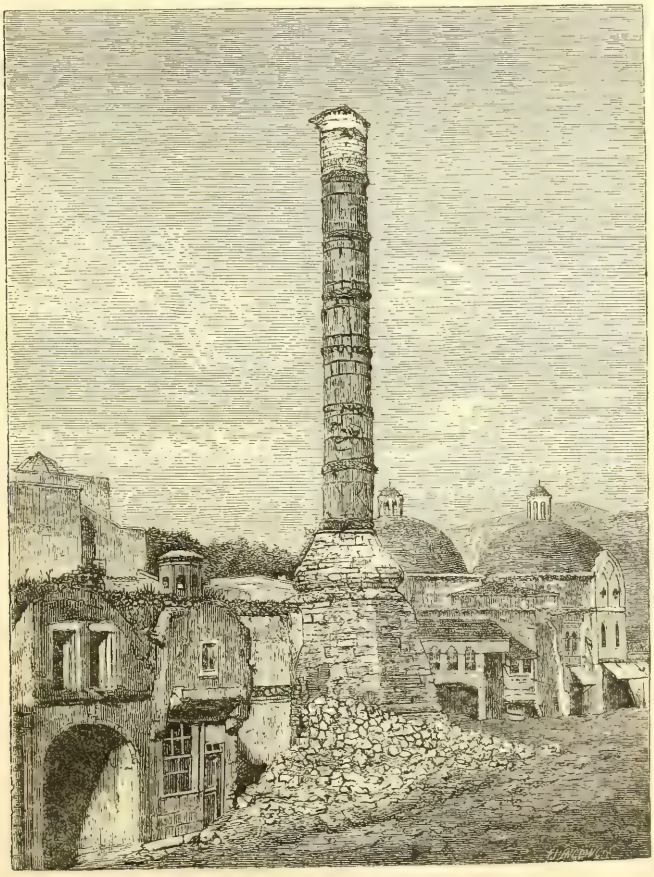
The Divan is a large and spacious European structure, superior to any public edifice of the same sort here, or to any that we have seen throughout the East, though very inferior to the department buildings at Washington.

By the courtesy of the Government, the necessary permits for free access to the city and all its institutions and amusements were sent to us this morning. It was amusing to see the care that was taken in filling up the dates and inserting the names in these printed forms; a banker could hardly practise more care in drawing bills of exchange to guard against perversion or counterfeiting. We understand that permits to view the mosques, palaces, and museums here, are usually charged with a fee as a perquisite.

We have made several excursions around the city. The survey from without, at whatever point, produces the same impression, that of unmixed admiration. It has been with us a profound study to determine what it is that constitutes the peculiar and surpassing effect of Constantinople as a great and magnificent seat of commerce and empire. Nature has invested the site with such advantages in this respect as no other city enjoys. It is an isthmus, and a narrow one at that, with lofty and towering but graceful elevations, which divide two great seas, the Mediterranean and the Euxine, and two great continents, Europe and Asia. The seas clasp hands between the continents, which smile upon each other across the narrow strait of the fathomless, blue-rolling Bosporus.

What would otherwise be a topographical monotony is broken by the broad, deep, and winding channel of the Golden Horn, which breaks the European coast into two not unequal parts, with banks on either side as green and gently sloping as those of the Bosporus. Constantinople, not diminutive nor contracted, covers plain, valley, and hill, on either shore, as far as the eye can reach, with a populous, majestic city. You take no notice of the political, municipal, or geographical divisions of the city: though the portion south of the Horn and west of the Bosporus is designated as the ancient Byzantium, now Stamboul proper; and the portion of the city north of it and west of the Bosporus as Pera; and the portion which occupies the eastern bank is known as Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis—yet Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari, with whatever other municipalities or suburbs there may be, are merged altogether, and make the one, great, noble city of Constantinople. From whatever new point of view you look at the panorama, you feel not the distant but the immediate presence of the two oceans and of the two continents. Boston merely encircles a bay; New York graces an island between two rivers; London crowds both level banks of a tame and turbid river; Paris merely clusters, like Rome, upon the banks of a narrow, tideless stream; Amsterdam shuts out the sea by dikes, making for itself an artificial site; even Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," takes refuge from it in a shallow, marshy bay; while Naples is content with occupying an amphitheatre, nobly beautiful indeed, but still a circular mountain-shore. But Constantinople has the deep, great sea flowing, not only near it but through it. The sea, elsewhere, is a thing of dread—the sea, at Constantinople, is a highway of commerce, and a pleasure-lake. Although dividing the city, it is not forced out by wharves, docks, or piers, on either side. You may pass from the steamship to your dwelling-place on the greensward of your garden; or you may enter your frail *caïque* and float in safety on the deep waters, which at the same time are bearing by the most majestic ships that man can build. So you may, from the same pleasure-boat, land on either green shore of the Bosporus at the water's edge, or wind your way among the fleets riding at anchor in the Golden Horn.

It is this peaceful contact of two continents, with the truce between an old and a new civilization in the Bosporus, and at the same time a control of two seas, both relieved of their terrors, while retaining always their placid beauty, that makes Constantinople the most delightful place in the world. One other element enters into the picture—the streets of Constantinople are narrow,



ANCIENT PILLAR AT CONSTANTINOPLE

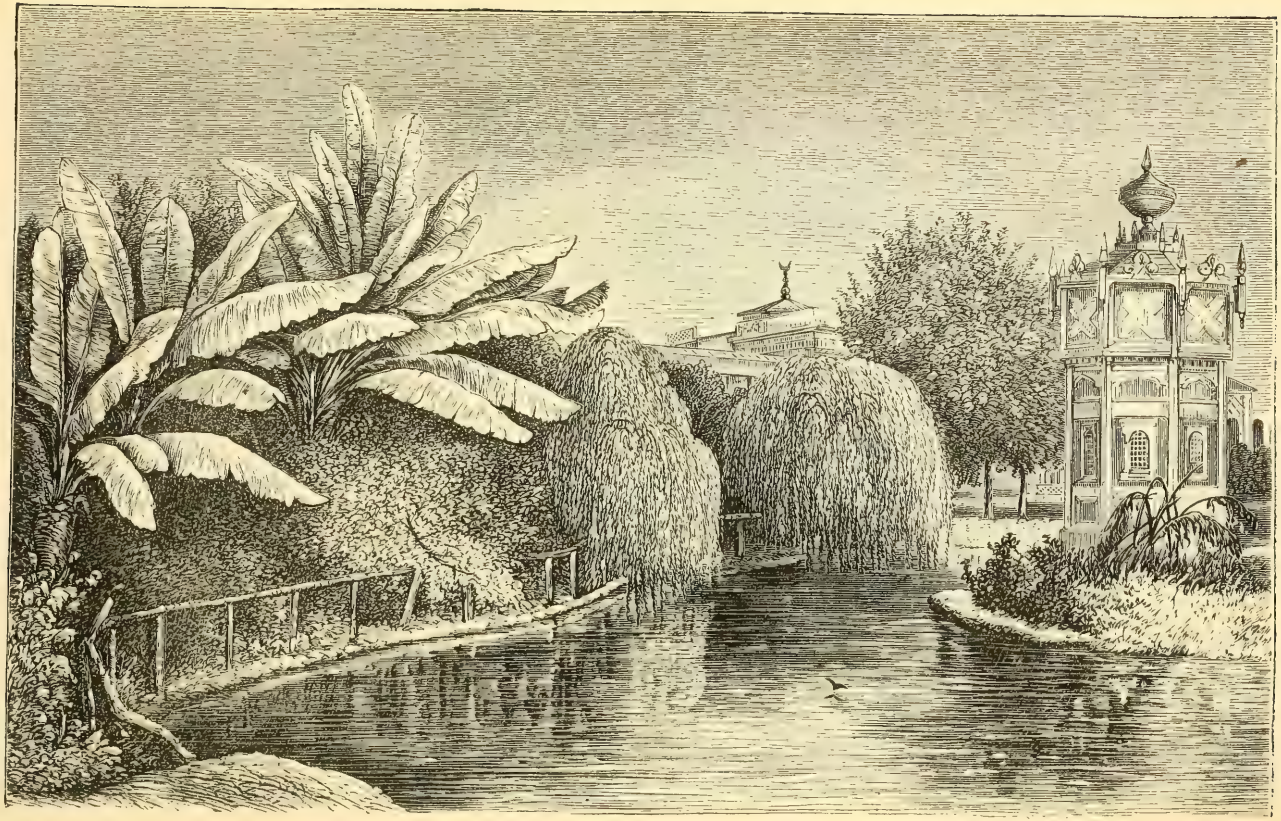
most of the dwellings and shops are cheap and frail, yet these blemishes are overlooked in the view of the ever-admired Oriental

city, with the gleaming towers, domes, and minarets, of its thousand palaces and mosques, and a gorgeous golden sunlight con-

FOUNTAIN OF THE SERAGLIO.

trasting with the sparkling blue sea, the dark cypress-groves of Scutari, and, in the distance, the bright islands of the Marmora, and the snowy peak of Olympus. It is the harmony of each part with the whole which constitutes the nameless beauty of the scene. It is the presence, not of waters diminutive as rivers, nor of eminences diminutive as hills, but of seas and mountains—not of the seas and mountains of one country, but of the seas and mountains of two vast and diverse continents.

July 3d.—The palace of Solyman the Magnificent, seated so gracefully on the promontory which divides the Golden Horn from the Bosporus, was the chief court residence of the Sultan until seventy or eighty years ago. Now, under the name of the "Old Seraglio," this great pile has been converted into a storehouse, in which are deposited the regalia, ornaments, plate, and objects of *vertu*, gathered by the crown since the time of the caliphs. The



SERAGLIO, CONSTANTINOPLE.

collection is curious. There are crowns, thrones, urns, vases, table furniture and ornaments, plate, clocks, watches, jewelry, and precious stones, all of costliest material and most elaborate workmanship, placed in cases, apparently without arrangement or designation of date or history—a treasure which Midas might covet, although it is practically useless. It was only as an act of special grace that we were admitted to the alcoves which contained the rich library and manuscripts belonging to the Government. They are watched with the utmost care, since the Government thinks it has had reason to believe that some foreign states have tried by indirect means to abstract some of them.

July 4th.—Although the celebration of our national independence has come to be regarded as a commonplace affair at home, it is an enjoyment which citizens of the United States cannot forego without reluctance when abroad.

We repaired this morning, in accordance with an invitation, to Robert College, an American university for the education of Turkish youths, founded by the liberality of Christopher R. Robert, of New York. Twelve years ago the Turkish Government conceded the site, which is the most commanding one on the Bosporus. But Mussulman jealousies caused delay in confirming the concession. A long and sometimes unpleasant discussion, which occurred on the subject between the two Governments, was happily brought to an end during the closing year of Mr. Seward's official term in the Department of State.

The firman having been issued, two years sufficed for building an edifice adequate to the accommodation of one hundred and fifty students. Dr. Hamlin, who has had sole charge of the enterprise, is president, with a faculty of eleven professors, and already there are one hundred and twenty-five students. The Fourth of July was chosen by President Hamlin to commemorate the completion of this important work with due acknowledgments to the Government of the United States and the Government of Turkey for their favor and patronage. Mr. Seward's arrival at this juncture and Blacque Bey's presence at Constantinople were regarded

as fortunate coincidences of the celebration. After a long drive by the side of the Bosporus and over its eminences, we espied the United States flag waving from the college. The president, faculty, and students, with the United States citizens residing at Constantinople, received Mr. Seward, and, having been severally presented to him on the veranda, attended him in procession to the reception-hall. A dinner, provided by the American residents, was served—the first public entertainment of the kind ever known on the shores of the Bosporus. And so the ivy-crowned, castellated towers near by, which, in 1453, forty years before the discovery of America, poured forth the invading army who subverted Christianity in the empire and established Moslem despotism in Stamboul, now were witnesses of the celebration of an event which is a sure guarantee of religious as well as political regeneration of society throughout the world.

Dr. Hamlin presided at one of the two tables, which was decorated with the stars and stripes; while Blacque Bey, by the leave and with the instruction of the Divan, presided at the other under a canopy formed by the crescent flag of the Turkish Empire. The guests were Americans, with their families; Turks, of course, without theirs; and the body of students, among whom were representatives from every province in the empire, as well as from Persia, Greece, and the islands of the Levant.

Dr. Hamlin closed a spirited oration with congratulations to Mr. Seward on his arrival in Constantinople, and thanks for the interest in the college which he had manifested. Mr. Seward answered in a manner which seemed to awaken deep sensibility among his own countrymen, while the natives of the East listened with surprise and pleasure to a free exercise of speech for the first time in their lives.

Blacque Bey and Mr. Brown followed with speeches which were pleasing and appropriate in their allusions to Mr. Seward, Robert College, and the relations between Turkey and the United States. When the exercises closed, the assemblage attended Mr. Seward to his carriage, and parted from him with cheers for himself, for the Union, for the Turkish Empire, and for Robert College.

July 5th.—The Minister of the Navy, Mahmoud Pacha, sent a steamer this morning for the excursion on the Bosporus, indispensable to a true knowledge of Constantinople. We displayed the United States flag by the side of the red banner of the Turks.

The Bosporus is a channel, which, taking no note of municipal divisions, traverses the entire length of the capital; but such a channel as no human hands could make. While it is tideless, it

TURKISH WOMAN IN STREET DRESS.

nevertheless has the breadth of the East River at New York, and a depth practically unfathomable. Its waters, from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora, have a current averaging two or three miles an hour, but increased at some points to four miles by jutting promontories or converging shores. The city and suburbs are spread, though not equally, over the two lofty and gently-rising banks, and a hostile ship-of-war moving through the Golden Horn

and the Bosporus could shell and destroy not only every warehouse on the bank, but every palace, mosque, and villa, in the entire city. The Government has a high appreciation of the Bosporus as an ornament of the capital. It carefully prohibits the use of its shores for offensive trades, avocations, or manufactories, and they are, consequently, embellished with the finest public institutions, palaces, and villas. Every man of the wealthier class, besides his winter dwelling in Stamboul, Pera, or Scutari, has his villa and wherry on the verdant bank of the Bosporus, and steps from his porch to his barge, while his garden hangs on the hill-side. All the foreign ministers and consuls have their villas here, and, in ascending the Bosporus, we received the salute of many national flags.

In Japan all the women whom the traveller sees, aside from the music-girls, are repulsive. In China the women seen are painted and distorted; in India, woman seems to have no existence at all; in Egypt and Syria, if she appears in public, she is hideously veiled. Until lately, it was so in Constantinople. We have met to-day many groups of Circassian women listlessly reclining in their gayly-cushioned, canopied caïques, on the Bosporus, as we have met them before in our walks and drives on shore. They seem greatly to enjoy this freedom, and are often accompanied by musicians under the *surveillance* of the inevitable eunuchs. These women are richly dressed, in habits of brightly-colored silk which approximate to the European costume, and their thin white veils, which cover their faces, leave exposed, with bewitching effect, eyes and eyebrows, the latter delicately painted. We have passed a thousand harems on our voyage to-day, and if any woman looked upon us she would only have done so through the close lattice of her balcony. Verily, the Mohammedan is a "comfortable doctrine" for the stronger sex. For, while women are thus carefully secluded, every piazza and window on either side of the Bosporus is filled with Turks in groups, in pairs, and single, sitting cross-legged or lounging on divans, surveying the passers-by through fumes of chibouque or hookah, and over uncounted glasses of sherbet.

After this excursion we can no longer wonder at the cautious jealousy with which the Ottoman Porte insists upon holding the

Bosporus as a closed sea. Unlike any other strait of the world, the Bosporus, with its termini in the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea, would open to all nations, rivals or enemies as well as

TURKISH GIRL IN A HAREM.

friends, a navigation not only through the very heart of the capital, but through the very heart of the empire.

The Bosporus, therefore, while it is an ornament, is a constant peril, and a constraint upon the national independence. Nor is it to be supposed that the Ottoman Government fails to understand that its political and religious institutions, customs, and manners, encounter the prejudices of all the Christian nations, and that the chief security for peace with each lies in the ineradicable ambitions of the great states of Europe.

The banks of the Bosporus are not without the appearance of military defences, which, however, seem wellnigh worn to pieces

with age. The shores, as you approach the Black Sea, present a succession of barracks and encampments well filled with soldiers. The chief protection of the passage consists of a navy of twenty iron-clad steam-frigates, all of which are kept constantly in commission. Besides these the Government has in its employ a very intelligent American engineer of the late Confederate Army of the United States, who is providing the harbor at all points with torpedoes. By-the-way, the occasion of our first acquaintance with this gentleman has afforded us much amusement. While we were waiting at the navy-yard this morning, for our steamer, and Mr. Seward was in conversation with the admiral in command, an officer in Turkish uniform stood near whom we recognized as an American, despite his fez and laced coat. Approaching, at Mr. Seward's request, the officer said that he was pleased to have an introduction to him, but had not ventured to pay his respects to him on account of political associations at home. He remarked that the last time he had had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Seward was when he himself was attending the Confederate "peace commissioners," Hunter, Stephens, and Campbell, in the conference at Hampton Roads, with President Lincoln and his Secretary of State. Mr. Seward laughingly said that he inferred, from the captain's present employment, that he might have been engaged in blowing up the United States commissary storehouse at City Point. The handsome Southerner owned to the "soft impeachment," but he protested that he had nothing to do with the shelling, from "Howlett House Battery," of the River Queen, which was conveying Mr. Seward, with General Grant and General Butler, to the signal-tower and Dutch Gap Canal.

July 5th.—Shooting almost directly across the Bosporus, we entered a paved court just above the level of the sea, and from it the majestic gate of another palace. This edifice has just now been finished, and has not yet been occupied. It is known as the "New Palace." The Turkish architect, educated in Europe, attended us, and furnished us with photographs of every part of the building. The style is a successful combination of the Greek with the ara-

besque architecture and ornamentation of the Alhambra. We doubt if there is even in Europe a palatial residence so extensive and magnificent. Like the marble court of the Great Mogul, with its "peacock throne" and roof of silver, this new palace cannot fail to impress the visitor with a sense of the despotic authority and unrestrained luxury of its possessor. A fine feature of the New Palace is its immense, central, circular audience-chamber, which is so arranged that the occupant, looking through corridors at right angles with each other, has an outer prospect on each of the four sides of the palace, and yet the arrangement is such that these corridors neither cut off access to any of the chambers, drawing-rooms, or other apartments, nor in the least interfere with their proper use. After here partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, we resumed our yacht, and returned to the hotel.

July 8th.—Mr. Seward returned to-day the visits of the several members of the cabinet. They seemed to set a high value on their iron-clad and torpedo defences, and expressed much desire that Mr. Seward should see them. In their conversation on foreign topics, they spoke of France and England as the remotest points in their political horizon, and of the United States as being inaccessible beyond it. The United States to them are simply a wonder; they wish to know by what process it was that a nation so new had grown to such a stature. Just beginning, as they are, to think of building railroads, they are amazed when told that the United States have already built fifty-five thousand miles of railroad, and that they add annually five thousand more.

Mr. Seward found here, as throughout the East, a complete conviction on the part of the cabinet that, whatever else the United States can do, they are incapable of practising injustice toward foreign nations.

July 10th.—Soon after we arrived here, Mr. Seward was informed that he would be received by the Sultan on a day to be appointed, and that on another day he would be entertained by Kiamil Pacha, president of the Council of State. On Saturday,

the 8th, came the invitation to breakfast with Kiamil Pacha at eleven o'clock to-day at his palace high up the Bosporus. It was announced that Mr. Seward, with a party of gentlemen, would be entertained by Kiamil Pacha, and that the ladies would be similarly entertained in the harem. The invitation was, of course, accepted. On Sunday, at noon, came Mr. Brown, our *chargé d'affaires*, bearing a communication from the Sultan, inviting Mr. Seward to an audience at his palace, *down* the Bosporus, at two o'clock to-day. It was seen at once that the two appointments might conflict, but it is the usage of courts that a sovereign's request is imperative; and so the Sultan's invitation was also accepted, but under the expectation that Kiamil Pacha's would be withdrawn. This, however, did not happen; so there seemed nothing left for us to-day but to endeavor to fulfil both engagements. The ladies, having learned at Cairo the customs of the harem, had prepared toilets which they hoped would make them presentable at the breakfast, Kiamil Pacha being one of the wealthiest men of the empire, and now, during the retirement of Ali Pacha, prime-minister, and his wife being the sister of the Khédive of Egypt. Taking the well-manned, graceful *caïque* of the United States legation, accompanied by Blacque Bey with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, at ten o'clock, and rowing hard against the current, we arrived at the grand staircase of the villa of Kiamil Pacha at eleven o'clock. On entering the grand *salon*, it was a surprise that neither Kiamil Pacha, nor any other pacha, nor effendi, nor any other person, appeared to receive us. Blacque Bey went to explore, and returned, telling us that Kiamil Pacha was waiting in an adjoining apartment to conduct the ladies to the harem. They followed Blacque Bey through a large antechamber, and then through a long corridor, at the foot of which he presented them to Kiamil Pacha, a man about sixty, of commanding presence, with piercing black eyes, white hair, and long, pointed beard and mustache. He was dressed in a flowing dressing-gown of rich white silk, and yellow Turkish slippers. He apologized for being *en déshabille*, which, indeed, seemed to us rather extraordinary. He now called a deformed Nubian, and, after some explanations in Turkish, unintelligible to us, this black custodian hobbled away, and re-

turned with two white slave-girls. New explanations having been given to the slaves, they in their turn disappeared for a time, and then came back with two more. Kiamil Pacha now retired. The Nubian led the way, and the ladies, attended by the four slave-women, were ushered into a large, pleasant room, furnished in the Oriental manner—that is, with luxurious divans along its sides, and low, downy cushions of yellow damask; bright Persian rugs on the floor, lace curtains at the windows, and a table in the centre of the room, covered with porcelain and glass vases and other ornaments, but no books, music, pictures, or statuary, were to be seen. Fifteen minutes had elapsed when a lady entered, accompanied by six slave-girls. She was quite *petite*, perhaps forty-five years old, and was dressed in a simple white-muslin gown, with a single band of blue tulle on her head, fastened with an enormous sapphire, the only ornament she wore. Acknowledging the presence of her guests only by a distant inclination of the head, she seated herself on a divan, drawing her slippered feet under her, and embracing her white poodle-dog. She spoke not, and seemed absorbed in scanning, with no happy expression, the elaborate toilets of her morning visitors. They, of course, said nothing, for the lady-princess had not condescended to announce herself, or to be announced by eunuch or slave. Mrs. Brown speaks Turkish fluently, but her attempts to win the hostess into conversation were fruitless, and there was "silence" in the harem for half the time that St. John at Patmos marked the period of "silence in heaven." But it was an ominous silence. The princess then proceeded to interrogate her Occidental visitors after the fashion of the Orient: "How old are you?" "Have you any brothers or sisters?" "How many?" "How old are they?" "Where do you come from?" Then, with great surprise: "Why do you come so far from home; how can you fatigue yourselves so much?" "Why do you not stop and rest?" And, finally, as if giving utterance to the displeasure too long suppressed: "*Why* did you come here in such a hurry this morning, and give us no time to dress?"

This conversation was only interrupted by puffs of smoke from cigarettes, which were successively served to her from a jewelled

case by a Circassian slave-girl. Encouraged by her freedom, the visitors essayed speech in their turn. They said, "We understood that we had the honor of being expected here this morning;" to which the princess replied, "I know nothing about it." The ladies expressed their regret, but said the gentlemen must have made some mistake. She again replied, "I know nothing about it." Turning this extraordinary conversation, the visitors asked:

"How do you amuse yourself?"

"I look at the Bosporus, and smoke."

"What is the name of your pretty dog?"

"He has no name."

"How do you call him?"

"I say, 'Dog.'"

Chibouques, coffee, and sweetmeats, being now served, conversation ended, and the ladies were invited to examine the furniture and ornaments around them. During this time two other Turkish ladies entered and joined the princess on the divan, while the number of slave-girls increased to fifty—many of them very pretty and interesting, by their gentle ways. The princess commanded one of the girls to sing. She seated herself on the floor and executed a plaintive recitative, accompanying herself with a lute, the strings of which she struck with a tortoise-shell wand. It was whispered to the visitors that the two Turkish ladies were guests of the Princess Kiamil; and when, after what seemed an hour, Kiamil Pacha was heard approaching the apartment, they hid themselves behind the curtains with some confusion and precipitation. The princess now rose and extended her beautiful little hands to her guests, to be kissed, and the foreign ladies took their leave, and, joining Kiamil Pacha, now completely arrayed in his official dress, returned with him to the *salon*, where they found Mr. Seward and the other gentlemen awaiting them.

During the absence of the ladies, Kiamil Pacha had explained to Mr. Seward the *contre-temps* which had occurred. Server Pacha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, on receiving the Sultan's command that Mr. Seward should be presented to-day, had assumed that that gentleman would be unable to keep his engage-

ment for the morning with Kiamil Pacha, and had given notice to Kiamil Pacha to that effect, but had omitted to inform Mr. Seward. So it turned out that while, with sharpened appetites and pressed for time, we were wondering why we had no breakfast, Kiamil Pacha and his wife were equally wondering that we had come there for one. A breakfast did come, however. In the acting-premier's palace, Asiatic forms and customs are confined to the harem. He vigorously extemporized a party, consisting of three European ministers and several secretaries. The entertainment was served in a spacious room gorgeously furnished, the windows of which open on apparently illimitable gardens, fountains, and grottos. The conversation was free and spirited, and was chiefly on European public questions, always with kind and appreciative allusions to the United States. Once it took the turn of converting English and Spanish proverbs into Oriental forms and idioms, which exaggerate compliments, with a decided loss of terseness of expression.

Kiamil Pacha was vivacious and courteous. He asked Mr. Seward what salary he received as Secretary of State. Mr. Seward having answered eight thousand dollars, in coin or currency, as the case might be, the announcement of a sum so small was received with laughter and surprise. He then ventured to ask Kiamil Pacha, not what his salary as head of the ministry is, but what are his official expenses. The minister answered, giving a sum in piasters which exceeds our power of arithmetical expression, but which is the equivalent of thirty thousand dollars per month. Mr. Seward rejoined that old countries are the ones for ministers of state, bishops, and muftis.

The breakfast was served *á la fourchette*, and consisted of several delicious courses of French and native dishes, which were cut off in the midst by an abrupt call for the *pillau*, the Turkish native dish which invariably crowns and ends a feast.

At half-past one, Mr. Seward, attended by Blacque Bey and Mr. Brown, landed at the wharf of the Imperial Palace. After waiting, in the office of a secretary, until the appointed hour, they proceeded, through the garden in front of the palace, to the grand entrance. Here Blacque Bey turned away, and the secretary con-

ducted Mr. Seward and Mr. Brown through a long series of antechambers until they reached a small apartment plainly furnished. The Sultan was seen standing near the centre of it. The secretary obsequiously kneeled, and remained in that position, Mr. Seward and Mr. Brown standing. Without making or waiting for a salutation, the Sultan pointed to chairs and invited the guests to sit; then, drawing another chair, he sat down at Mr. Seward's side. The secretary now rose to assume the office of interpreter. His Majesty made the usual inquiries concerning Mr. Seward's health, the time he had been abroad, and the countries in which he had travelled. He made no allusion to India or Egypt, but asked many curious questions concerning Japan and China—their condition, political state, and prospects. Then he expressed much gratification with Mr. Seward's visit to Turkey, and a hope that his stay in Constantinople had been made comfortable and agreeable to him. Mr. Seward thanked him for the marks of consideration with which he had been honored from the time of his arrival in the Turkish dominions, and for the hospitality and courtesy of which he had been the recipient at the capital.

The Sultan replied that these attentions were justly due to him, as an eminent man of a great nation.

Mr. Seward said that "the late civil and severe war in the United States had tried the forbearance and fidelity of foreign friends and allies; that Turkey had been first and foremost of all in that great trial, and that her faithful friendship was appreciated by his Government and countrymen."

The Sultan said: "It is the desire of Turkey to be at peace with all the Western nations, and she takes pleasure in acknowledging the prosperity, greatness, and increasing influence of the United States, which has always been a just nation." The Sultan continued these remarks, saying that Turkey is behind Western nations in social progress, but that he hoped Mr. Seward had discovered, since coming here, that he (the Sultan) is making decisive efforts to advance the country in that direction.

Mr. Seward said: "I need not have come here to see this, but I am grateful, since I have come, to find my previous information

confirmed. You have established law and order, with entire liberty of conscience, throughout the empire. I have seen two railroads, and travelled on them. I see new roads and improvements going on everywhere in Constantinople."

Mr. Seward's assurances of Blacque Bey's success in conducting very difficult and delicate affairs at Washington evidently gave the Sultan much satisfaction.

His Majesty spoke with so much interest concerning our country, that Mr. Seward asked whether, in case he should again go to the West, he would not think it worth his while to extend his journey to the United States.

The Sultan, shaking his head, answered with a smile, that the German Ocean made him so sick, that he determined never to go to sea again.

Mr. Seward replied, "The Atlantic is certainly not so gentle as some of the seas, but the German Ocean is the worst of them all."

The Sultan showed an accurate knowledge of Mr. Seward's occupations in the capital from the moment of his arrival, and drew from him, by polite interrogatories, the impressions he had received concerning the iron-clads, arsenals, navy-yards, barracks, hospitals, and especially the new palace, which we visited yesterday. At times, when a pause occurred, the Sultan, turning his eyes toward the Bosporus, would call up some new topic, and so the audience was protracted for an hour. It closed with expressions of good wishes for Mr. Seward's health, and the safe and happy prosecution of his voyage, which is to be resumed to-morrow.

Black Sea, July 11th.—William J. McAlpine, a distinguished American engineer, and an old friend, with his family, met us at Constantinople, and is accompanying us on our voyage as far as Orsova, on the Danube. Our last view of Constantinople was from the deck of an Australian Lloyd's steamer on the Bosporus.

We might count the number of flags which waved us farewell from the balconies of Robert College, but not the number of boyish voices which greeted us with parting cheers.

CHAPTER II.

HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA.

On the Danube.—Varna.—Rustchuk.—Wallachia.—German Travellers.—What shall we say of Turkey?—Reflections on the Future of the Turks.—Orsova.—The Iron Gate.—Hungarian Loyalty.—Buda-Pesth.—Contrast of European and Asiatic Civilization.—The People of Pesth.—The Bridge of Buda.—The Buildings of Buda.—The History of Hungary.—The Danube.—Vienna.—John Jay.—Count Von Beust.—Politics of Austria.

On the Danube, July 12th.—We awoke this morning in the harbor of Varna, one of the seaports of Turkey in Europe, and the capital of Roumelia. The town acquired great importance from being the principal scene of Omar Pacha's military and naval operations in the Crimean War. It has since that time, however, acquired greater importance of another kind. The Danube, approaching the Black Sea, takes a northeasterly direction, dividing its flood into three channels. The mouths of these channels are much obstructed, while their navigation is long and tortuous. British capitalists have supplied the means with which a railroad has been constructed from Varna, one hundred and fifty miles long, which intercepts the Danube at Rustchuk. This railroad, reducing the journey from Vienna to Constantinople four hundred miles, already divides the freight traffic with the circuitous Danubian route, while it takes the entire passenger-trade.

The United States consul, the British consul, and several European and American missionaries, were gathered at the wharf at Rustchuk to welcome Mr. Seward.

The Danube, now carrying a high flood, spreads here over a

mile in width, with high but not mountainous banks. The town contains a population of twenty-five thousand, and has the appearance of much activity. It presents less an Oriental than a European aspect. *Gast-haüser*, *bier-haüser*, not to speak of ships, manufactories, and shops, indicate a large dominating German element. Minarets are less frequent, and spires of Christian churches take their place.

On the opposite bank lies the principality of Wallachia, now, like Bulgaria, practically independent of the Turkish Empire. Its capital, Bucharest, forty-four miles distant from the Danube, is reached by railroad.

How different is the voyage on the Danube from our late experiences! Passengers, master, and crew, are all Europeans, generally with German features and complexions, but all speaking French and Italian as well as their vernacular. But the economy of the boat is purely German. There are only two state-rooms. We have taken these at ten dollars each per day, extra; while all the other passengers, whether first or second class, sleep as they find places, on the sofas and tables of the forward saloon.

Thursday, *July* 13*th*.—Still the Wallachian bank on the north, but on the south, Servia. So at last we have left the Turkish Empire behind us. The only monuments which the Waywode of Servia exhibits are the now tenantless fortifications, castles, and barracks, in which Turkish garrisons were maintained, long after the severance of Servia, for the security of the empire.

What shall we say of Turkey? Let us say that, having seen it, we find it a greater puzzle than before—more completely hybrid than any other state that has ever existed—a combination of two antagonistic and irreconcilable forces—half Asiatic, half European—half Saracenic, half Crusader—half Christian, half Mussulman—half civilized, half uncivilized—half hostile and belligerent, half pacific and enervated. Thus it has a more difficult political position, than any empire has had, to maintain; and a geographical position, the worst that could be conceived, for maintaining. Its own security requires that it shall not only close the passage be-

tween two seas, but also, dominate on the shores of two continents. Turkey is thus in everybody's way. The Russians, covering the entire northern part of Europe, and bordering on the Black Sea and the Caspian, want free access to the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. The English, French, and Germans, want free access to the wheat-fields of the Danube; the Italians have a prescriptive right to the Archipelago. All the countries of Continental Europe, like the United States, are becoming manufacturing countries. They need open roads and free markets on the borders of the Black Sea, and throughout the entire Asiatic Continent. Steadily, perseveringly, they go on, opening the roads to such markets. Great Britain and France have already effected railroad and canal communication through Egypt to the Red Sea. British corporations have achieved two or three railways in Turkey. A direct and continuous railway communication, across Western Asia to India, looms up already in the near future, while the traditional policy of Russia demands not only free passage through the Bosporus by sea, but will soon exact a passage through Persia, and the Turkish dominions, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean. Even the United States, although they but seldom float a ship in the Levant, and only occasionally display their flag there, yet, conscious of a maritime destiny, chafe, like the European states, against the Turkish restraints on navigation. Thus Turkey is in everybody's way. The empire must maintain the Mohammedan religion, or fall a victim to its fanaticism. That religion, incapable of reconciling itself to Christian codes of laws, manners, customs, and sympathies, naturally provokes and stimulates the hatred of the Western nations.

At the same time, the Turks, while they have not lost their national pride and valor, have become comparatively too feeble in numbers, and too poor in wealth, to maintain an equal controversy with any of the formidable Western states. The Christian part of the population in the empire and its outposts are continually giving signs of disloyalty to the Porte, and seeking protection and alliance with Russia, Great Britain, France, the United States, and every other foreign power. Meanwhile the distant Mohammedan depend-

encies in Africa, Arabia, and on the shores of the Persian Gulf, are factious, and in any emergency are more likely to assert their own independence than to yield support to the empire against an enemy. Under these circumstances, Turkey continues to live only by practising conciliation and making concessions; and these concessions are measured, not by her own ability to grant, but by the magnanimity which extorts. Never without a patron, she seeks the strongest, but, like all dependent powers, she must be content with such as she can secure. The Turkish Government in Europe has been prolonged, chiefly by means of her European allies, a hundred years. While improving in administration, laws, and manners, the empire is manifestly less formidable to-day than ever before. How much longer it shall survive depends altogether on the mutations of that most intricate of all combinations, the balance of power in Europe. Just now, however, it has a new ground of hope for longer immunity in the misfortunes which have lately come to the French, Spanish, and Austrian states, and the fall of the temporal supremacy of the Pope, coincidences which seem to render an aggressive combination of Catholic Europe against Mohammedan Turkey impossible. On the whole, our conclusions must be that the Turkish Empire will ultimately disappear from Europe, but when, or how, cannot be determined, while no such uncertainty hangs over the political institutions of Western Europe.

This conclusion seems a hard one to a generous mind that witnesses not only the sincere attempt on the part of the Sultan and the ministry to modify the laws and customs of the Empire, but sees also so many pleasing evidences of active improvement and progress.

It is, however, only too palpable that the closer the approach which the Turkish Empire may make toward the ideas and principles of the West, the more its European provinces will be emboldened to shake off its sway altogether; while, on the other hand, the concessions made in effecting that approach tend immeasurably to disgust and demoralize Mohammedans in Asia and Africa, and so weaken the cohesion between the Government and its languishing or dead Oriental provinces and dependencies.

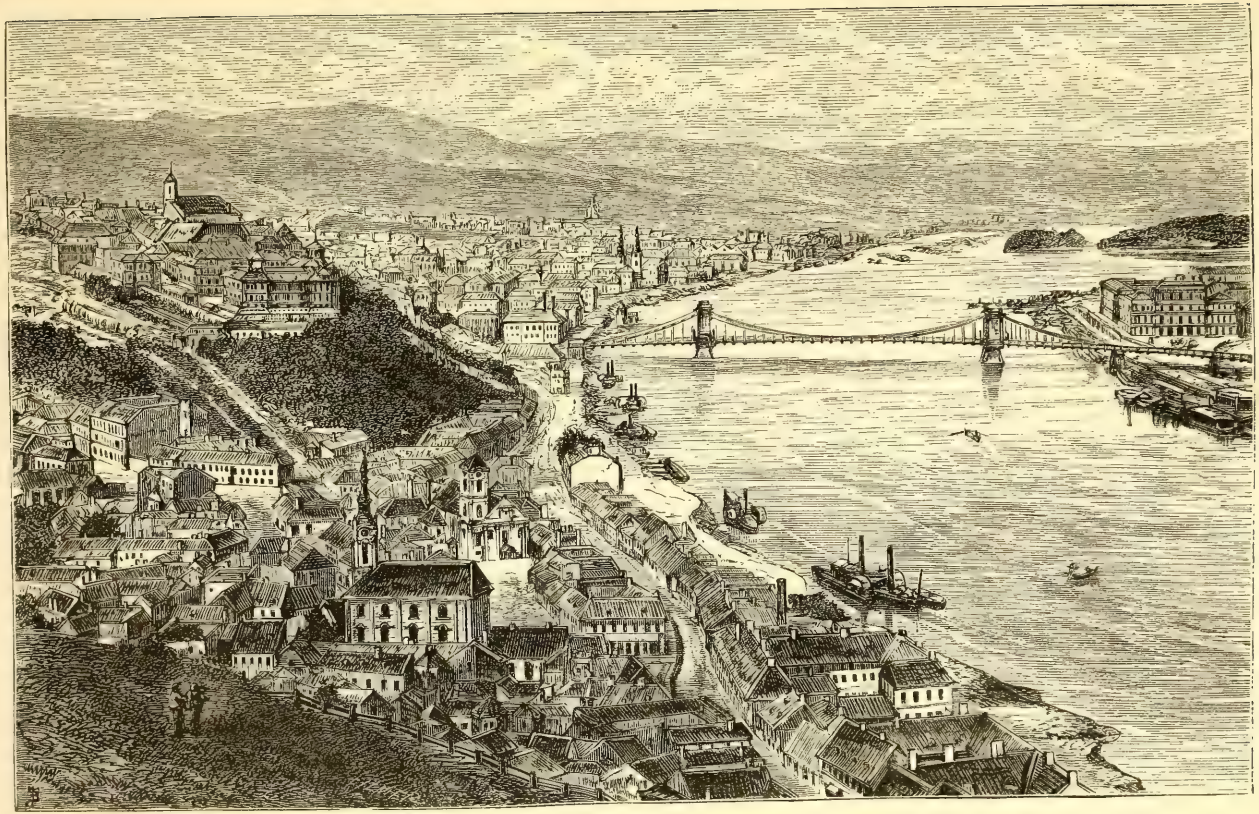
Orsova, July 14th.—We passed the "Iron Gate" safely this morning, notwithstanding our itinerary instructions had prepared us for the passage by the following sensational description: "We now approach the 'Iron Gate.' At this name we are seized with a feeling of terror, but the captain and crew assure us there is no danger, for the pilot understands the navigation."

The Hungarians claim that the Iron Gate surpasses the most picturesque scenery on the Rhine, in point of granduer. We are obliged to confess that it is not inferior in effect to that of the Highlands of the Hudson, which in mountain scenery it resembles. At the Iron Gate we enter a defile, a mile and a quarter long, in which the river, reduced to the width of six hundred feet, has a fall of sixteen feet—above this is a succession of smaller rapids and whirlpools. From time immemorial, the improvement of the Iron Gate has been an anxious study of the nations which control the Danube. While we were examining the ruins of an old canal around it, our friends, the American engineers McAlpine and Powell, employed by the Danubian Steam Navigation Company, were exhibiting to us their plans for substituting some other improvement.

What has surprised us thus far in Hungary is, to find that, while the Hungarian mind cherishes a sentiment of state pride hardly less strong than that which urged the people of Virginia into the rebellion, yet this sentiment seems everywhere completely subordinated to the sentiment of loyalty to the Emperor of Austria, as the King of Hungary.

Buda-Pesth, July 17th.—How striking is the contrast of European and Asiatic civilization! Though Buda-Pesth is an inland provincial town, with a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, the tonnage in its port, altogether of steam, is greater than that of Cairo, Alexandria, or Constantinople. We were not prepared for a scene of such activity.

The river divides the port into two parts. On the southern bank is the royal palace, and a long line of fortifications crowns the hills, while the shore seems to contain the dwellings of officers and others in the service of the Government. This is Buda. On



BUDA-PESTH.

the opposite side is a plain covered with a large metropolis. This is Pesth.

We had determined to remain here one day, although we had neither acquaintances nor references at Pesth. While we were wondering what we should do, and where we should go, we saw the United States flag waving from the roofs of two lofty buildings on the terrace which overlooks the river. We rounded and delivered passengers on the quay at Buda, then swept across and fastened to the wharf at Pesth, where we were met by the United States vice-consul, and conducted to apartments which, in anticipation of our coming, he had secured in the Grand Hotel, now newly opened by a proprietor especially desirous of securing the favor of American travellers. Here we feel, for the first time, that we have left the East behind, and have only Western civilization around and before us. It seems strange that in the same conjuncture are met, for the first time, American interest and influence. An Hungarian surgeon, exiled with Kossuth, went in the early emigration to California, where he acquired an independence. Afterward he was appointed United States consul at Bucharest, where he has resided for several years. He has made his permanent home at Pesth, and takes great pride in his native city. But what is more remarkable is, that to-morrow Pesth gives a trial to two reaping-machines, which are sent out here by the manufacturers, neighbors of ours in Auburn.

We have passed a pleasant hour in looking down from our balcony upon the people of Pesth, who are enjoying the fashionable promenade of this street. There is nothing in their appearance or ways to distinguish them from similar groups on Fifth Avenue.

Pesth, July 17th, Evening.—We made a tour this morning among the public institutions and monuments. We admired, as it deserved, the noble suspension-bridge which, crossing the Danube, connects the two cities of Buda and Pesth, although structures of that sort have ceased to be a wonder for us since we have crossed so often the suspension-bridges of the Niagara and the Ohio. This one is twelve hundred feet long, and twenty-two feet wide, swings

sixty feet above the water, and was built by an English engineer (Clark) at a cost of seven million dollars. This bridge has an historical interest. The citizens of Pesth rose in defence of their national independence in 1848, and met and massacred Count Lamberg, an imperial messenger from Vienna, who was crossing the river to disperse the Hungarian Diet by force. It may be deemed an evidence of the advance of civilization that, in the dreadful civil strife, although the contending armies by turns secured the beautiful structure, neither party laid violent hands on it. On one occasion the Hungarian army, routed and defeated, was pursued across it by the Austrian army, sixty thousand strong. Three months later, the Austrians, retreating in their turn, were pursued across it by the now victorious Hungarians. Notwithstanding all this, the bridge remained unimpaired at the close of the struggle.

Buda was the ancient capital of Hungary, while Pesth, on the opposite side, long remained an important town. At Buda we visited the palace of the kings of Hungary, with the citadel and extensive barracks, claimed to be the largest in the world. These structures, built on a lofty eminence which overlooks Pesth, have a commanding view of the Danube and of the great Hungarian plain on either side of the majestic river. When the union of the crowns of Hungary and Austria took place, it was distinctly stipulated that the Emperor of Austria should be crowned in Hungary; that Hungary should preserve its constitutional powers; and that, as king, the emperor should alternately reside in Hungary and in Austria. The palace of the ancient Hungarian line had been destroyed in the Turkish wars, and the building of the present one was begun in the reign of Charles VI., and finished by Maria Theresa, his daughter. This palace, however it may compare with the Schönbrunn, is not unworthy to be the imperial residence. But Hungary being more progressive than Austria, her claims of ancient rights and privileges became annoying to the imperial throne, and, in the reactionary administration of Metternich, every effort was made to extinguish the Hungarian constitution, and to destroy Hungarian independence. Joseph II. refused to be crowned in Hungary, and the palace in which his mother Maria Theresa had

found a safe refuge against the pursuit of Frederick the Great became from that time untenanted. It is now honored by an occasional sojourn of the present emperor and the court. The ornaments, decorations, and furniture, of the palace are rich, tasteful, and in harmony with the customs and manners of European society. There are statues, paintings, books, and music, not to speak of cosey *salons* and boudoirs, nurseries, school-rooms, and chambers, impressing us with their cheerful contrast to the empty, monotonous grandeur of Oriental imperial harems. Besides portraits of the present imperial family, there are two of great historic interest. One represents a battle-scene, with Prince Eugène as its prominent figure; the other depicts the heroic Maria Theresa appealing to the loyalty of the nation.

The hills around Buda are chiefly occupied by pleasant country-seats. The city of Pesth is nine miles in circumference. Three hundred streets divide it into nearly regular squares. It is the Hungarian centre of science, literature, and art, as well as commerce. It has theatres, colleges, parks, gardens, and every thing which becomes such a city. Among all these objects of interest, we paused to look only at two. One was the stone stage on which the kings of Hungary were crowned, and the other the celebrated Esterhazy gallery of paintings, which is especially rich in the works of Claude Lorraine and of the great Spanish masters. Having been bought by a spirited and patriotic association, it has become the chief pride of the city.

We have had no desire on this journey so intense as to see Hungary. When the Hungarian people rose to assert its independence in 1847, it seemed an unknown country to us. Its three centuries of strife, trial, and achievement, while the forces of Christianity and Islamism were contending for a boundary on its plains, had been forgotten. The whole world were taken by surprise when they saw in the circumstances of the revolution, not only just cause, but virtue as great, intelligence as commanding, with energy and valor as marked, as those which won for our own revolution the respect and good wishes of nations. At first the sympathies of nearly the whole American people were earnestly with

them. When, however, the revolution subsided, and its patriot leaders were decimated or sent into exile, and Hungary fell more completely than before under the heels of despotism, a few of her earliest and most constant friends found that they stood almost alone, at home and abroad, in their respect and pity for the unfortunate nation. Memory brings up once more the scene of Kossuth's sad pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and of his standing in silent contemplation before the tomb of Washington, the only man who had secured the reverence of all mankind by his successful devotion to his country and liberty. His friends left him alone with his thoughts, and, on returning, found him suffused with tears. "Washington," said he, "succeeded; I have failed."

Having so often wished to come here and renew, on the ground, the opinions and the course of action then pursued, it is a satisfaction and a reward to find the Hungarian people all that the friends of liberty throughout the world thought them to be—to find that their quarrel with the Government of Austria was just—that they had a right to be free—that they had the valor, the energy, the intelligence which would have gained their freedom, but for such combinations as no people ever had the ability to overcome. When they had surmounted factious disputes, growing out of differences of race, language, and religion in Hungary, their attempt to achieve their independence, within necessary boundaries, was the signal for antagonism, resistance, and civil war, in the surrounding provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, Wallachia, and Transylvania. The separation of Hungary from the German provinces of Austria would be a dismemberment which the empire could not survive. Russia, through the eyes of the Emperor Nicholas, saw in it the restoration of the independence and sovereignty of Poland. European nations, intent on commercial enterprise, shrank from political agitation, which might reproduce the disasters of the French Revolution of 1793. And now, we are required to decide on the spot whether the sacrifices, which Hungary then made, were entirely without avail; and whether her aspirations were impracticable, and have perished with the failure of her revolution, leaving her no remaining hope. The situation which Hungary occupies

now satisfies all these hitherto painful inquiries. The march of progress in Europe, since 1849, has proved irresistible. Austria suffered by a fearful blow received from France, costing her practically her Italian dominions. Later, a blow from Germany, which almost seemed to be fatal, has obliged her to give up the reactionary policy to which she so tenaciously adhered, and at the same time to fall back, as she must always fall back, on the resources, the valor, and the loyalty of Hungary. The Hungarians have taken advantage of this emergency to secure from the Austrian Empire a confirmation of all their cherished political rights and liberties, without betraying the empire to its enemies. There is hardly a political right or privilege, a citizen of the United States enjoys, that is not now guaranteed to the subjects of Francis Joseph in Hungary, except that one which no nation in Europe has shown the courage to assume—the right of electing their own chief magistrate by impartial suffrage. The concession of these rights in Hungary has necessitated an equally popular reform in the other parts of the empire; and although Hungary has failed to achieve independent national existence, which she has never sincerely striven for, she is carrying the whole Austrian Empire to a higher plane of responsible government and popular freedom. It may be doubtful how the Austrian Government can succeed in the new political autonomy, which the persistence of Hungary, combined with the embarrassments of the empire, has forced upon it; but it is quite certain that in no case can Hungary lose the advantages she has so deservedly gained. Considerations like these have soothed the regret with which we have seen our revolutionary friend, Count Pulsky, occupying a place in the councils of the emperor at Vienna; and the deeper sorrow with which we have seen, everywhere here, that the remembrance of the martyrs of 1848, as well as the names of the patriots who survived that period, Kossuth, Asboth, and Ujhazy, seems to be nearly forgotten.

On the Danube, July 18th.—The easiest and the best way to study political geography is to follow the navigation of great rivers. The Danube conveys and distributes among all nations the

cereals of Central Europe. It is a pleasure, as you ascend its strong though not dangerous current, to recall the history of Europe from the beginning of Western civilization. The Danube was the boundary which Roman conquests did not pass until the beginning of the decline of the empire. It was the high-road of the northern barbarians who avenged upon the empire the aggression and the insults they had received from the republic, and who, settling down in their new conquests, submitted themselves to the laws and religions of the enervated nations whom they had subdued, and gave to Europe and the world the basis of a new and higher civilization. In its whole length, from the Black Sea to Vienna, the Danube was the battle-ground between Christianity and Islamism; the boundary between them, continually shifting, has scarcely yet been fixed. We had a strong desire to follow the majestic river to its navigable source, in close neighborhood of the Rhine, but time does not permit. We, therefore, left it at Pesth, for the more rapid but less instructive travel by rail, and have had a ten hours' journey of one hundred and forty miles. The soil over which we have passed, like that of the plain below Pesth, is fertile; the landscape beautiful; the people universally industrious, women sharing the field-labors equally with the men.

Vienna, July 21*st.*—Since leaving Constantinople, we have been enjoying glimpses of Western civilization, but only partial glimpses, as if through long and shaded vistas. Now it seems that we have rushed into its very centre as we entered the wide and magnificent streets of Vienna. Those of our party who are untravelled in Europe asked, as we rolled from the station, through broad and shaded avenues, bordered by palatial edifices, and ornamented with classic fountains and equestrian statues, to our hotel which overlooks the fine boulevard on the ancient ramparts of the city, "Does London or Paris surpass this?"

Vienna is, indeed, a great city. Its population exceeds three-quarters of a million; its accumulated wealth is immense. Its manufacture of scientific apparatus, musical instruments, and articles of *vertu* and luxury, is hardly inferior to that of Paris. Banks,

railroads, and navigation companies, grasp the commerce, not only of the Danube, but of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Levant. Its churches are built, by lavish contributions of dying devotees, in perfected Gothic grandeur. Its royal and imperial palaces are of the oldest of the European dynasties. Its universities, colleges, academies of art, its hospitals, and charities, rival those of larger capitals. Its school of music is equalled only by that of Leipsic. Of course, it was little of all this magnificence, national and metropolitan, that we could see in the short period of four days.

John Jay, our minister resident at Vienna, was in the mountains when we arrived; but he came promptly down to receive us, and has extended to us the hospitalities of the legation. Mr. Delaplaine, the secretary of the legation, has been equally attentive. Mr. Seward complimented Mr. Jay on his success in achieving the negotiation of a naturalization convention with the Imperial Government. Perhaps no single event more strikingly illustrates the rapidity of political progress in Austria than this treaty. In 1850, Austria was on the verge of a rupture with the United States on the occasion of the arrest of Martin Kostza on board an American vessel at Trieste. In 1859, Mr. Seward, when here on a visit, was coldly and distantly received by the emperor at an audience in the Imperial Palace. Yesterday, coming here so soon after the Archduke Maximilian's unhappy catastrophe in Mexico, Mr. Seward was invited by the Count von Beust, prime-minister of the empire, to a public dinner, given by that minister to the American representative and the diplomatic corps, by way of celebrating a naturalization treaty with the United States, which recognizes the right of all men, subjects of any government, to change their political allegiance, and enjoy the protection of the state they prefer. Yet more remarkable was it that the entertainment was given in the very hall in which the Congress of Vienna sat in 1815, to establish peace and give public law to Europe.

The political situation in Austria is more embarrassing than in any other country of Europe, except France. Unlike France, its evils are chronic. The Austrian Empire is not in any sense a con-

solidated nation, but, in the course of five hundred years, has aggregated, by royal marriages or by conquest, a large number of formerly independent kingdoms, principalities, and duchies, in Central Europe. The present Austrian Empire consists of nineteen separate states yet remaining of that aggregate, differing from each other in race, language, habits, religion, customs, and commerce—a part German, a part Magyar, a part Slave, a part Italian,

COUNT VON BEUST.

a part Turkish, a part Greek. There are Mohammedans, Greeks, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. The Protestants are divided between Lutherans and Calvinists. These nationalities and sects, necessarily separated from each other, have been held in combination by force only, without social assimilations. Of Austria, with its thirty-five million people, it must be said, as it cannot be said of any other nation in the world, that there is no Austrian people.

The world knows its subjects by the names of their respective nationalities or provinces only. Every one recognizes the subject of France as a Frenchman; of Sweden, as a Swede; of Denmark, as a Dane; of Italy, as an Italian; of Russia, as a Russian—but we know the subjects of Austria only as Bohemians, Hungarians, Tyrolese, Germans, Poles, Slavonians, and Wallachians. The empire has hitherto had no common constitution. In the provinces of Upper Austria and Lower Austria, the emperor rules as emperor: while, in Bohemia and Hungary, he rules, not as emperor, but as king of those countries respectively. There has been no common legislature. He is despotic in some of the states; a constitutional and limited monarch in some others. It may not be doubted that the emperors of Austria have constantly desired and striven to effect a consolidated empire. It is because they, on the one hand, have usually aimed at effecting absolute unity by coercion, that the several states, on the other, have striven to preserve absolute independence by resistance. The absolute in any thing is unattainable by man, although, as a general law, we attain any thing desirable only by striving for the absolute. The great Maria Theresa was the first who, with sagacity and energy, attempted the task of unification. Joseph II. persevered with great fidelity in the work; but all this policy was shipwrecked in the general convulsion of the Napoleonic wars, and Austria, under the administration of Metternich, became a victim of absolutism at home, and a leader of that hated cause in Europe. His course eventuated in the Hungarian insurrection of 1848. Upon the successful suppression of that revolution, the young monarch, Francis Joseph, inaugurated a new policy, comprising liberal reforms and concessions of constitutional liberty to the respective states. The jealousies of these states, however, have thus far rendered every attempt at a common and equal basis of government impracticable. It remains to be seen whether an harmonious constitution of the empire can ever be established.

How can it be hoped for after such continued failures? It may, because the Danube is the great river of Europe. Its branches are the granary and the vineyard of a large portion of

the world, and supply the elements of commerce for half of Europe. The nations or states which occupy these banks must have the protection and defence that all states require. This protection must be afforded by distant states on the Atlantic coast or on the Bosporus. Hitherto the German race on one side, and the Turkish race on the other, have contended for dominion on the Danube. But the Turkish Government has at last become effete, while the German race has found a permanent line of geographical division. The time has come when consolidation can be successfully maintained at the centre of the Danubian plain. It is not easy to foresee how much or what part of the German race may yet drop off from Austria, and be incorporated into the German Empire. But, whether that diminution or abatement of the Austrian Empire be more or less, enough of its population and resources will remain to constitute a nation extending from the Bosporus to Germany and Italy, and embracing enough of the space between the Russian boundary and the Mediterranean to make a great empire. Nor can this Austro-Hungarian Empire fail to dominate on the Mediterranean shore from the Adriatic to the Sea of Marmora. It may be asked whether, in this view, we do not accept Austria as a permanently imperial or despotic government. We think not. For the transition from despotism to republicanism is due to agencies which more or less pervade the whole world, or at least the civilized portion of it. Nations may change their forms of government without at all affecting their domestic policy in their relation to foreign states. Meantime, it is an occasion of sincere satisfaction to witness the progress of material and social improvement that has been made on the banks of the Danube. When we look at the vigorous and varied agriculture, and the stupendous works of material improvement which they exhibit, we might almost fancy ourselves at home in the United States.

CHAPTER III.

ITALY.

Venice.—American Knights Templars.—Florence.—Attractiveness of the City.—Rome.—The Coliseum.—Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope.—Interview with the Pope.—The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs.—The Schools of Art.—Naples.—Vesuvius. Early Civilization on the Mediterranean Coast.—Naples, the Newport of the Roman Empire.—Genoa.—Susa.—Prospects of Italy.

Venice, July 25th.—We expected to find Venice in a dilapidated and sinking condition. On the contrary, while a large number of its palaces and wharves are empty and idle, there is at present a pervading air of activity and cheerfulness. What can be the cause of this? Venice has become, in its decline, a resort for the studious, the contemplative, and the pleasure-seeking classes throughout all Europe. It is, indeed, a watering-place like Newport, and we happen to be here in the fashionable season. We were startled this morning by a request of the good keeper of our hotel, that we would set our dinner-hour for the day at either five or seven o'clock, because at six he was to furnish a feast to "fifty Knights Templars in full regalia!"

We thought we had read history in vain. We had supposed that ancient and chivalrous order, driven from the East by the Saracens, had been extirpated five hundred years ago throughout Europe. We thought—

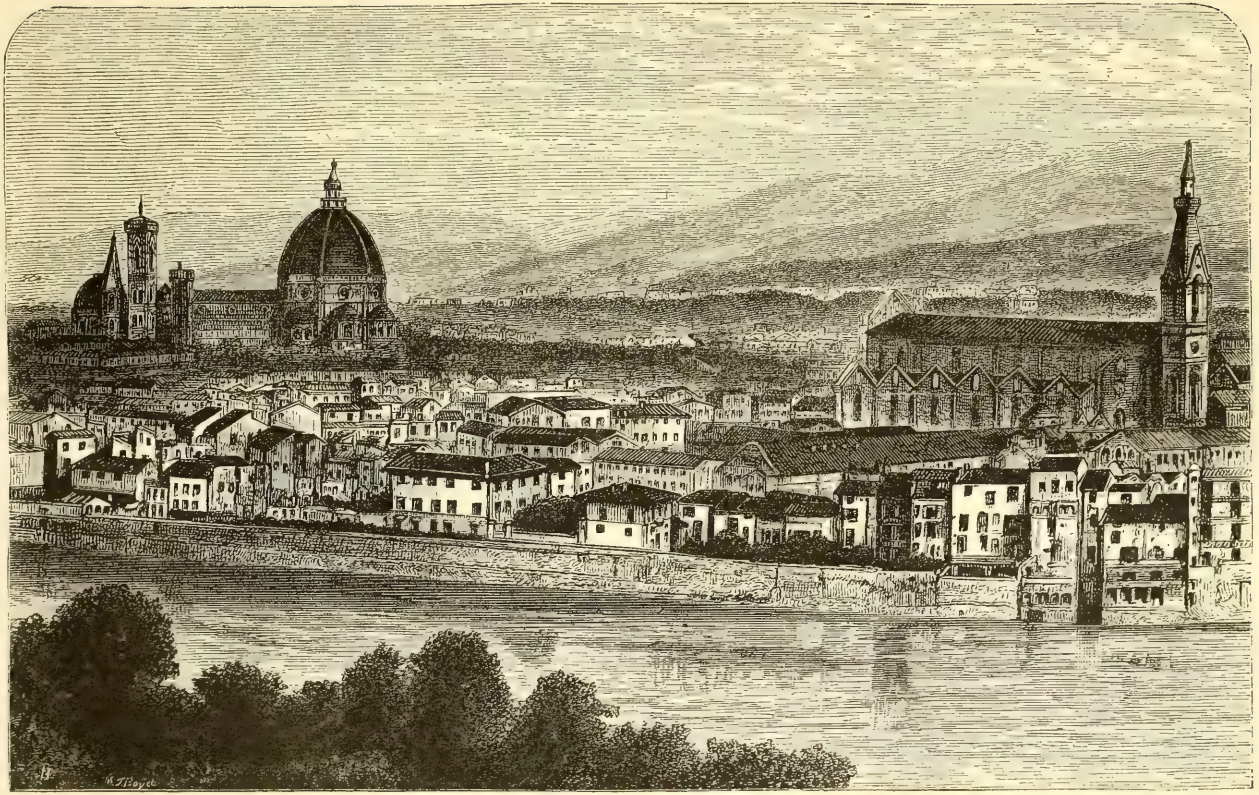
> "The knights' bones are dust,
> Their good swords rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

What was our surprise to learn, not only that fifty of them are alive and well, but that they were in our lodging in full armor, and that they are our own countrymen! They belonged to the Masonic order, and were making the tour of Europe together.

Florence, July 27th.—Gray Apennine Mountains, with dashing torrents, bright and cloudless skies, balmy breezes, rich and highly-cultivated plains, with winding rivers and laughing vineyards, picturesque rural architecture, storied castles, romantic villas, these are the surroundings of Florence. We can now, for the first time, appreciate the art of Claude Lorraine, and the poetry of Virgil, Dante, and Milton.

Leaving the Golden Gate nearly a year ago, we have traversed the earth's circumference more than sixteen thousand miles before we obtained our first glimpse of cheerful European society at Pesth. In brightness, dignity, and repose, the view of it has improved at every step of our descent of the Alps and the Apennines.

It being midsummer, no one is in town. Mr. Marsh, United States minister, greets us in a letter from the mountains, where he is detained by illness in his family. King, ministers, and court, all are said to have gone to Rome to reorganize the state of Italy in that ancient capital; but in reality, like the political functionaries of Austria, they are enjoying the mountains, the sea-side, and other pleasure-resorts. We found, without difficulty, pleasant apartments in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, near the Piazzi della Santa Trinita. This morning Mr. Wurtz, the United States secretary of legation, came with our letters, and has given us kind assistance in our hurried explorations of this, the most delightful of European cities. The first impression we receive is, that the edifices and dwellings of Florence are majestic and solemn, while the streets are broader, more perfectly paved, and cleanly kept, than any others in the world. The next impression is, that the people one meets are more gentle and accomplished than any other people. How marvellous is the contrast in this respect between Florence and Yeddo, Peking, Calcutta, Cairo, Constantinople, or even Vienna!



FLORENCE.

It has been a subject of curious inquiry for us why Florence, more than any other Italian city—indeed, more than any city in Europe—is attractive to Americans as well as to the English. The reason, we think, is, that the great ideas which the world has derived from the philosophy, poetry, and art of Italy, have produced in the character of the people of Florence a harmony with the more enlightened social life of those two nations. It was a touching illustration of this truth, that we found, in the foreign cemetery of Florence, the tombs of Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Louise Kuhn, daughter of Charles Francis Adams.

Rome, July 29th.—Even if Rome retains a consciousness of her identity with the City of the Emperors, she could not complain as the lady of the harem in Constantinople did, that we had rushed into her presence irreverently.

Leaving Florence this morning, we passed through, what so long has been the pātrimony of St. Peter, the States of the Church, but which has just now been absorbed into the new kingdom of Italy. The Italian mountain scenery contrasts strikingly with that of the Tyrol—the latter covered with forests, chiefly evergreen, alternating with fields of corn and wheat—the former gray and rocky, relieved by the bluish-green olive-orchards, and the deep rich verdure of the chestnut. Old cities and villas, built not on the plain, but on mountain-tops, call up memories of mediæval history. The railroad winds for many miles around the picturesque Lago di Trasimeno, a view of which must compensate us for the loss of the sight of the beautiful Lago Maggiore. The entrance into Rome, nay, the very approach to it, is accompanied with an unpleasant feeling of the confusion of the ancient with the modern. That long arcade, which you see on the left, is the still remaining, though broken aqueduct of the ancient city. That mediæval gate through which we enter is a structure not unlike the Cashmere gate at Delhi, or the Damascus gate of Jerusalem. This fine, well-built square is the railroad-station. And now, as we are rattling through compact, solid, modern streets, a fountain comes into view, in which Neptune is drawn in his floating car by tritons, while the foaming water breaks over

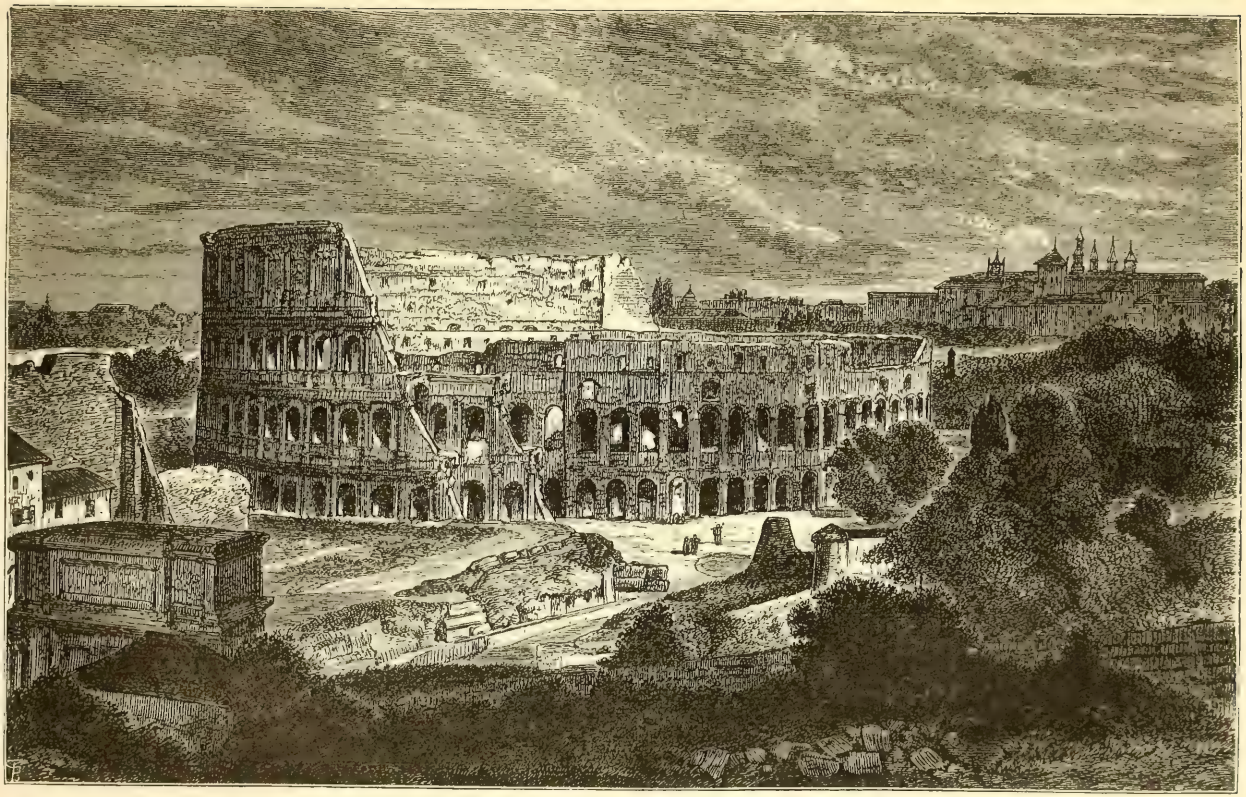
a broad, rocky basin. We have scarcely time to notice this fountain, before we pass Trajan's Column, its base sunk in the deep plain and its capital towering above the city. And now we enter the court of the Hôtel Costanzi, the whole of which, we are told, is at our service.

Dinner cannot detain the traveller, however weary, on the first day of his stay in the Eternal City. Where do we go, then? To the Coliseum. Where else could a stranger pass his first evening in Rome, and that, too, a moonlight one?

When we came under the dark shadow of the stupendous ruin, a courteous Italian sentinel assisted us to alight, and indicated the passage. Here was a change! When in Rome in 1859, a French soldier repulsed us from this gate at night, because we had not an order of admission from the commandant of the French army of occupation. At the same time a French bugler, standing under the arch of the Temple of Peace, on the opposite side of the street, made the surrounding ruin echo with the notes of a French martial air.

We then remarked that it was not always so; the Roman once would have cut down the Gaul who should have intruded here with such warlike flourish. It is fortunate for us now that the modern Gaul has withdrawn from the ancient city, and the more amiable Roman has resumed the care of its monuments.

After all, the first visit to the Coliseum should be by sunlight, because the curiosity concerning its real form, proportions, and uses, is too strong to admit of the indulgence of imagination, which only enhances beauty at the cost of accuracy of vision. Nevertheless, the light of the moon, streaming into the great arena, enabled us to form an idea of the general outline and design of the immense structure. Those four tiers or stories of stone benches seated a hundred thousand Romans. These vaulted chambers of the basement held the gladiators prepared for their deadly encounters; these others, the wild beasts, and those beyond, the captive Christians, who were to perish in the unequal combat. This spacious chamber is where the emperor sat while presiding over the savage amusement. This arena must have drunk oceans of blood, since,



THE COLISEUM, ROME.

during a single festival, beasts and men were slaughtered by the thousand; and the same walls that now give back to us the voices of monks, performing midnight orisons, then resounded with the fearful acclamations of the multitude, which unmercifully doomed the vanquished gladiator.

Our feelings were so intensely absorbed in these reflections, that we did not care to clamber among the ruined arches, or through the shrubs entangled with vines which festoon and sometimes choke them. How does the Coliseum, the most stupendous of Roman monuments compare with Karnak or Luxor in Egypt?

The Coliseum is built of brick and stone; Karnak and Luxor are built with monoliths of granite. The Coliseum was adapted to the tastes and habits of men; Karnak and Luxor were constructed for the uses of the gods. The Coliseum is great; Karnak and Luxor are gigantic. Others may study monuments for their architectural grandeur or beauty, but we must regard them as milestones marking the progress of the world's civilization. The Coliseum, built to commemorate the consummation of the Roman Empire, remains equally a monument of its decline and extinction. It commemorates the fulness and completeness of the conquest of the world by the Roman people. It was the place in which they celebrated their triumph.

August 3d.—Immediately on our arrival here, Dr. Smith, professor in the College of the Propaganda, Mr. Seward's old friend, to whom we are indebted for many courtesies, asked: "Will you see the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli?"

The question had peculiar significance, since it is only within the last month that the King of Italy made his formal entry into Rome, and established the national authority within the capital, to the exclusion of the political supremacy of the Pope. Mr. Seward said that he would certainly be happy to receive any consideration at the hands of the Italian Government, but should on no account fail to pay his respects to his Holiness and to the cardinal. They were just and friendly toward the United States during her hour

of trial, and had shown him personally kind hospitality when he was here in 1859. He considers it his duty to cherish enduring friendship toward all who in the supreme hour of American struggle were just and faithful to his country or himself.

The Cardinal Antonelli, with whom Mr. Seward has enjoyed a personal acquaintance for many years, and who is one among the few statesmen of Europe that have always been just and

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

liberal toward the United States, received him and the members of his party with distinguished courtesy in his splendid suite of apartments at the Vatican. Brought doubtless by sincere conviction, as well as by the policy of the Holy See, into conflict with the progressive spirit of the age, the cardinal-secretary, as all know, is not a favorite in republican circles at home or abroad, while all must acknowledge him to be a man of great sagacity, of

political fidelity, of high accomplishments, and refined manners. The conversation between him and Mr. Seward was cordial and without reserve. It turned first on the great events which had recently occurred in the United States; the suppression of the rebellion, the overthrow of slavery, the firm establishment of the Union, and the reconciliation consequent upon the conflict. The cardinal expressed himself as not surprised that the public justice of the United States inconsistently allowed the escape of the conspirator Suratt, whom the Pope had, without previous treaty, and without conditions, so promptly ordered to be arrested and delivered on Mr. Seward's demand.

The conversation then turned on the political situation in Rome. The Roman question is settled; the Italians have Rome; there is no prospect of immediate change, but the Pope will not leave the Vatican. He has remained there for many months, and he will not leave it voluntarily for any other residence in Rome or out of it. He will not compromise; he will wait. "Non possumus"—the words produced a smile—is the only maxim which his Holiness can practise when required by man to betray a trust committed to him by God.

We were informed, yesterday, that his Holiness would receive Mr. Seward in a private audience at eleven o'clock to-day, and at twelve o'clock he would receive the two ladies in the public audience, and Dr. Smith was requested to be present and to act as interpreter for the party. On the stroke of eleven, Mr. Seward and Dr. Smith having reached the Hall of the Throne, Monsignore Ricci, *Maestro di Camera*, announced that his Holiness was waiting to receive Mr. Seward. He followed monsignore through several spacious and richly-furnished antechambers, passing crowds of prelates who were awaiting an audience. Among these dignitaries were occasionally seen priests, easily distinguishable by the plainness of their dress, and an appearance of timidity. Monsignore Ricci having opened the door of the chamber in which the Pope was sitting alone, then retired. The Holy Father instantly arose, and, coming quite to the door, extended both his hands, taking those of Mr. Seward. On a slightly-raised dais, at the upper end

of the chamber, were two chairs, by the side of a small writing-table. The Pope placed Mr. Seward in one of these, and sat down in the other. We are informed that hitherto this form of reception has been accorded only to sovereigns and princes.

His Holiness opened the audience by expressing to Mr. Seward a grateful appreciation of the liberality and sympathy which he always experiences at the hands of the American people, and his gratification at receiving Mr. Seward again at Rome.

Mr. Seward said that in a time when many European governments and statesmen were very illiberal and unfriendly to the United States, his Holiness had proved himself just, considerate, and friendly. It was a great satisfaction to him to have an opportunity to make this acknowledgment in person, and to congratulate his Holiness on his good health. The Holy Father then freely alluded to his present political situation. Referring to the guarantees for his safety and support which were proposed to him by Victor Emmanuel, he said: "I have no personal desire to reign, but I have a trust to keep, and to transmit to my successor. This trust is the patrimony of the See of St. Peter, which I received in my election. The guarantees offered by the Italians are a mockery and a snare. I am a prisoner in chains here, just as my predecessor St. Peter was *in vinculis*. I am aware of my situation. The kings of this world are all too busy to extend me any help in this emergency. I can only look to the King of kings for support. My resolution is taken; come what may, I will make no compromise. *Non possumus!*"

"Holy Father," replied Mr. Seward, "the question of the change of relations between you and the King of Italy is a new one, hardly yet ripened into a general discussion. The civilized world will consider and pass upon it, and their decision will be right. Christian nations, while they know their duty to 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' know also that it is their duty to 'render unto God the things that are God's.' The experience of mankind hitherto has shown that they are quite as careful to obey the latter precept as they are to fulfil the former injunction."

Mr. Seward then referred to the confidential mission which Archbishop Hughes had executed at Rome during the American civil war.

The Pope lamented the early death of the archbishop as a great loss to the Church and to the two countries.

Mr. Seward adverted to the loyalty to the American Union of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, as well as their people, and said that, for encouraging this loyalty, the late archbishop was entitled to the highest place. "Of one thing," said he, "your Holiness may be sure—the United States can never be unjust to any just nation, or ungrateful to any friendly state."

The Pope passed his hands over Mr. Seward's face, examining the fractures and scars remaining, and then exclaimed: "Your escape was a miracle!" He inquired largely concerning Mr. Seward's family, his son Frederick, his wounds and his recovery, other children, and their occupations, in a manner most affectionate, and, alluding to the ladies, said he should soon have the pleasure of meeting them.

Finally rising, the Pope went to a cabinet, and, taking from it a silver medal containing his likeness which has just been struck by the Roman nobility in commemoration of his having attained the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pontificate, requested Mr. Seward to accept it, and keep it in remembrance of him. The Pope then conducted Mr. Seward to the door, saying, "I will soon join you in the Consistory."

Meantime, the ladies had been conducted by Monsignore Ricci to the "private Consistory." It is one of the historical chambers of the Vatican. Here the Pope creates cardinals and announces bishops; here he pronounces those allocutions which are even now implicitly received by the faithful, and which once shook the thrones of the Christian world. During the present pontificate, the hall has been frescoed and draped for the reception especially of ladies. It was in this chamber that the Pope received the Archduke Maximilian of Austria and the Princess Carlotta, and pronounced his blessing on their attempt to establish a throne in Mexico; and it was in this chamber that, on her return from that

ill-starred expedition, the frenzied princess, refusing to leave voluntarily, was forcibly carried from the papal presence.

During the hour of Mr. Seward's audience with the Pope, some fifty ladies, many of them with children, entered the Consistory, and formed into groups on the left side of the chamber below the dais on which stands the papal throne. The two ladies of our party were standing on the opposite side of the room, where they were joined by Mr. Seward and Dr. Smith, the private audience being ended. All the ladies were dressed, according to the court requirement, in high, black dresses, with the Spanish veil, and without gloves. All the children were dressed in white, and carried lilies for presentation to his Holiness. Just before twelve o'clock all the ladies, with the children, arranged themselves along the opposite side of the room. Precisely at twelve, the Pope entered, from a door at the side of the dais, attended by cardinals and other prelates and officers. Among these dignitaries were the Cardinal Secretary of State Antonelli; Monsignore di Merode, late Minister of War; Monsignore Pacca, Maggiordomo; Cardinal Prince Lucien Bonaparte; General Barberini, Duke of Castel Vecchio, and commander-in-chief of the Guarda Nobile. The Pope wore a white woollen cassock, with a yellow-satin sash, and gold fringe hanging under his left arm. On his head was the crimson *zucchetto;* on his finger the "Fisherman's Ring," a *pietra dura*, with the device emblematic of the Immaculate Conception, but without jewels. One of the cardinals bore his red hat on a cushion. As the Pope entered the chamber, all present rose to their feet; he then proceeded along and in front of the line of devotees, who kneeled and remained in that position until he had passed. He laid both hands on the head of each woman and child, saying to each some words in Italian in a low voice. Each child presented a lily with its little hand, which the Pope received graciously, and delivered to a cardinal. When he had passed the entire line, he crossed the room to the place where Mr. Seward and his party were standing with Dr. Smith. The Pope extended a hand to each of the ladies, and expressed his satisfaction in meeting the children of his friend Mr. Seward, and proceeded to make inquiries as to

their travels and how they had enjoyed themselves. Alluding to Mr. Seward's infirm hands, he asked which of the ladies was taking the notes of his travels, thanked her for doing so, and expressed a hope that she would continue to do it faithfully. He further asked the ladies if they saw any of the sufferers in the massacre at Tien-Tsin, and, on being answered that they saw only the bishop, who had given them some of the relics of the martyr Sister Louise, he said they were precious tokens. He asked in which country they enjoyed their travels most, and his benevolent face beamed with a smile when they told him "Italy." When the ladies presented some rosaries and crosses brought from Jerusalem, and asked him to bless them, he replied, smiling: "Oh, yes; I bless them, but they are sanctified already." At length, after many minutes of such gentle conversation, he expressed his regret that they did not speak Italian, as in that case he would desire to talk much longer with them. Then, taking once more a kindly leave, he returned to the dais.

Standing there, he pronounced a short exhortation, all the Catholics remaining on their knees. He said: "I thank you all for your kindness in coming to see me. I hope that all my beloved children will hold steadfast in the faith, and grow in grace and in good works." Then, extending his arms he added, in a soft, melodious voice: "To all I will extend the apostolic benediction; to yourselves, your children, your parents, and your friends. I bless you, in the name of the Father who created you, of the Son who redeemed you, and of the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth you, and in an especial manner I bless the brave young women from America standing with Father Smith at my right hand. They do not yet belong to me, but I charge Father Smith to take care of them while they are in Rome, and give them such counsel and instruction as will bring them at last into the fold of Christ's flock. I shall pray for their safe return to their native land."

At the close of this address his Holiness retired, with his suite.

August 10th.—Since our arrival in Italy, the Italian Government has been engaged in the act of removing from Florence to

Rome, henceforth to be the national capital. Victor Emmanuel has been received, and, so to speak, reclaimed at Rome. The Palace of the Quirinal is undergoing repair for his royal residence. The Legislative Hall and edifices are being reconstructed for the executive departments; and the ministers of the Government, as well as the foreign ministers, have ostensibly taken up their residence here. In this transition stage, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Visconti Venosta, though here only for two days, exchanged visits to-day with Mr. Seward. He was quite as free in his account of the embarrassment which the Italian Government suffers from the obstinacy of the Pope, as his Holiness was in his account of his *duresse* in the Vatican. The Visconti Venosta represents that the Italian people, while they have become practically unanimous in favor of the kingdom and the rule of Victor Emmanuel, have lost, on the other hand, little or none of their veneration for the Pope, and their sense of obedience due to him as the head of the Church. It is difficult, in the present condition of affairs, to find a boundary-line between the ecclesiastical and civil authority, which will satisfy the people. He denied, with much warmth, the allegation that the Pope is under *duresse*, and says that it is neither necessary nor is it intended to deprive him of any of the privileges or properties which, as head of the Church, he enjoys, further than to transfer to the Government of the state the military force and the revenues heretofore derived by him from taxation. "He will live and die," said the Visconti Venosta, "free to exercise the full offices of the pontificate in the Vatican, and everywhere else in Italy."

We must not leave it to be inferred that we have been inattentive to the modern schools of art in Rome. If we have not related our visits to the studios of our countrymen and women, it is because they are, with *tout le monde*, absent at this season from Rome. We have admired, as every one must, Story's Cleopatra, and the Sibyl; and we have visited Benzoni, perhaps now the head of the Italian school. It is manifestly true, as the world says, that the chisels of Canova and Thorwaldsen, and other modern sculptors, have not attained the science and skill of the Italian school of the

middle ages, or those of ancient Greece; but the reason probably is, that those former schools flourished in an age and under conditions which concentrated the thoughts of mankind upon art; while our own age, more practical, gives precedence to enterprises and achievements of greater political and social pith and moment.

Naples, August 11th.—It is a ten hours' journey from Rome to Naples. We can say little more of it than that it is a ride, under the cloudless Italian sky, across the Campagna, and thence a winding way through native oak-forests, ascending and descending river-banks, and Apennine valleys covered with vines and corn, until from the mountain-bound coast you descend to the populous brink of the unrivalled circular Bay of Naples.

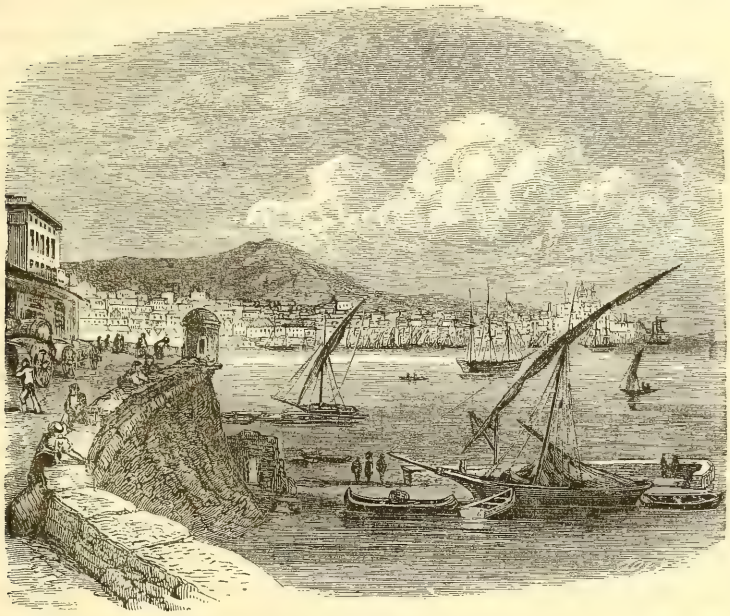
In the afternoon, a small, light, fleecy cloud, which changed its form with every passing breeze, still tenaciously kept its place near the top of a dark, lofty, not irregular mountain. This was the smoke of burning Vesuvius. But no *scoriæ* reached the plain through which we passed, nor did a glare of flame appear until nightfall, when, after our arrival, we were contemplating the mountain from the balcony of our hotel. Then, what had been a pillar of smoke by day, became a column of flame. A serpentine river of fire was seen flowing down the mountain-side.

It would be an unprofitable, if not a vain attempt, to trace the early civilization on the Italian or even the African coast of the Mediterranean. We should be lost, with the ancient antiquarians, Dion Cassius and Dionysius Halicarnassus, in the mazes of inquiries concerning the movements of the "Phœnicians," the "Pelasgians," the "Autochthones," the "Indigenes," and "Alpine immigrants." But, long before the Roman state was organized on the banks of the Tiber, the Greeks had planted towns and attained a certain stage of civilization on the sea-coast. Brundusium (now Brindisi), Pompeii, Herculaneum, Neapolis (now Naples), Capua, Puteoli, Baiæ, and Marseilles, were among those towns, and were afterward absorbed in the Roman Empire. The advantages of the Bay of Naples in regard to Oriental commerce, the conveniences it

afforded for military and naval expeditions, the beauty and salubrity of its position, and its mineral springs, attracted there the wealth, the pomp, the ostentation, the literature, and art, of the capital. Judging from the relation of Brighton to the British capital, or Baden-Baden to Germany, or Newport to the United States, we could hardly estimate the importance which the shores of the Bay of Naples then enjoyed. Rome was a well-consolidated empire, two thousand miles long, one thousand miles broad, traversed by a perfect and safe high-road from York in England to Jerusalem. It embraced all the great cities of the world, it had two admirable languages, and a greater unity prevailed in all departments of civilization than ever before existed, and scarcely less than that which the world now enjoys. Puteoli was really the sea-gate of Rome. Nymphs, naiads, sirens, and genii, dwelt in the grottos and blue-ocean caves around the shore. If Jupiter did not remove there from Olympus, his swiftest messenger permanently established himself at Baiæ, and Venus abandoned Cyprus for this fascinating coast. The Sibyls held the book of fate, whose decrees even Jupiter could not reverse, in their grotto at Cumæ. On the shores of the Bay of Naples, also, was the hell which in all ages has filled the imagination with the terrors of a future state, and the Elysian Fields of the blest, whose name even our religion adopts as most descriptive of the felicity which awaits the "just made perfect."

Genoa, August 18th.—The courteous waving of the stars and stripes from our mast-head soon brought the consul on board, and we have given twenty-four hours to Genoa. It has shown us its magnificent harbor and almost impregnable fortifications, its narrow but neat and busy streets, the palaces and villas of its doges and noblemen, of many parties and generations; and its cathedrals and churches, all of which have justly won for the city its title "la Superba." We have seen its colleges, schools, and universities; its academies of art and science; its manufactories of delicate fabrics and jewelry; its statuary, paintings, monuments, and relics, and the trophies of which it is so justly proud. These all sustain the

noble historic record of the Genoese in commerce, as the successors of the Venetians; in arms, as not merely vigorous in self-defence against the rival states of Pisa and Venice, but in conquests in



GENOA.

Spain, Sardinia, Greece, and Asia Minor; in wars, not merely for self-defence or conquest, but of successful battles and sieges for the Cross—a career full of prosperity and faith, now ended, after many revolutions, in the peaceful contentment of a united and respected Italy.

Susa, August 19th.—It has been a matter of much regret that we were obliged to leave Milan unseen, and to come through Turin without stopping at the last capital of the kingdom of Sardinia, and the first one of restored Italy. But Mr. Seward was there during his former visits to Europe, and especially enjoyed an acquaintance with Victor Emmanuel, and the great restorer of

Italy, Count Cavour, who was then in retirement on account of the Treaty of Villa Franca. It must, therefore, be enough to set down the observation that, not only has the restoration of Italian unity or nationality originated in Piedmont, but that, in these mountain-regions, the sentiment of the equality of man, which is conducting all nations toward the republican system of government, has had, if not its origin, at least early and vigorous development.

The separation of Church and state is essential to the advancement of modern Italy. This seems to be in the way of accomplishment. It is not to be expected, nor is it perhaps to be desired, that the people of Italy, trained in the ritual and traditions of the Church, will all at once renounce the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope and become Protestant. But ecclesiastics are not different from other men. They can learn to submit in temporal affairs to the authority of the state, when they can no longer control it. Yet the permanent restoration of Italy involves another difficulty, which is of a different kind, and a much greater one. Italy, in order to succeed, must cast off monarchy and become a republic. A federal republic cannot exist with a large standing army. No state in Europe is safe against the ambition of monarchical states without a large standing army. Moreover, it is yet to be seen whether these reviving, opulent, prosperous, and intelligent cities, which so lately and so long made the fair fields of Italy the scene of their fratricidal conflicts, will be content now to acquiesce in the restoration of Rome to its ancient and long-maintained supremacy.—Adieu to Italy!

CHAPTER IV.

SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE.

Geneva.—The Alps.—The Tunnel of Mont Cenis.—Passports.—American Fondness for Switzerland.—Berne.—Swiss Statesmen and Politics.—Distress of France.—The Franco-German War.—Lord Lyons.—Mr. Washburne.—Versailles.—The French Assembly.—President Thiers.—A Dinner with President Thiers.—Condition of France.—M. Drouyn de Lhuys.—M. Laboulaye.—Dr. Evans and the Empress Eugénie.—Aspect of Paris.—Prospects of France.

Geneva, August 21st.—We have had two delicious days on the Alps. From Susa in Piedmont, we went, by a pass six thousand feet high, around a peak eleven thousand feet above the sea, to Chambéry in Savoy; thence up the valley of the Rhone. The Alpine region, thus traversed, is colder and more sterile than any we have passed. Eternal glaciers are suspended from the peaks of mountains, down their sides, the rapid torrents of which serve as fountains for the Po on the one side and the Rhone on the other.

Among many interesting antiquities at Susa, one, thoroughly instructive, is the inscription, over its ancient gate-way, enumerating the eleven native tribes of the mountain-region, and reciting that the king surrenders his authority and assumes the title of prefect under the dominion of the divine Emperor Augustus.

So it seems to have been from the beginning of the world! States are built by overcoming and extinguishing petty, defenceless, and contentious tribes. So the United States have extended their dominion, from Plymouth to San Francisco, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.

The Alps, which, from time immemorial, have been the barrier

and defence of Italy against invasion, are just on the eve of giving up that important distinction. The wealth and the vigor of Western nations have spent two thousand years in reducing that barrier. King Pepin secured from Pope Stephen III. the honorable title of "Eldest Son of the Church" by leading an army over it for his relief. Louis XIV. improved the pass by sending a French army across it for less spiritual motives. Napoleon I. constructed the military road used since his time. What the spirit of conquest imperfectly executed is now to be completed by commercial enterprise, which, taking advantage of modern improvements, has projected the excavation and construction of a tunnel, with railroad-track, twelve miles through the base of the mountain. This enterprise, sufficiently bold to mark the advance of civilization for many centuries, has but two equals, both effected simultaneously with it, the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal. We think it fortunate that we have enjoyed the passage over the mountain instead of coming through the tunnel, which is to be opened in two weeks.

At the frontier station we encountered our first experience of a state of war. A French officer demanded our passports, and *viséd* them with care. This incident recalled a suggestion, made to the Emperor Napoleon in 1859, that nothing would impress the people of the United States so favorably as an abolition of the passport system, to which he answered, giving the usual reasons for that form of political espionage. When, three years later, the United States fell into civil war, and established rigorous passport regulations, which continued even after its close, M. Berthémy, the French minister at Washington, expostulated against a system which France had then given up. Now, we have left the United States, with the passport system abolished, only to find it restored in France and Germany.

We entered Switzerland by the valley of the Rhone, and, following its winding and highly-cultivated banks, we reached Geneva this evening.

As the cars stopped, the familiar expression was heard, in plain English, "There is the governor;" and in a very few moments we were conducted by the zealous and esteemed consul, Mr. Upton,

a Virginia loyalist, to delightful apartments in the Metropolitan Hotel, on the shore of lovely Lake Leman.

August 23d.—We seem here to have come upon the verge of home. London papers only one day old, New York telegrams only six hours old. The hotels are full of Americans.

What is it that makes Americans so much frequent, haunt, and linger in Switzerland? Is it not for the same reason that people frequent, haunt, and linger about a looking-glass, especially if it be a convex one that softens their hard features, by presenting them in miniature? What is Switzerland, with its mountains, glaciers, forests, cliffs, lakes, cataracts, and rivers—what is it as a political state, with its twenty-five cantons and half cantons, its Federal Council and Administration, its cantonal legislatures, universal suffrage, and eligibility to office, its assignment of war, peace, and foreign relations to the Federal Government, and its allotment of the protection of life, liberty, and property to local legislatures and tribunals, its universal education, voluntary if the people will, compulsory if they will not, its practical religious toleration—but vast North America compressed within an area scarcely two hundred and fifty miles square—the United States in miniature?

Berne, August 25th.—The United States minister, Mr. Rublee, like most ministers at this season, is travelling. His secretary, Captain Aschmann, a Swiss volunteer in the United States Army, who lost a leg at the battle of Fair Oaks, met us at the railroad-station, and informed us that the President *pro tem.* of the Federal Council, in the absence of the chief, would call upon Mr. Seward immediately on his arrival at the hotel. The republican character of the Government could have no better illustration than the appearance of that gentleman, Mr. Welti, and his tender of the hospitalities of the capital. There was neither coach, nor equipage, nor guard, nor banner, nor sword, nor mace, nor uniform. Mr. Welti came, introduced only by Captain Aschmann. He was dressed in a suit of plain gray clothes, such as a citizen might wear in a rural town of the United States. Long connected, however, with the

Government, having in his time more than once presided in the Council of State of which he is now a member, he is well informed, and his conversation was as instructive as it was interesting. He expressed a high personal satisfaction in his recollection of the fact that, in the treaty for the settlement of the San Juan question (made between the United States and Great Britain during the administration of Mr. Johnson, but which failed of ratification by the Senate, together with the Alabama Claims Treaty, of the same period), he, being President of the Swiss Council, had been named as umpire. He explained to Mr. Seward, well and ably, the financial condition of this little republic, and the entire contentment of its people with their republican institutions. Without an emperor, without a king, without a duke or count, without a pope, archbishop, bishop or prelate, with only a Council of Ministers chosen by the Legislature annually from the Council of State, with only an organized voluntary militia, in lieu of a standing army, Switzerland has no foreign wars, no controversies, no domestic disturbance, and life, liberty, and property, are as safe in the darkest, remotest mountain-glen, as they are in any city under the protection of the best police in the world.

Mr. Seward inquired for Mr. Staempfli, late President of the Federal Council, and long the leading statesman of the republic. He has retired from the administration to assume the management of a bank, an illustration how the character of Gallatin was formed, and how it happened that Necker was called to restore the depleted treasury of France.

The present Federal Constitution of Switzerland is framed quite closely on the United States model; the Legislature is composed of two Houses—the Council of State consisting of two representatives from each canton; the other House consisting of representatives apportioned according to the population.

Mr. Welti says that there is even in Switzerland a class of political reformers, agitators, radicals, who demand the abolition of the Council of State, so that there shall be only one legislative body. He is opposed to this change.

Mr. Seward hoped that it would not be made. He said that, in

the beginning of our republic, there was a division on the subject of the legislature in the United States. Hamilton, with Washington, gave a decided preference to two Houses. Dr. Franklin, influenced by sympathy with the French reformers, advocated a single one. Hamilton's proposition prevailed in the Federal Government and in all the States except Pennsylvania, where Franklin's influence secured a single legislative body. But even that was soon afterward changed. France, whenever she has been republican, has adhered to a single legislative chamber. Mexico has followed the example of France. It is a singular fact that the republican system has failed, or met with only partial success, wherever only one legislative body is established, and it has not failed anywhere else.

Mr. Welti inquired of Mr. Seward whether the United States would aid Switzerland in claiming the rights of a maritime power on the high-seas.

Mr. Seward thought that, in the absence of a seaport, other nations were not likely to make such a concession to Switzerland, but he expressed his belief that as Switzerland, by reason of its republican institutions, has become an asylum and refuge for all political exiles, the free states of the world ought to agree to guarantee to Switzerland safety against aggression or threats of arbitrary powers. Will Switzerland remain a republic? Yes, it is to be expected as confidently as it is to be earnestly hoped. Her safety finds a guarantee in the zeal, loyalty, and patriotism of her people, not less than in the decline of the despotic principle in the once-aggressive nations by whom she is surrounded. Even Austria is more likely to become republican than Switzerland is to relapse from that system.

And now the president has retired, the capital has been explored, the great town-clock of the cathedral, eleven hundred years old, has struck the hour of twelve, with the pomp and parade of a royal review; we have fed the bears of Berne, given a letter of thanks to the veteran and wounded Swiss *attaché*, and we are entering the cars which are to convey us through *la belle France*, to her mourning and disconsolate capital.

Paris, August 26th.—We left Berne rapidly behind us, and, following the shore of the long and beautiful Lake Neufchâtel, left Switzerland, with its glorious mountains and cascades, its rich grazing-grounds, and its simple, sparse, and rustic population, and, coming to the region between the Rhine and the Rhone, entered Burgundy, admiring the Côte d'Or, with its magnificent vintages and frequent villages, and reached Dijon at eleven o'clock.

In frontier France, which we had passed on the way through Chambéry to Geneva, and again on the railway from Berne to Dijon, we saw only painful manifestations of public and private sorrow and anxiety. The more rude and simple the peasantry, the more the men betrayed a consciousness of pressing perplexity, and every woman was in habiliments of mourning. There was neither activity, nor curiosity, nor interest of any kind. When the trains, abated of their magnitude and importance, arrived at an unexpected hour at the railroad-stations, there were no crowds, nor equipages, nor display of any kind in the streets of Paris, and we seemed especially welcome at Meurice's Hotel, of which only a few apartments are occupied, and those by Americans exclusively.

When we left Auburn last year, a war between France and Prussia, the causes of which were laid fifty years ago, and which had been four years in preparation, had just opened. The task of reorganizing political and ecclesiastical institutions in France had become inevitable at the close of the last century. The nations of Europe, taking alarm at the boldness of the innovations, combined to uphold the ancient Church and state, and to suppress a revolution which threatened subversion of all existing authority in Europe. France resisted the intervention with a vigor and a power which, while it maintained her integrity, had only been acquired by the sacrifice of accepting the military despotism of Napoleon in place of the republican institutions she had ardently desired to establish. Napoleon's ambition urged him to push beyond the bounds of possibility the retaliation which France had inaugurated. His throne and the sway which he had established from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, from the Mediterranean to the Zuyder-Zee, perished together in 1814, and a compromise ensued, irksome and hateful to

both parties. While Austria, Prussia, Italy, and Belgium, had conceded to France too much for their own contentment, France had been cramped within boundaries too small for her ambition. Fifty years of peace, such as Europe had never enjoyed, invigorated all the parties. The people of France, impatient of tranquillity and contentment incompatible with the glorious memories of Napoleon, of Louis XIV., of Henry IV., and Charlemagne, demanded of the new empire political activity and demonstration. Napoleon III. complied, and, by a master-stroke of policy, combined with Great Britain in giving check at Sevastopol to the ambition of the Czar. Having thus established an alliance with Great Britain, an ancient enemy and always a powerful rival, Napoleon yielded to the national ambition by lending that effective assistance to Sardinia which resulted in expelling Austria, and restoring, after a lapse of a thousand years, a united and independent Italy. The military ambition of France thus renewed demanded new achievements, and looked for them across the Rhine. Napoleon, too wise for such an expedition, sought to compromise by an expedition to Mexico, which he apprehended could be safely made by reason of the distance of the field where battle was to be given, the isolation and feebleness of that state, resulting from universal discontents, and the demoralization of the United States, the only probable ally of Mexico, by a civil war promising nothing less than a dissolution of the republic. Each of the two expeditions proved a great mistake. The national union of Italy proved, in the language of President Thiers, to be "the mother of German unity." The invasion of Mexico gratified neither the ambition nor the pride of the French people, and its hasty abandonment exposed the empire to contempt at home and insult abroad. Meantime Prussia, availing herself of the defeat and humiliation which France and Italy had already inflicted upon Austria, made successful war against that rival, and, depriving her of German provinces and allies, consolidated all of Western Germany into a broad and majestic empire, equal, at least in population, resources, energy, and martial spirit, to France. The French now impetuously demanded war against Prussia. United Germany saw that the hour for her retaliation

had come; she accepted the gage of battle. When we left home, Napoleon on the Prussian border was telegraphing to the empress-regent his first success. Before we embarked at San Francisco we heard only of French repulses, reverses, and defeats. Then for nearly four weeks all intelligence was cut off from us. In Japan, we heard that the emperor had become a prisoner at Sedan, and that the empress with her son had taken refuge in England. Thenceforward, as we advanced westward, the Germans were marching on Versailles. France could obtain peace only by reorganization with the German army on her soil, and at the gates of her capital. Then came the republic, with Gambetta at its head; then a National Assembly at Bordeaux. Next the organization of the Communists at Paris to resist the National Assembly at Bordeaux; then the removal of the National Assembly to Versailles in the presence of the German invaders, and the election of Thiers as provisional president; then the frightful anarchy of the Commune at Paris, only suppressed by the decimation of its leaders by the French army, now under the direction of President Thiers, and then a collapse. What that collapse signified, whether a renewal of anarchy, or an exhaustion of the forces of anarchy, no one knew. Timid and peace-loving people avoided France and Paris as one might avoid Vesuvius when its fires had subsided, but the rumbling, internal commotion still continued. The destinies of France, so far as they depended upon herself, were in the hands of a popular assembly at Versailles, a body of seven hundred, consisting of discordant factions, each of whom thought its hour for complete triumph was at hand. These parties had compromised on an administration which was allowed to preside and mediate for only one reason—namely, that it assumed the responsibility of relieving the French nation, as soon as it should be practicable, of the German invaders. President Thiers was at the head of the administration, and Jules Favre Minister of Foreign Affairs.

When we arrived in Paris, this morning, we found that the 30th of this month has been assigned for a debate, in which the four parties are to decide their mutual contest. The partisans of the old *régime* are expected to strike for the ancient monarchy un-

der the Count de Chambord. The Orleanists claim the throne for the Count de Paris. There are rumors and hopes and fears of a coalition between the two monarchical factions. The republicans will have neither of these, nor the empire, while the imperialists think that these divisions will enable them to restore the emperor, who has been released from his German prison, and is now in exile in England.

August 27th.—We dined to-day with Lord Lyons, to whom Mr. Seward is warmly attached by reason of his honorable and upright conduct as minister of Great Britain to the United States, in the early years of our civil war.

France is a type, although an exaggeration, of modern political ideas. Nations will not consent to remain indefinitely under any dynasty or personal authority. They not only want frequent changes, but they have found out the secret of making such changes. In the United States we have fortunately a legal and orderly means of gratifying this desire for change. Our Constitution allows the people to choose their own governmental head, but requires them to abide by his authority only four years. Every four years they can turn him out.

August 28th.—In the Bois de Boulogne, instead of the crowd of equipages round the *cortége* of the emperor, under the majestic trees and near the crystal lakes, we now found only one carriage, which bore Schung Hao, the Chinese ambassador, who came to Paris to explain and palliate the Tien-Tsin massacre. He is now returning home, after having failed to receive a word of courtesy or kindness from President Thiers, who is at the same time constrained, by the sad condition of France, to make no demonstration or declaration hostile to China.

August 31st.—Mr. Washburne, the United States minister, remained in Paris during the entire siege, keeping up, as well as he could, official communication with the Provisional Government, first at Bordeaux, then at Versailles. He was enjoying a short res-

pite of absence at the time of our arrival. He came to town on the 29th, and, after giving us a kind welcome, presented a note from M. Rémusat, the newly-appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, inviting Mr. Seward to Versailles. Yesterday morning, not caring to use what is called here the "American Railroad," we proceeded by carriage to Versailles, passing through the Bois de Boulogne. Splendid St. Cloud is a blackened ruin, and, as it seemed, countless forts on either side have been stormed and demolished. Detachments of the late contending armies are scattered in the villages along the road—now a battalion or brigade of the French army, now of the Germans. There seems to be no intercourse between them, and doubtless each is weary of the other's presence. Driving through Passy, where Franklin resided during his mission to France, a curious reflection came over us: How much of this strange, eventful career, which France has endured, was due to the blandishments of our philosophic, persuasive, and skilful envoy? Certainly he procured the not unwilling consent of Louis XVI., and the spirited concurrence of Marie Antoinette, to the treaty between France and the United States, which led to our national independence, and consequently to the French Revolution, with its awful catastrophe. Could any other than Franklin have gained that treaty? Doubtful. Had it not been gained, might not the kingdom of Louis have withstood the tempest?

Versailles is a magnificent town of thirty thousand people, who enjoy streets broader than those of Vienna, and dwellings not less superb than those of Genoa. So lately the headquarters of German occupation, and now the seat of the provisional government, the old town assumes a tone of activity. The government at Versailles is not fixed, like the other courts we have visited, but is provisional and almost military. We stopped at the hotel. Grooms would take the horses; as for ourselves, we might sit in the small room adjoining the *conciergerie*, or we might walk through the *restaurant* and sit under the shade-trees in front of the house. More than five hundred well-dressed, active gentlemen were being served, in groups of from two to half a dozen each, with all the clatter and din of a rapid breakfast. These were the members of the Provisional Assembly of

France. Breakfast over, Mr. Seward, with Mr. Washburne, went to the Department of Foreign Affairs. The minister, M. Rémusat, a grandson of General Lafayette, is an intellectual and accomplished man, and always a firm, consistent republican. The reception, though necessarily short, was genial, free, and very friendly. The Provisional Assembly was to meet at twelve o'clock. The debate might involve a national crisis. M. Thiers, as provisional chief of the state, must attend and be deeply engaged during the day. He would receive Mr. Seward at his house at eight o'clock in the evening. Thence we hastened to the Assembly, and the way was opened, by officials of the Government, through an immense crowd composed of respectable and intelligent people, to the diplomatic box.

The members, assembling on the floor below, were engaged in conversational groups. In the diplomatic box were an English lady and gentleman, who politely left the comfortable front seat for Mr. Seward and chose the adjoining ones. The box soon filled up with persons introduced by their legation, as we had been by ours.

Promptly, at the appointed hour, the president, M. Grévy, took the chair, and called the Assembly to order. There was a numerous array of clerks and reporters. With great rapidity, official reports of the ministry were presented and referred, of course, to the respective committees, as in our legislative assemblies; while the Chamber, like them, presented a scene of confusion which rendered any attention to the order of business by the members impossible. At length, the special order of the day was announced. The question, in effect, was the vital one whether the Assembly, which had been convened to organize a government, to make a treaty of peace with Prussia, and which had now accomplished that object, ought not to resign its powers. A deputy mounted the tribune and began to read a speech to the Chamber, hushed in silence just long enough to allow the speaker to indicate his position; then followed a wild uproar of voices; acclamations from the "right," the moderate republicans, interrupted by the extremists; and grumblings, challenges, and defiances, from the conservative members. The discontented rose in their seats with violent objur-

gations and gesticulations; the supporters of the speaker rose, vociferously applauding him and denouncing the interruption. By some arrangement which we did not understand, the representatives of the several political parties alternated in the tribune. From the moderate republican who began, to the extreme republican suspected of communism who opposed, the sagacious and loyal Orleanist, the obstinate and impracticable legitimist, to the crafty but non-subdued imperialist—every speaker was received and his utterances drowned in the same manner; except that the more radical republicans awakened a general burst of defiance and denunciation throughout the whole Chamber. The president continually rang his bell, and in some way or other the debate went on intelligibly to him and to the House, but utterly incomprehensible to the audience.

The stormy scene excited our wonder. In our own Congress, the speaker, rising in his place, utters, in a well-considered and careful form, an argument which everybody knows will be found, the next morning, in the daily press; will be seized upon and read in every city and district; and have its proper effect in forming the national opinion, which, reacting on Congress, will decide the measure discussed. The House seldom cares to listen, and the members are engaged in conversation or correspondence.

This National Assembly of France, on the contrary, seems to regard the debate as a combat in which the question is to be decided by the House itself, at once and according to the balance of argument in the heat of passion. What is still more remarkable is, that all this vehemence, violence, and excitement, is displayed only by members in their places. We heard Jules Favre, Louis Blanc, Picard, and Gambetta, at the tribune, and their well-constructed and carefully-guarded speeches, read without the least excitement or gesticulation, would, but for their remarkable brevity, have seemed dull and monotonous.

At the expiration of two hours, the difficulty of reaching an harmonious adjustment amid such tumultuous demonstrations excited an apprehension that the Assembly would break up in disorder, if not with scenes of violence; and that, before long, hostile forces

might be renewing the civil war, hardly yet completely suppressed. Some of the European diplomates, in the gallery, declared that France was unequal to her great destiny; that law, order, government, and society, can only be preserved through central and absolute power. The violent scene now culminated; the president using his last remedy, announced his determination to dissolve the Assembly if his appeal to order should be disregarded. This brought the Chamber to a moment of calm reflection. He then demanded, from the latest disturber of the debate, a retraction and apology for having indulged in language of insult and threat unbecoming the majesty of debate. The speaker, one perhaps of a hundred who had equally offended, thus brought singly before the House, explained, regretted, and apologized. Though the House seemed willing to forgive, the president was not satisfied; he demanded further apology, and it was given. He announced that the debate might now go on, at the peril, however, of the dissolution of the Assembly if the bounds of decorum should be passed. The more judicious speakers seemed to have reserved themselves for such a crisis. After this every speech, while firm, was conciliatory and full of concern for the public peace, and showed due and deliberate consideration. The danger was over—the National Assembly would not dissolve until the Provisional Government should have more effectually provided for the exigencies of the state.

The atmosphere of the hall was hot to suffocation, but all the members remained in their seats, and nearly all the audience. We left to obtain fresh air, and to improve the three or four hours of the day which remained in seeing royal Versailles. An hour later, we were joined by friends whom we had left in the Chamber, who, meeting us in the magnificent gardens of the palace, informed us that the debate had closed; that the Chamber had adopted, by a decisive majority, a declaration that their body is itself a constituent Assembly, with all the powers adequate to the government and reorganization of the nation.

At nine o'clock, Mr. Seward, accompanied by M. Geoffroy, formerly *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, proceeded to the palace of President Thiers, the same which was occupied by the King of

Prussia during his sojourn at Versailles. The guards, ushers, and servants, numerous enough and elegant enough in costume for an imperial residence, were in waiting, and Mr. Seward and M. Geoffroy were shown up the grand staircase and through the suite of antechambers only less numerous and magnificent than those of the Vatican, and a series of gorgeous drawing-rooms in which not a soul was visible. Passing through these to the farthest one, they found a lady sitting by an open window. This was Madame Thiers, the amiable wife of the president. Rising, she gave Mr. Seward her hand, and invited him to sit down. Congratulating him on his arrival, she entertained the gentlemen for half an hour with conversation in perfect English. At the opposite side of the room, her sister was conversing with the only other visitor. During the evening, four or five gentlemen entered the drawing-room, and were received by Madame Thiers. Half-past ten o'clock came, and Mr. Seward was about taking his leave, when Madame Thiers said that M. Thiers had returned utterly exhausted by the day's debate, and had thrown himself on a sofa for a few minutes' sleep, after which he would join them in the drawing-room. She would waken him at once. Mr. Seward, well appreciating the president's labors during the day, protested that she should not, but Madame Thiers said she was sure that the president would be grieved and disappointed. Conducting Mr. Seward across the hall, to an antechamber, she brought him to a low, broad sofa, where the weary statesman was snatching his few moments of repose. Mr. Seward begged that he might not be aroused, and insisted on taking his leave. Madame Thiers remained with the president, and, before Mr. Seward had reached the distant drawing-room door, overtook him, with the president, now awakened from his slumbers. Mr. Seward saluted him with a compliment expressing his high respect, which M. Thiers received courteously, and reciprocated by many kind expressions of compliment, and regret that his guest should have been kept waiting. He then invited Mr. Seward to remain all night at the palace, and to bring his family next week to remain at Versailles. Mr. Seward, declining the proffered hospitality with many thanks, replied that he was to leave Paris next Tuesday, and

had engagements to dine, which would keep him there on Monday. "To-morrow, then," said the president; "come to-morrow." Mr. Seward promised to do so, returned with M. Geoffroy to his carriage, and arrived at Meurice's in the early dawn.

September 1st.—The Chamber of Deputies yesterday brought to a happy solution the political question which had so perplexed and alarmed France. They declared that the executive power should remain with M. Thiers; that his title should be that of President of the French Republic; that he should hold his place three years, and have full power to administer the government, being always responsible to the people. All Versailles and all Paris are reassured, if not content.

We dined last evening with President Thiers, the party consisting of M. Rémusat, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Geoffroy, and a few of the president's official friends. President Thiers is a short, stout man, looking about seventy-five, remarkably erect and firm. He has a large and regularly-developed head; his thick hair, perfectly white and stiff, is cut short and brushed scrupulously off his forehead and over his temples. His eyes are black, but sparkling and genial, his complexion florid, and even youthful. The heavy folds of his white cravat, and his elegantly-cut, tightly-fitting, closely-buttoned dress-coat, make him look as if he had just stepped out of an old Flemish picture; and, when he speaks, his gentle voice seems less like the commanding utterance of the ruling statesman of a great and convulsed nation, than an echo from the past. His conversation is vivacious, and imbued not so much with a sense of gratified ambition as of sanguine hope and confidence in the restoration of his country. Explaining to Mr. Seward the reasons which had led the Chamber of Deputies to their late important but unexpected decision, he said: "The Chamber of Deputies and myself in the present crisis are Siamese twins; we know that, if we are separated, both must die." At dinner, he proposed the health of Mr. Seward, in a pretty speech, in which he declared that he regarded it as a presage of his success that Mr. Seward should be his guest on the first day of his presidency of the French Republic.

Mr. Seward replied that, though France had before attempted the republican experiment, he regarded the present as the first real establishment of that system of government in France. He reminded M. Thiers that his fortune was peculiar as it was felicitous; that he was chosen president not at the command, nor under the influence of a standing army, but only as a civilian and statesman. He hoped that M. Thiers might remain president as long as Washington, and have a line of successors as long and as virtuous. More than this no statesman ought to expect, or might dare to desire.

The president spoke of the difficulties of the position, and of the obstinate distraction of opinion in France, so unlike any thing that is known in the United States.

Mr. Seward said in reply: "My hopes for France in the present crisis are founded on two very antagonistic grounds. First, that the people of France are universally discouraged. I have not heard one hopeful expression from any man, of any party, in Versailles or Paris, except yourself. Second, you are sanguine enough to inspire the public with confidence. It is fortunate that all parties excepting the republicans have exhausted the public confidence. The imperialists, having lost the battle-field, on which the integrity of France is at stake, have forfeited the right to guide public opinion. The two royalist parties have not regained the vitality lost years ago. The republican party, although it smarts now, as it has done on so many previous occasions, unjustly, under the reponsibility of the fraternization with it of the worst and lowest political elements of Europe, still has command of the field. France will now, I think, accept the republic, not because she is yet prepared to love or trust it, but because she has sufficiently tried and proved the impracticability of the kingdom and the empire."

Madame Thiers and her sister are highly-accomplished ladies, with more vivacity than, and quite as practical and energetic as the most practical of, our countrywomen.

After dinner, there was a general and distinguished reception of visitors, who had come to congratulate the president. Among these were the papal nuncio, the Prince de Chigi Albani, Lord Lyons, Prince Metternich, Mr. Washburne, cardinals, archbishops,

bishops, generals, admirals, deputies from all sides of the Chamber, and many ladies.

It was suggestive of thought to see this plain civilian, this independent statesman, who virtually had been proscribed by all parties for thirty years, now, at the united command of the French nation, called to its head to redeem it from the dangers and disasters into which it had fallen by rejecting his wise, disinterested, and patriotic advice.

September 4th.—It is a consequence of the extraordinary condition of France at the present moment that society of all kinds is broken up at Paris. The timid and prudent citizens, not yet assured of peace, have not returned to the city. The imperial court is dispersed, the Communists are suppressed, and the dominant party is with the government at Versailles. At the same time nothing is considered permament there. It is only a provisional government at best, and the Chamber is already distracted by the question of the removal of the government to Paris. This condition, however, is perhaps not unfavorable to a study of the political tendencies of the times. We, of course, meet persons of all parties. It has been a pleasure to again see M. Henri Mercier, former French minister at Washington, and his successor, the Marquis de Montholon, always cordial and friendly in his good wishes for the United States. It is a source of much regret that we do not meet Signor Bertinatti, formerly Italian minister at Washington, always so true, earnest, and sympathetic. He is now Italian minister at the Hague, and writes that he has been making preparations to receive us there. But the time intervening before our embarkation for home is so short that we shall be unable to visit Holland. An interview of especial interest was that with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who was the successor of M. Thouvenel as Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris during our civil war, but was replaced later by M. Lavallette. M. Drouyn de Lhuys is a gentlemen of fortune, now residing at Paris, unemployed, and the newspapers are disputing the probabilities of his being called to office by President Thiers. He is a tall, stout man, not much, if at all, beyond sixty, with a mas-

sive head, an open countenance, a very kindly as well as intellectual expression, and manners at once courtly, frank, and simple. He speaks English quite well. The conversation ranged on topics far and wide, its chief one being the relations between France and the United States past and present. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, though in the ministry during the period when he had to treat with the questions growing out of the French expedition to Mexico, was not

DROUYN DE LHUYS.

engaged in the inception of that enterprise, and, indeed, had always been opposed to it. He is the only statesman, excepting President Thiers, whom we have met here that seems hopeful of France. He says the worst part of the road is passed. France must give up her dream of national aggrandizement and military glory, which are the sources of all her misfortunes. He thinks that she will do so, and will rise to a higher position than ever.

It has been an especial pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of M. Laboulaye, who is now a prominent republican member of the National Assembly. He was a warm well-wisher of the United States during our war, and his "Paris in America" has been read with interest throughout the United States. He seems depressed about the present state of France.

Acknowledging the cheering encouragement which M. Laboulaye had given us in our civil conflict, we thought it our turn to inspire him with courage about the situation of France. The cases are not entirely different. In the United States, we wanted to abolish slavery, and to save the Union. Either motive was enough of itself to make a party, but it was difficult to create a party that would accept both as practicable. It is just so now in France. The French want a republic, and wish to preserve the integrity and prestige of France, but are unable to see how both can be done by the same party at the same time. One may be assured, however, that, each being right and just in itself, both objects will be secured, and the time has come when they must be secured together.

September 5th.—One of the effects of the acquisition of absolute power seems to be an isolation, which can only be relieved by the adoption of unofficial, perhaps obscure persons, as friends, who by merit or address become favorites—a relation which, although it is sometimes a useful, is often an unpopular one. Dr. Evans, an American dentist, was early accepted in that character by Napoleon soon after the *coup d'état*. Through his long professional service he received frequent and valuable tokens of the emperor's regard. If it had been doubted whether he did not exaggerate the measure of imperial favor he enjoyed, those doubts were entirely removed during our civil war, when, on two occasions, Dr. Evans came to the Department of State at Washington, with confidential messages and inquiries from the Emperor of France. While these messages were received, they were, of course, fully made known to the president, and responded to by his authority. At the same time, the execution of the trust by the doctor was in all respects moderate

and becoming. It is due also to the emperor to say that all his personal messages, of that kind received, were frank, and no expectation raised by them was ever disappointed. Under these circumstances, our visit to Paris afforded a pleasant renewal of acquaintance with Dr. Evans, and it was a satisfaction to find that, in the disasters which overtook the imperial family, there was no loss of fidelity on the one side nor of confidence on the other. It was interesting to hear Dr. Evans's account of the empress's escape from France, a transaction in which he took an important part.

After the battle of Sedan left Napoleon III. a prisoner of war, and the empire prostrate, the imperial ministers and members of the *Corps Législatif* rushed at once to the empress regent, at the Tuileries, and told her that she must fly, without an instant's delay. At seven in the evening, attended by one lady, she left the palace by a side-door, where they called a common *fiacre*. They drove in this up the *Champs Elysées*, a mile or more, stopped in the street, dismissed the vehicle, walked a square or two, took another *fiacre* and drove to Dr. Evans's door, and rang the bell. Mrs. Evans was absent. The doctor was entertaining some friends at dinner, entirely ignorant of the great political transactions of the day. A servant went to him and whispered to him that a lady, at the door, said she must see him, and could not be put off. The doctor returned answer that he was at dinner and could not leave the table. The empress, not to be repulsed, walked through the open door into the office. Learning this, the doctor excused himself, and went to see who the intruder might be: imagine his astonishment and dismay at finding the empress, and hearing her exclaim, "Doctor, you must save me!"

Few words of explanation were necessary. The Empress Eugénie, like Marie Antoinette, had made good her escape from the Tuileries alone, but with his aid only could she now escape from Paris, and find an asylum in a foreign country. Leaving the empress and her attendant in a room with closed doors, Dr. Evans, as soon as possible, dismissed his friends; and, without even informing his servants of his purpose, went to his stables, ordered his own carriage, and engaged a friend to go with him. The two ladies

remained unseen until two o'clock in the morning, when the carriage drove to the door. The empress was in the mourning which the court had worn since the reverses of the French arms. The black *crèpe* bonnet might excite attention; she laid it aside, and, in its place, took a simple round hat of Mrs. Evans's. Then, with her lady attendant and Dr. Evans, she entered the carriage: the friend rode on the box. The streets were thronged with excited crowds, who, however, paid no attention to the unostentatious equipage of the fugitives. Arrived at the city gate, it was found in charge of a republican guard, who demanded the names of the travellers. The doctor gave his own name, address, and profession; and, remarking that great events were occurring in Paris, handed the guard a morning paper, and drove on.

Travelling all day, they reached at night a village where Mrs. Evans was staying, who supplied the empress with apparel more suitable for a voyage across the Channel. Arriving finally at the coast, the doctor procured from an Englishman the loan of his yacht, and they embarked near Trouville, a short distance south of Havre, at midnight. After a fearful passage of twenty hours, in a heavy sea, they finally effected their landing on the hospitable British shore. Dr. Evans's first duty, on arriving in England, was to relieve the mother's anxiety for Louis, the prince imperial, who so soon after Saarbrück was privately sent from the scene of war by the emperor. He found his way to the prince, in spite of the guard, who distrusted the visitor. The prince, on seeing him, at once exclaimed, "Where is my mother?" The doctor could scarcely suppress his emotion when he concluded his narrative by saying: "I conducted the empress to him, and, when I witnessed their embrace, and heard their exclamations, 'Louis!' 'Mamma!' I felt that my mission, not only for this emergency, but for life, was accomplished."

How unable we are to judge of the reality and magnitude of a danger when it has been safely escaped! Many, perhaps, believe that the empress might have safely remained at the Tuileries; but when we remember the violence of the Communists—the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, and other atrocities during and after

the siege of the city—there is every reason to be thankful that her escape saved maddened Paris from a cruel and atrocious crime.

September 5th.—It remains for us only to acknowledge the generous and elegant hospitalities which were extended to us by our friend Mr. Washburne, United States minister, and the United States consul-general Mr. Read, Mr. Appleton, and many other Americans. It is with sincere pride that we learn that their calm courage and fortitude during the political crisis at the capital won for them universal esteem and confidence.

Paris, as we leave it, wears a sad and despairing aspect. All parties are humiliated alike in the overthrow of a military prestige that they trace back with pride to Louis XIV., and even to Charlemagne; in the payment of indemnities as great as the most rapacious of French armies ever extorted from foreign states; and in the loss of territories which were at once a resource and an invaluable line of defence. Moreover, no party indulges any sanguine hope of a renewal of the prestige and power that have been lost. For all this, however, we leave France with stronger hope than ever in its future. The people of France are generous, perhaps the most generous in the world. If they have been diverted from the more prudent path of national development to pursue the career of military glory, even that is a fault kindred to national virtue. For seventy years France has been the chief theatre of the struggles for the establishment of the republic in Europe. If she has failed hitherto to achieve it, two things are to be considered in extenuation: First, that only one country in Europe has established it—namely, Switzerland; and, second, that Switzerland is embarrassed by none of the grave difficulties which surround France. It was the misfortune of France that the Protestant Reformation failed there, while it succeeded in the northern parts of the Continent and in Great Britain. It was alike the misfortune of France that she was called to accept the republic while as yet the principle of despotic power was unbroken and unshaken throughout the Continent. Still further, it was her misfortune that the sway of the republic has been incompatible with the contest which she has

necessarily been obliged to hold against a despotic combination. But all these difficulties are passed at last. The French nation no longer excites the fears or has motives for provoking the hostility of other nations. Left at liberty to retrieve her national disasters, all her energies will be applied to that purpose. The promptness with which her people meet the financial exigencies of their trying situation proves that her resources are adequate. On the other hand, such is the influence of France everywhere in Europe that every new step which she makes in popular government demoralizes all the nations who have been her rivals and her enemies. Bismarck and his imperial master have manifested the highest sagacity and ability in humiliating France from her position as the first Continental power of Europe, and raising Germany to that proud place. But not only Bismarck and the Kaiser, but also the King of Italy, and the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar of Russia, and even the statesmen of England, will probably find it a much more difficult task to hold their respective countries back from the disorganizing ways of republicanism if France shall persevere wisely in that direction. The bugbear of Europe to-day is communism, as it is the fear of France. Communism is, nevertheless, in France a manageable evil. It is the protest of the laborers of France, now largely educated, against the conscription and military service which has been a social calamity ever since her great Revolution. The agitation of communism will not cease either in France or in any other European country so long as ten millions of the laboring population of the Continent are withdrawn from productive occupation to become consumers. On the other hand, the ecclesiastical institutions and prejudices of Europe are so much broken down that the republic has no strong obstacle anywhere but the standing armies. Let these, by whatever means, be replaced by a voluntary and moderate militia force, and every European state will slide at once into the republican system as easily, as gracefully, and as safely, as Switzerland and the United States have already.

CHAPTER V.

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND HOME.

Belgium.—Berlin.—Mr. Bancroft.—Humboldt.—The German Empire.—Its Rise and Grandeur.—Its Policy.—Hamburg.—A Free City.—A Handsome City.—On the Thames.—Activity of its Commerce.—Greatness of London.—Government Machinery in Great Britain.—Its Slow Working.—Rural Beauty of England.—On Board the Java.—Her Passengers.—Montrose-on-Hudson.—Return to Auburn.—Mr. Seward's Speech to his Neighbors.

Cologne, September 6th.—Out of France—across Belgium—and on the Rhine, all in twelve hours!

Belgium realizes to the traveller its well-known character for density of population, and active, inventive industry. It is wonderful how arts, and even freedom, flourish within this little state, which for two thousand years has almost continually been the battle-ground of the ambitions of the great European nations. If we remember rightly, there are few Belgian immigrants in America. As we passed through to Liege and its rural districts, so full of busy activity, contentment, and even gayety, we wondered that there should be any.

Berlin, September 8th.—We arrived here last evening. We have seen of Germany enough to show that its climate is neither so genial, nor its soil so fertile, nor its resources of forest and mines so rich as those of Southern Alaska; nevertheless, it is rich and prosperous through the perseverance of its people.

It is a political and social vacation at Berlin. The emperor-king and the empress, the princes and Bismarck, are absent. Baron

Gerolt, so long the respected and beloved Prussian and German minister at Washington, is now at Berlin, and it is a pleasure to meet him here.

Mr. Bancroft met us at the station, and has given us a delightful and quiet home at the legation, on the favorite avenue, "Unter den Linden." He enjoys the respect and consideration here which he so eminently deserves. Mr. Bancroft is a distinguished exception to the rule that great scholars fail of being practical statesmen.

As might be expected, the air of Berlin is as triumphant as that of Paris is sad and despondent. We noticed in Paris that the allegorical statue of Strasbourg, in the *Place de la Concorde*, was covered with mourning weeds. So we must not omit to mention that an allegorical group has been erected here, representing Germany receiving with open arms her returning daughters, Alsace and Lorraine.

The streets of Berlin wear the aspect of a newly-built or modern city. While it has none as fine as Fifth Avenue, there is a uniform solidity and elegance which we have not yet attained in the United States. In activity, industry, and trade, Berlin contrasts strongly with Paris in its present condition, as well as with Naples and Florence. The parks are well shaded and extensive, but less imposing than those of Vienna, and it would be difficult to decide between the two cities in regard to the general appearance of activity and vivacity.

In one of the streets of Mexico there is this inscription on a marble tablet: "In this house Humboldt dwelt." We are told of a similar inscription on the house he lived in here. We have scarcely accustomed ourselves to think of society in Berlin without the elevating and genial presence of the greatest philosopher of our age.

We have had the honor of meeting M. Thile, the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Ranke, the venerable historian, and several of the celebrated *savants* for whom Berlin is so justly distinguished.

In the history of civilization there has been nothing more wonderful than the development of the German Empire. Brandenburg, the feeblest of perhaps forty inconsiderable states, a state without

numbers, military force, arts, or science, two hundred years ago had the courage to challenge a place among the countries of Europe. By the adoption of a military system, at that time essential to every power, but more rigorous than any other, ancient or modern, by the skilful development of resources, and by the practice of parsimony so great as to provoke ridicule, by constancy in resisting aggression, and boldness in taking advantage of opportunity, this little kingdom of Brandenburg, in the forty-six years of the reign of Frederick the Great, doubled its territory and population, and rose to the attitude of one of the great Continental powers. Harassed, subjugated, and ravaged in the Napoleonic wars, Prussia only applied herself all the more devotedly and energetically to the increase of her strength and resources. With a sagacity which has had no prototype, she originated a new philosophy, an original literature, and schools of music and criticism. With this intellectual progress Prussia has had the wisdom to combine moral and social culture, equality of rights, personal freedom, and rigid justice of administration, which have won for her the grateful sympathy and affection of other German states. At least since the time of Frederick, Prussia has practised an eminently wise and just moderation. Content with an attitude always of self-defence, and to wait for provocation, she reserved her strength, until the intolerable pretensions of Austria required a contest with that power, which resulted in her bringing under her protecting flag, with their consent, the North-German states around her, while she neutralized the South-German states, formerly dependencies of her rival. Nothing in politics is more calmly sublime than the deportment of Prussia when that recent great aggrandizement excited the jealous alarm of France. France secretly proposed to favor the extension of North-German jurisdiction over the South-German states on condition that Prussia would consent that France should absorb Belgium. Prussia refused. France then sought offence in the offer of the Spanish Cortes of the throne of that country to a prince of the house of Hohenzollern. The Prussian Government disavowed, and, when that failed, the prince declined, but the empire of France would have an insult when the original cause of complaint had

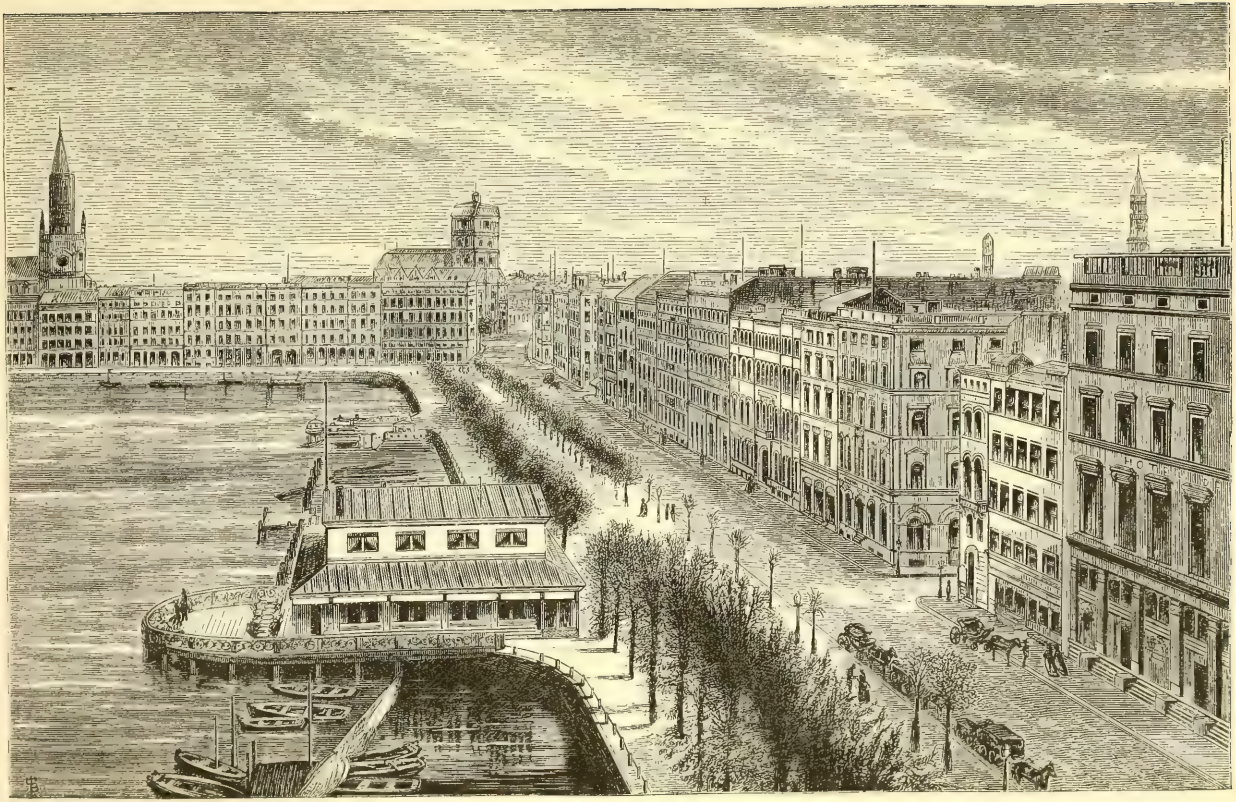
been removed. So the emperor instructed his minister, who offended the dignity of the Prussian sovereign, and was dismissed for it. Then France declared war. Prussia came into a war, the only one, perhaps, of modern times in which the advantages, moral and physical, were combined on the same side—a just cause, a defensive position, convenient preparation, and the strongest military power. There is one circumstance in this great event peculiarly gratifying to the United States, and which cannot but prove useful to the world. It seems as if the process of *renaissance* in any nation begets a sympathy and friendship for the American Republic. We do not know the secret of the great Frederick's sympathy with the United States, in their Revolution. He was a capricious man, and had a proclivity for French philosophy and politics, and a dislike for England. Whatever may have been the cause, he was an admirer of our institutions, and in 1786 made with us a treaty, based on an acknowledgment of the highest rights of man. Through all her own vicissitudes and ours, Prussia has adhered to the policy and sentiments of Frederick, in regard to the United States. Prussia was the first of the European powers to join us in a policy of justice and liberality toward Mexico. Prussia was the first of the European states to acknowledge the American principle of freedom of naturalization and denationalization. With Russia she has been a faithful friend, and, like Switzerland, she has engrafted on her own political system the American principle of government by confederation of states. It is a proud thing to see that system established by the most powerful of the states on the European Continent. It promises nothing less, though perhaps in a distant future, than the abolition of military despotism for maintaining the balance of power. Germany, if her magnanimity shall be equal to her prosperity, will be content hereafter to promote the welfare of mankind, through the arts of peace, rather than to seek greater dominion by war and violence.

Hamburg, September 12th.—Crossing the river Spree, passing pretty Charlottenburg, and reaching the Havel, we leave behind us the suburban cultivation and taste of Berlin, and enter on a

plain where sand and marsh intermingle. Only Germans could utilize a soil so worthless, but they use it in every way. For centuries the writing-world has relied upon these plains for their goose-quills. Of national frontiers, there have been more than enough on this plain. These boundaries have now become merely departmental divisions of the German Empire. We came to the Elbe at Wittenberg, and followed its banks to Hamburg.

You realize, on the moment of arrival at Hamburg, that you are in a free city. No demand of passports, and no custom-house inspection of luggage, no espionage, no intrusive curiosity. Hamburg is not so majestic as Vienna, so poetic as Venice, so classic as Florence, nor so elegant as Paris, and yet it is a rich and beautiful city, pleasant to look upon. With exquisite art, they have gathered the rapid little Alster, no larger than the east branch of the Potomac at Bladensburg, into pretty crystal lakes, lending a Venetian charm to the beautiful palaces and villas of the merchant-princes which crown the shores. And Hamburg has one beauty which even Venice has not—the beauty of broad and ornamented lawns and gardens. But the Germans are a practical people, and the beauty of Hamburg is its smallest boast. A commercial city, the oldest of Northern Europe, it is the only one that has never known a decline of prestige. The early commerce of the Elbe was lost, like that of the Mediterranean ports, as a consequence of the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama. But it has been effectually replaced by a richer and more comprehensive one. The flags of all nations are here, and vessels from all ports crowd the channel. Hamburg's most profitable commerce is that which is at the same time most beneficial to the United States. It is the chief port of emigration. Our glimpses of Germany, though they have been hasty, have modified our opinion on the character of this emigration. The German emigrants go, not so much to escape from want, as from a spirit of emulation and improvement.

Here, under the apprehension of inclement weather on land, and winter-storms at sea, we reluctantly relinquish our projected journey through Denmark and Sweden to Russia. Our exploration of four continents ends to-day. We embark on the steamer



HAMBURG.

Berlin. Her cabins are filled with merchants and their families who two days hence will be undistinguishable in the streets of London, and her decks are crowded with sheep which will be served up to them as real "Southdown mutton."

On the Thames, September 14th.—The broad estuary contracts so rapidly as to bring into view the coast outline. Before reaching Gravesend, the activity of the shipping impresses you with the conviction that you are approaching the greatest commercial mart of the world. Steamers, pouring out clouds of black smoke, are crossing in what seems a maze. Sailing-vessels, with a fair wind, are passing upward, and vessels with sails furled are towed by tugs down the river. The undulating shores appear, on which trees, orchards, gardens, and lawns, relieve the brown of autumn. On our left is the entrance of the Medway, on our right the harbors of Lea and Thames Haven. Steam seems to be a despot on land as well as on the water. Stationary engines at docks, wharves, manufactories, locomotive-engines hurrying to and from London, meet your eyes everywhere. We passed the Great Eastern, at anchor, in dignified retirement. At the beginning of our war it was suggested to buy this noble vessel. It was a conclusive objection that, although she could carry ten thousand troops, she could not reach a landing-place in the insurgent States. Equally impracticable for commerce, she proved her adaptation to only one of the enterprises of the day, but that perhaps the noblest of them all—the laying of ocean telegraphic cables.

Entering the great marine gate-way of England, every thing seems in strong and cheerful contrast to the countries where we have been. No Indian wigwam, no heathen temple, no mosque, no Catholic or Greek cathedral, no fortification, no grotesque costumes, no half-clad or naked savages, Arabs, serfs, fellahs, or coolies—only on shore a universal manufacture, and on the water merchant-vessels, bearing the world's exchanges, and ships-of-war to defend and protect them—no despotic nor imperial nor feudal power—the law supreme and equal—London shows, at the first glance, that it is the great heart of human activity. Every enterprise of war or

peace, every campaign, canal, and railroad, on either continent of this great globe, derives from London the credit which is its life.

The river contracts. Gravesend, Woolwich, White Bait Tavern, the Dreadnaught, Nelson's flag ship at Trafalgar, all crowd fast upon us.

And now we give up our keys to the polite custom-house officer, who is content with the pretence of search. And now we leave the steamer, and study, as we drive on, the scenes of low London life, not the illustrations of Cruikshank, but the actual characters portrayed by "Boz." Here is Captain Cuttle, and there is the little wooden midshipman at the door of Solomon Gill's shop. Here is Quilp's figure-head, and here is Susan Nipper, and even little Nell. We go on through the city, we turn up Bishopsgate Street, and pass the Tower and St. Paul's, and so on through crowded Cheapside, Charing Cross, and Covent Garden, and St. James's, until we stop at last at Fenton's Hotel. Who could have expected to see all London before reaching his lodgings?

London, September 15th.—As for writing observations upon London and England so familiarly known by tradition, history, poetry, romance, and the drama, to say nothing of travellers' books —as for doing this in the short space of seven days, we are not going to try.

Mr. Seward spent the morning in Downing Street with Mr. Hammond, the experienced Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the no less accomplished Mr. Merivale, Under Secretary for India. With the former he discussed the policy of the Western nations in regard to China, and seemed to please the latter by the testimony he bore to the prudent, wise, and beneficent administration of Earl Mayo, Lord Napier, and Sir William Muir.

The various bureaux seem to show that the machinery of administration in Great Britain has been contrived to secure caution and deliberation at the expense of time; while in the United States the more simple constitution of the departments gives greater promptness and dispatch, at the risk, perhaps, of precipitancy. We no longer wonder at the blunder of the British Government in fail-

ing to stop the Alabama, when we see that no secretary could move in that question until he had the studied opinion of the "law advisers of the crown." The Government of the United States has only one legal adviser, the Attorney-General, who sits in the Cabinet, and advises, like other heads of departments, without having questions specially referred to him, except on extraordinary occasions.

The Council for India, the Council for the Colonies, the Board of Trade, and the other administrative councils, are each of them a numerous body, and examine and pronounce upon every question, before the presiding minister takes action. In this complex machinery the British Government does not differ from all the other governments of Europe. Hence the tedious and vexatious delays which have brought diplomacy under popular suspicion and reproach.

It is only in parts of France, and in England, and the United States, that rural life has an aspect of contentment and happiness. While the dwellings of the rich landholders here immeasurably surpass, in magnificence as well as numbers, the most ambitious rural residences in the United States, the villages and cottages of the peasantry, on the other hand, hold no comparison with the cheerful rural towns and comfortable dwellings of the American farmers. But the minute subdivision and high cultivation of the fields, together with the general elegance of plantations and gardens, give to the landscape of England an air of repose, comfort, health, and beauty, which, as yet, has not been approached among us. To these attractions the historical associations, as well as those of poetry and romance, impart an additional charm.

We think the impression that London makes upon an American, who sees more of political, commercial, and social activity and energy at home, is one of dulness and monotony, leading him to wish to escape from it as soon as possible. On the contrary, when he comes to the rural scenes of England, he wishes that he might remain there always. Such, at least, were the passing sentiments awakened in us by our short excursion from Windsor through Eton to Stoke Poges. There is a softness of the

atmosphere which seems not only to harmonize but to blend with the dark-green shade of the gardens and lawns, and

"All the air a solemn stillness holds."

We close our visit in London with a deep conviction that English and American society are approximating to each other—that in the United States we are assuming more of the constancy and consistency of the English habit; while in England there is a manifest tendency to adopt the active and vivacious ways of American life. There are sufficient grounds to explain the jealousies which, rising into antipathies, have until just now alienated the two nations. It was unwise to expect that the British nation would forgive the Revolutionary separation, and would honor her new and rival kindred state, so long as the stability and perpetuity of the Federal Union were deemed experimental. They were necessarily deemed experimental, all over the world as well as in the United States, so long as the institution of slavery threatened dissolution. So far from its having been a matter of just surprise that the Southern cause received so much of sympathy and encouragement in the aristocratic circles of England, it is rather to be wondered at that it received no more, since it promised nothing less than our inferiority, not only in present prestige but in destiny, to the empire from which we had so boldly separated. Since slavery has ceased to exist throughout the United States, there can be no new cause of alienation. The two nations must be rivals, not in arms, for neither has need for conquest; but in science, arts, literature, agriculture, commerce, and navigation, and in the invention which leads to success in all things. Rivalry of this sort is magnanimous rather than inimical. Moreover, each nation is inclined, by peculiar character and habits, to enterprise and exertion, in different fields from those of the other.

On board the Steamer Java, Queenstown, September 24th.—We are taking our last look on foreign lands, exactly a year from the day when we had our first glimpse of them as we approached the coast of mountain-crowned Japan. How suggestive is barbarous

Japan, rising buoyantly to grasp civilization, while Ireland, a civilized land, endures the agony of a broken heart! But Ireland is beautiful in her sadness, and the sympathies of mankind assure her of a future.

Here, on the Java, we have an equal number of Americans going home after short visits of business or pleasure in Europe. All classes are represented—merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, engineers, professors, clergymen, college-students, students of music and the fine arts—more inquisitive, more active, more communicative, and less economical in dress and habits than the English. They are social and polite; they talk incessantly, and mostly of "business" and American politics, of emigration, education, interoceanic railroads, intercontinental telegraphs, civilization, and progress generally. They assert their opinions confidently, and ask, "Why not?" The gentlemen drink champagne as freely as if it were a native beverage, and smoke large "Habanas," where Europeans allow themselves a pipe or a cigarette. The ladies, in unexceptionable toilets and full of vivacity, sustain their share in conversation upon all topics, from the fashions and the opera at Paris to the glaciers of the Alps, the arts of Italy, the literature of Germany, and the politics and religion of all nations, showing no special regard for the theories and opinions of their husbands—indeed, without special inquiry, one would hardly know which of the ladies are married, and to which of the gentlemen. The children are finished little people, who have been abroad to study the European languages, and have learned them all, with a great deal more. The girls read French novels and the latest English poems, and the boys play at cards and chess.

It is only when we are leaving Europe that we realize the immense increase of the foreign travel, intercourse, and trade, of the United States. Steamers plying between European and American ports are crossing the Atlantic every day in the year. The Cunard line, only one of many, employs twenty steamers in this great trade. The stormy Atlantic navigation has become so common and so certain as to have lost all its terrors. It is a sad reflection that this great navigation is conducted chiefly in foreign instead of

American bottoms. But the loss of our heretofore prominent share in it is one of the penalties of our civil war—a loss which will be all the sooner retrieved by the liquidation of the national debt and the restoration of the national currency. Meantime, we may be content with the employment of the energies of our people in developing resources greater than any other nation possesses. One of the Cunard proprietors says that the profits of the line are not derived exclusively or mainly from cabin-passengers, or even from freights, but from the transportation of emigrants. We discovered a similar fact in regard to the trade of the Pacific. If the annual accession of three hundred thousand immigrants, who generally are of the humbler classes of Europe, has already produced a beneficent modification of society and government, then it cannot be doubted that this perpetual and always increasing intercourse between America and Europe must exert a strong and healthful influence upon European nations. Doubtless the United States send many frivolous and idle pleasure-seekers abroad, and at the cost of much wealth, but they send at the same time vastly more of enterprising, inventive, and thoughtful inquirers and observers; and that cannot be a losing intercourse for us which brings us foreign labor, industry, invention, and skill, in compensation for the annual surplus of our material productions.

Montrose-on-Hudson, October 2d.—A dense fog compelled us to go to anchor just below Quarantine at three o'clock this morning. In apprising our friends of our coming, we had requested that they would meet us in the harbor of New York. The Java had anticipated the expected day of arrival by twenty-four hours, so all things favored our desire to avoid the fatigue and delay of landing in the city. On a signal, our friends met us with a steam-yacht at our anchorage. The custom-house inspector cleared our luggage promptly; the Quarantine officer made no hesitation in giving us certificates of health; the passengers of the Java gave us three cheers on our disembarking.

We touched at the Battery, and at Jersey City, to take on board other friends waiting there, and at two o'clock the Henry Smith

landed us at Verplanck's Point, near the house of Frederick W. Seward, to the surprise of the citizens whose obscure port had never before witnessed a direct arrival from Europe, since the day when Hendrick Hudson first landed there from the Half Moon.

Auburn, October 9th.—Commodore Vanderbilt's private car, the finest and most comfortable conveyance we have found in the whole circuit of the globe, brought us over the New York Central Railroad to our destination here at nine o'clock this evening, exactly one year and two months from the day of our departure. We entered the station by its eastern door-way. A crowd of kind friends and neighbors met us at the station, and attended us home, where, in their behalf, Mr. Myers made an appropriate speech of welcome.

Mr. Seward replied:

"The words which you have spoken to me, and the pressure of the hand which you have given me, are what I knew I might expect, and yet what I would willingly have avoided. I have taxed my neighbors and friends so often and so long that I have begun to feel that, when I go away, I would like to slip away from them, and to soften the sadness of parting as the nearest of domestic relations do when they part. And, when I come back, I like to go in upon them by surprise, and meet them in their accustomed walks and ways, rather than to trouble them to come out to greet me.

"Still it is what has always happened to me in the course of so many years. Whenever I have had occasion to go out of Auburn, sometimes nearer and sometimes farther, sometimes upon errands of duty, sometimes of study, sometimes of labor, sometimes of public responsibility, and sometimes of private interest, I never was suffered to part from my friends here without demonstrations of their affection.

"It has often been my lot to come back among you. Sometimes from fields of achievement which have excited, or might excite envy—sometimes defeated and with mortification, sometimes with domestic sorrow, which cannot be lightly spoken of, and sometimes with public anxiety which could not be expressed—yet I

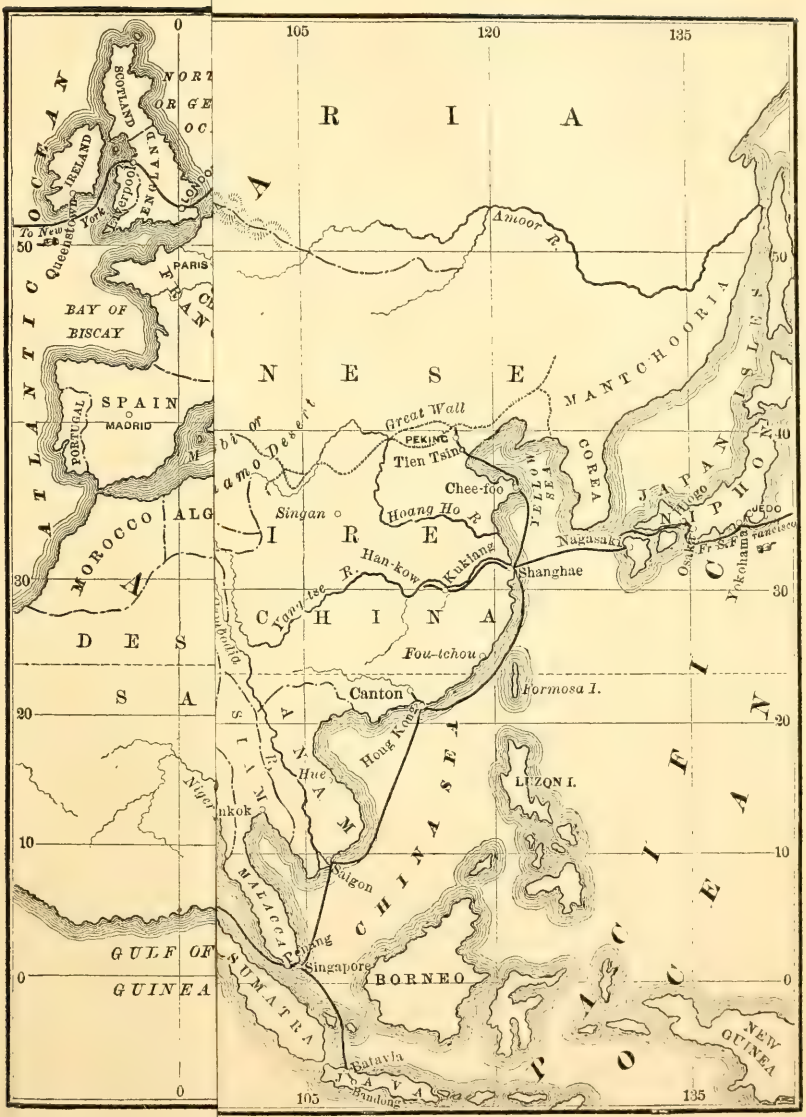
have never come home without being received as a neighbor and friend.

"Such neighbors deserve all the affection and all the gratitude I can give them. I can only ask you to believe that, in all my wanderings far and near, there has not been a day or hour when I have not remembered them, and prayed God that what I might not be able to do for their welfare and happiness, might be done through other agencies.

"My friends, we are met together, I trust, not to part again. I have had a long journey, which, in its inception, seemed to many to be eccentric, but I trust that all my neighbors and friends are now satisfied that it was reasonable. I found that, in returning home to the occupations which were before me, I was expected to enjoy rest from labors and cares which were thought to have been oppressive and severe. I found that at my age, and in my condition of health, 'rest was rust;' and nothing remained, to prevent rust, but to keep in motion. I selected the way that would do the least harm, give the least offence, enable me to acquire the most knowledge, and increase the power, if any remained, to do good.

"In the course of my wanderings I have seen, not all the nations, but some of the nations, of every race on the earth. I have looked the whole human family in the face, and taken by the hand and conversed with my fellow-man in his lowest degradation and in his highest stage of civilization. I have found no nation so distant, and no race so low, that the character of an American citizen did not secure to me, not merely safety, but also respect, consideration, and affection. You may judge, therefore, whether in returning to my own country I have less reason to love and honor it.

"My friends and neighbors, I have trespassed beyond your patience and my own strength in speaking these words to you. I give you my sincere and heart-felt thanks, and hope to-morrow, and on early future days, to learn that happiness has been in all your dwellings, and that all the enterprises in which you are engaged have been crowned with success, as I know there will be at all your firesides, during the long winter before us, the same affection and friendship which have been the great happiness of my life."



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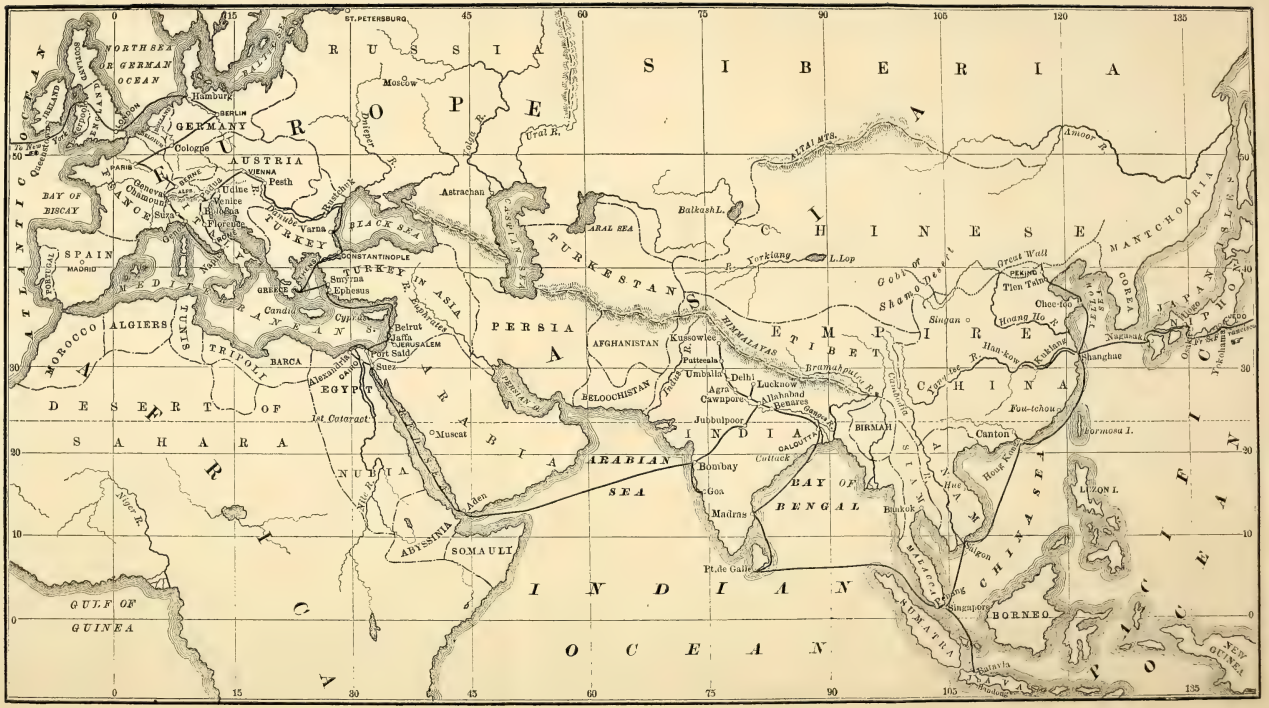

MAP SHOWING MR. SEWARD'S ROUTE THROUGH ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.

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